

THE CENTURY MAGAZINE.

VOL. L.

OCTOBER, 1895.

No. 6.

A CRUISE ON THE NORFOLK BROADS.

WITH PICTURES BY JOSEPH PENNELL.

BETWEEN the sea beaches of Yarmouth and Lowestoft, the grainfields of Wroxham, and the crowded river-wharves of Norwich, lie the plains and valleys through which flow the Bure, the Yare, and the Waveney. Before losing themselves irrevocably in the sea, these rivers turn aside, as it were, now and then, from their more serious duty of providing a watery highway, to frolic in a series of wild lakes and meres. These limpid waterways have been used for generations by the homely Norfolk barges. For generations also it has been an open secret to sportsmen and anglers that in summer the Broad is an angler's paradise, and that in winter wild ducks are almost as numerous as thrushes in August. In time the secret was whispered abroad. Following in the footsteps of the men of the gun came others with palette hooked on thumb; and once the smoke from an anchored house-boat—the artist's improvised studio or the journalist's den—rose up among the reeds and grasses to rival the vaporous column circling skyward from the fenman's cottage, the land of the Broad was summarily annexed to the domain of pure romance. This its magnet still holds good; and now, as one may see during the whole of the long summer, the sails between the meadows are almost as thick as cabs on Piccadilly.

For more than a decade cruising on the Broad has taken a foremost place in the long list of sports and pastimes yielded by that amazing little island where, by utilizing every

rill and rivulet, every hill and upland, man has doubled the size, and tripled the pleasure-giving capacity, of the stretch of earth he calls his England.

I.

WOULD you hoist sail from the heart of a rustic village? There is Wroxham, set upon the river Bure seven miles from Norwich, an admirable collection of thatched cottages, tall hedges, rose-gardens, rustics, and clucking hens. This yachting-station in a meadow is one of the favorite points of departure for a cruise on the Broad. But if you are one of those who must have the scent of the sea in the nostrils, Great Yarmouth, down upon the coast, will send you forth as well equipped for an inland voyage into poppy-land as for the rounding of the Cape. Lowestoft, farther south, will rival that perfection, with the added attraction to fishermen of offering a swift approach to Oulton Broad and its fresh-water catches.

We were in pursuit, not of fish, but of adventure, and therefore it was that Wroxham had cast its spell upon us. We were curious to see how an inland village, of strictly agricultural habits and rural traditions, would arrange the *mise-en-scène* of a yachting-station.

The booths and shops of the highroad running from the railway at Wroxham to the Bridge displayed their tawdry flannels and cheap yachting-caps with naïve, rustic ostentation. Peddlers were dancing fish-hooks in the eyes of dragon-flies, and offering worms in tin

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boxes. Butchers' shops led the way to an inn, and some farmers' carts starting forth from the stable-yard showed us the road to the Bridge. Beneath the latter flowed a river,—a stream, rather,—along the banks of which were grouped the promised village beauties of rose-vines, thatched roofs, and bits of emerald turf, set in a frame of golden grain-fields. A blackbird, singing on a reed-stalk, sent his song forth as if in invocation to the beauty of this pastoral landscape. Would any marine mind, in full possession of its nautical faculties, have looked to find a yachting-station in such a setting? Yet where there seemed barely room for a wave, there a fleet lay at anchor, or was hoisting sail. Twenty or more yachts, yawls, steam-launches, barges, and smaller sailing-craft gave to the river an animation commonly associated solely with the sea. The scene could hardly have been gayer under an Italian sky, and there was in the very air a gala note that made this pool that had become a yachting-station, and these yachts that were sailing forth to cruise between the meadows, assume an aspect of unreality.

Meanwhile, both on the yacht decks and on shore, the preparations for immediate departure were being carried on with great bustle and gravity; this cruise among the grasses was obviously undertaken with all the seriousness of a genuine sea voyage. Dinghys and row-boats were spinning about, carrying luggage and passengers to the more distant crafts. Hand-carts and wheelbarrows were being trundled over the Bridge, for the Norwich train was in, and the new arrivals were in haste to be off. Shouts, commands, orders crossed and recrossed one another from deck to shore, sailors, rustics, grooms, and yachtsmen all talking at once. The river was busy with a multitude of reflections: the limpid blues would be obliterated by the whites of flapping sails, and the blacks of painted hulls as quickly replaced by dashes of crimson or streaks of cobalt-blue—movable dashes that followed the figures of the yachtsmen, the placing of deck pillows and of cushioned chairs. All the while the soft gold of an English noon was flooding the scene, the overarching sky carrying its own argosies of sun-whitened clouds.

About a certain low shed close to the river-bank, where the yachts lay thickest, we stood watching the putting forth of the boats on their river journey; noted the dexterous storing away, in lockers and cabins, of the mounds of trunks, portmanteaus, boxes of provisions, guitars, banjos, fishing-gear, and "silhouettes," or vast-rimmed straw hats. Imperceptibly the hubbub and noise had died out; the strong-voiced young yachtsmen, the agitated parsons, and the ladies in distress over missing pieces of luggage, had all sailed away, re-

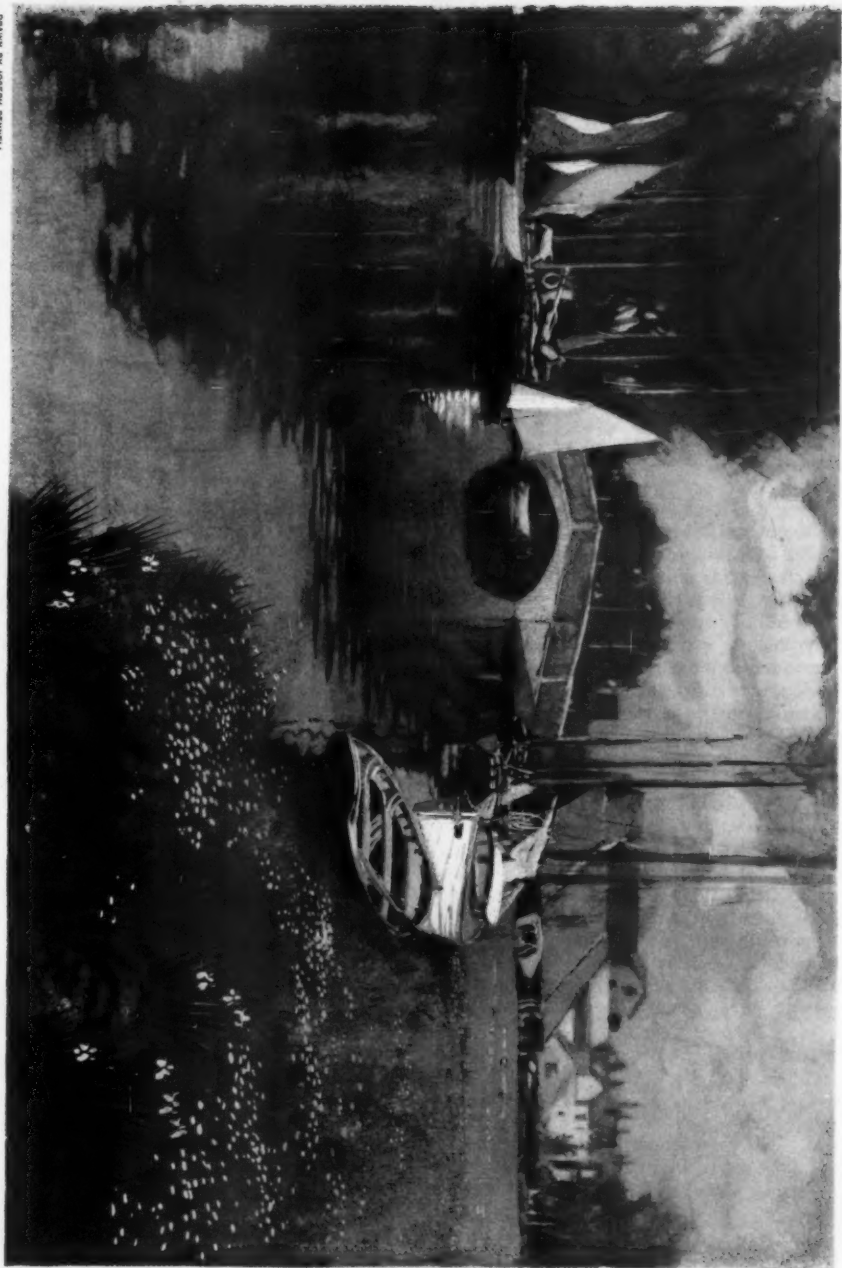
lapsing into composure now that the sails, in their turn, had begun to flutter in the breeze.

It was noon, and it was now quiet on the river. A flock of white ducks were swimming into the very middle of the stream; their quack, quack made a pleasing recitative to the accompaniment of the lapping water. A figure, coatless, hatless, lean of shape and keen of eye, stood beside us. The lean man had crossed his arms, for now at last he had a moment of leisure. It was for that moment we had been forced to wait, that our inquiries concerning boats and dates might be answered.

"Sorry indeed I am, sir; but there's not a boat left. Those two are off to-morrow. The very last boat I had was that yawl yonder." The man's eyes followed the boat, now going down stream, as they might the vanishing shape of a friend.

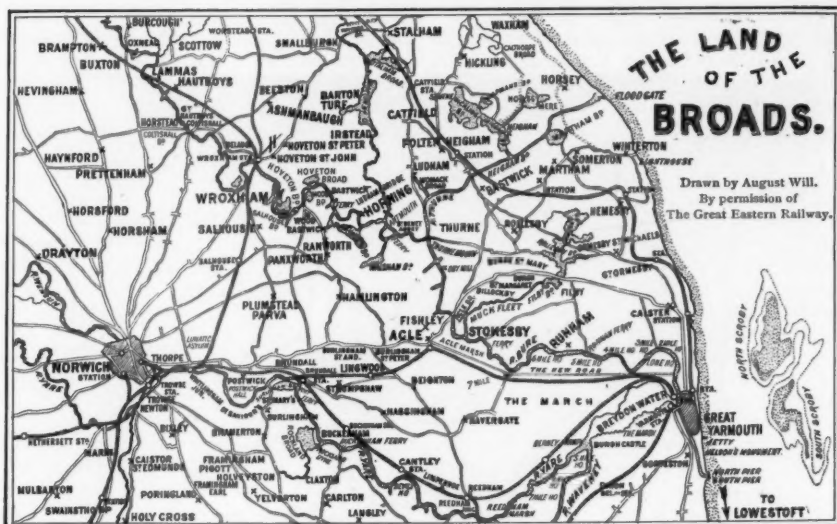
This was a dispiriting announcement. It was certainly not the one we had come up from London to hear; and J. Loynes, owner of cabin yachts, yawls, and wherries, "fitted with every convenience for cooking and sleeping," was now paying us the compliment of showing a disappointment as keen as our own. Presently he proffered a seat on the top of an overturned barrel, that we might be the more at our ease to be lamented over and sympathized with. Then he began again, with cheery civility: "An' now we must see what can be done about a boat. If it was only to the Hook you were going, I've a beauty in—just the very thing." The Hook? An illuminating smile upward toward the low shed was our enlightenment; for on the shed we read: "Yachts for Holland, the Hook, and Zuyder Zee. On hire. To be had of J. Loynes." Once more we looked at the river, at the simple, nodding grasses, at the lily-pads, and the ducks swimming through them. Were expeditions for the north pole also fitted out in this amazing little stream? Loynes had caught the question in our smile, and was answering it.

"You see, sir, it's as easy to do the Hook and Holland as it is the Broads, an' in a way, as you may say, it's a better business; for Holland's better known. It's been more writ up; an' there's 'nothin' like writin' up a country to make it known." In Loynes's mind, at least, literature had its solid uses. "There's a gentleman, a painter, whose writin's have made Holland very fashionable—a Mr. Boughton. You may have heard of him. An' now the Broads is beginnin' to be writ up, and business is gettin' better every year. In the heavy season, as you see, there ain't a boat to be had. I'm more sorry than I can speak it, I am, I can't oblige you; but—" here he paused suddenly, and unhooked his lean arms, clutched at his



DRAWN BY JOSEPH PENNELL.

YACHTING-STATION, WROXHAM.



long beard, let his eyes sparkle a little, and cried out exultingly—"but there's the *Vacuna*, I do believe; Jimpson has her to let." With the excitement of his discovery still strong upon him, Loynes hailed a man just then crossing the Bridge. "I say, Mills, bring round the jolly-boat, will you; and—Jimpson—I've got a party looking for a yacht—let Jimpson." And in due time the mysterious jolly-boat, with the unknown Jimpson in it, was duly brought round.

Meanwhile Loynes was hurrying us along the river-bank. He began a swift enumeration of the yacht's merits: she was small, but she was fast; she had, indeed, been built for the Broads. Being only a five-tonner, and carrying just the right amount of canvas, she was particularly quick in coming about, a great feature in sailing these narrow rivers. A moment later, and we were boarding her. She was a beautiful little toy of a yacht, with a neat finish of woods and brass mountings to announce her as a Brahman among her kind.

Another short half-hour, and she was ours. Jimpson himself, owner of the King's Head inn, and the letter of the yacht, had come up in the jolly-boat to witness the signing of our lease. After the formalities of the law had been attended to, we were informally asked to assist at a short council. "Now that the boat suits you, sir, have you thought of provisioning her?" We were forced to admit that we had not; and thereupon our counselors grouped themselves about us. Loynes promptly chose the deck-rail; a brown piece of paper stretched across

his knee became his improvised tablet. Jimpson, a large man, was already comfortably seated on the cabin. One other figure, a silent one, lent its presence to the proceedings: it was that of the sailor who had brought the jolly-boat and Jimpson up from the inn gardens.

He had swung himself from the dinghy to the yacht's deck with the air of a man who was taking possession of the boat. He was indeed the *Vacuna's* skipper, and we were to be his "party" during the week's cruise. From the forward hatchway, into the depths of which he had slid his sinewy body, his searching blue eyes were now fixed upon us; they were taking a series of purely professional observations. "As handy a man as is to be found on the Broads," was Jimpson's commendatory introduction at the other end of the boat. "He's known from Lowestoft to Norwich, an' from Norwich to Wroxham Broad—is Mills of Yarmouth. A family man, ma'am, an' as handy with a rope as he is civil an' steady. An' now, sir an' madam, there's the essentials, if I may so name them—tea an' coffee, sugar, a bit of flour, an' marmalade. If you're lookin' for a tasty bit, sir, there's nothing like bacon an' a cut of good ham. But salt beef, that's the thing you'll want by you, first and last, for the men, sir." Salt beef, it was agreed, should be the bed-rock of our supplies. "Jimpson," asked Loynes of the innkeeper, "is there anything else?" Jimpson quickly responded, without reflection: "There's the beer—for the men. The King's Head can supply you, sir, an' Mills will see it's put aboard. An' a fowl or two cooked, an' some fresh lettuce, is tasty the first

day or so out. The missis will see to that, sir. Mills, is there anything else?" Mills, still within his hatchway, took a moment in which to make the tour of his memory; with no inn ledgers on his mind, he approached the momentous subject with the caution of a family man. "Who 's to go with me?" he finally asked, lifting his head inquiringly. "I 'll send Grimes along," Jimpson answered slowly, as if the gift of Grimes cost him an effort. On Mills's face was written the patient acceptance of the inevitable; all the spirit went out of his voice. Resettling his chin on his crossed arms, he answered, "I believe there is n't any potatoes." And with the additional entry of the neglected potatoes the council came to an end.

II.

Now at last the great moment had come. Our sails were set, the two-foot gang-plank had been lifted, communication with the shore was at an end, and we were drifting into mid-stream. Now that we were fairly afloat, there was an instant of speculative suspense. Would the yacht fit into the river? The width of the deck would surely fill the stream, and its rails overlay the grassy banks. Yet, narrow as was the watery highway, a boat under full sail was coming up stream; she was to be met and passed. Again there was a curious mounting of the pulse-beats. We passed the up-coming boat without so much as grazing the bank. Imperceptibly all the while we were floating farther

and farther out upon the river; fainter and fainter grew the faces of Jimpson, of Loynes, of the farmers and plowboys assembled to see us start forth; and between the bushy tree-boughs the outlines of the Wroxham houses were soon merged in the blur of the blue and green distances.

Meanwhile, from the first moment of our starting forth there had been pregnant signs of trouble aboard. Mills the skipper and his mate were at odds. The mate was a buttonless stable-boy with a face and smile as open as his shirt. Ten minutes before we started he had been rubbing down a sweating roan. But neither the lad's boyish smile nor his deftness in the art of stowing away had power to soften the sharp edge of our skipper's dislike; he took no pains whatever to conceal his scorn of stable-boys playing at sailing. We had barely gone a dozen yards on our way before there came the deep growl of his displeasure; for our sails were hanging as limp as wet linen, and the infant mate was ordered to test his strength at quanting. Against his shoulder he had promptly proceeded to plant one of the long poles that lay along the cabin; securely fixing its padded leather top against his narrow chest, he then began slowly to walk the deck, pressing the long pole into the mud of the river-bed.

"Here, take the helm! A little more strength 's what 's needed over that pole," Mills cried out, with a note of impatience in his voice, after watching the lad's purpling face. But even under the pressure of his own



DRAWN BY JOSEPH PENNELL.

SAILING ON THE BURE.

strong muscles the yacht was still crawling at a snail's pace. Another ten minutes, and Mills had hailed a man going up-stream in a rowboat. "Davy! I say, Davy! Give us a start, will you?" The man stopped rowing, swung his rope aboard, and himself immediately after. Without a word he seized the remaining pole, and began walking the deck on the port side. For a good fifteen minutes there was only the sound of the men's deep breathing to be heard. "We don't get a true wind till we get to the open," puffed Mills in an explanatory aside. In another moment we had swept clear of the green shores. A fresh breeze, blowing across the meadows, now filled our sails; the poles came presently to a rest, and Mills was once more at the helm. "You see, sir, I had to have help round that first reach. That 'ere," and Mills, with a dig of his thumb in the air, contemptuously indicated the figure of Grimes bending over the ropes in the stern — "that 'ere ain't no more use 'n a baby — for polin'." Then the lad was sharply ordered to "stand by the ropes."

But with the advent of the wind came also our skipper's good humor. The mere study of tides, a patient acceptance of the caprices of the wind, and knowing one's river as a man knows the face of his own child — these are only the rudiments of a science every skipper must master before he is counted worthy to sail a boat. But sailing on the Broads demands the finishing grace of an art. A Norfolkman, on these rivers of his, must feel himself to be both host and guide: his courtesy must be lined with conscience. We had gone only a short quarter of a mile when Mills, in an opening speech, gave us the text of his sermon on the ethics of nautical conduct.

"You see, sir an' madam, if you 'll allow, this is how I looks at a cruise on the Broads. It all depends on the skipper, I says. You may never see me again, sir, or you, madam; but as sure as I 'm talkin', the pleasure of a party on board a yacht is in the skipper's hands. If he 's rusty or crabby, your pleasure 's void an' your money 's wasted. Grimes, my lad, you may bring me a glass. I drinks to our voyage an' your good healths. An' lively, mind, Grimes, for there 's a boat comin' up to windward."

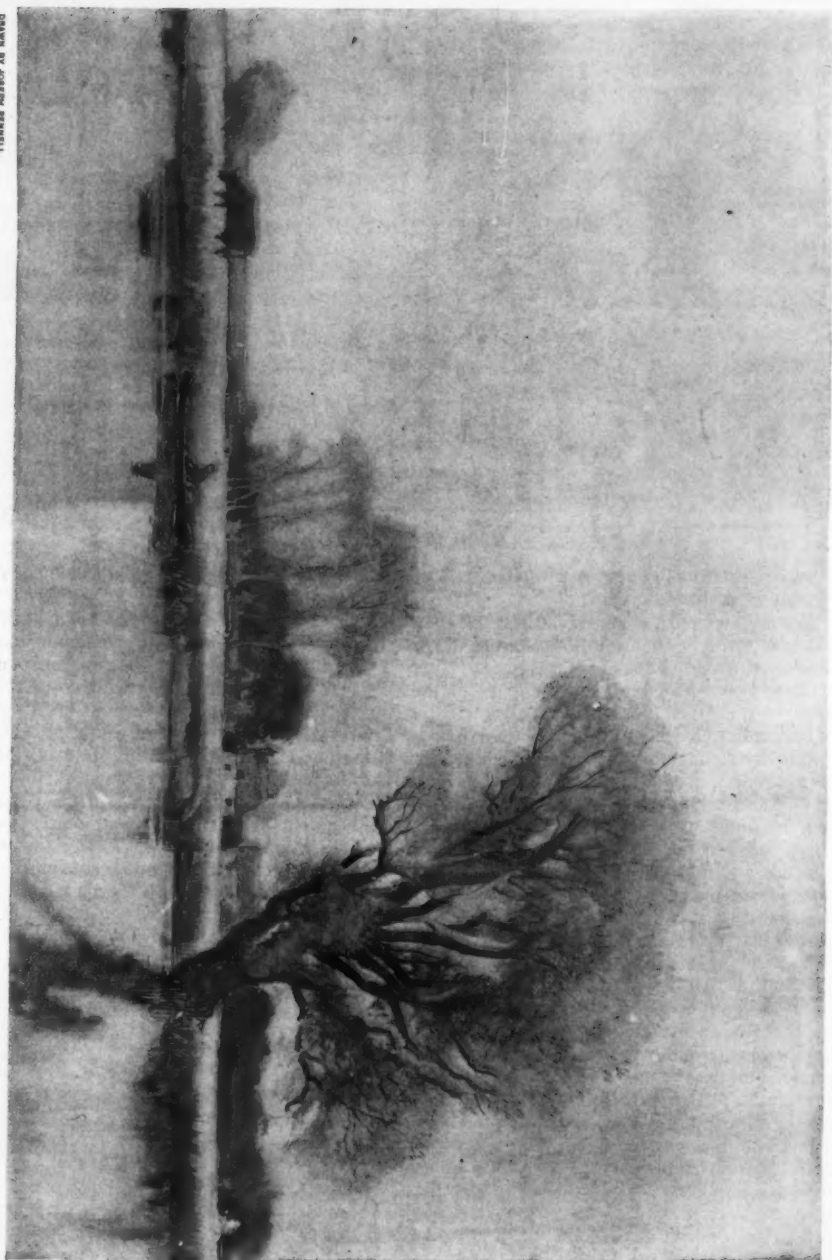
Deep was the glass in which the success of our cruise was drunk, and swift was the tossing of the foamy beer by our skipper's practised hand; for there was not only one, there were a number of boats, coming up to windward. The river was a thronged highway. Yachts, barges, yawls, rowboats — such was the flotilla riding between the meadow-banks. With the sunny whiteness of the bulging sails was con-

trasted the novelty of the prevailing background: trees, farm-houses, hay-ricks, garden walls, herds of cattle, windmills — a landscape through which the moving sails seemed to play the rôle of winged figures. Gradually the charm and beauty of this river life began to work their spell. The zigzagging of the yacht from shore to shore was soon accepted as a novel way of getting into closer touch with a river-bank, the narrowness of the river and the low, close shores giving one the sense of being at one and the same moment on land and on water. All the usual signs and sights seen and looked for from a yacht's deck must be forgotten, to be replaced by fresh and novel experiences. For the usual horizons seen from aboard a yacht, there were fringes of larches behind which the blues of the hills and of the sky came together; to test the course of the wind one looked at the tossing of tree-boughs, and to note its strength there was the waving grain to take the place of foam-capped water. The sails we met came from behind barns, and the bows rounded the bark of tree-trunks. To speak a ship one had only to shout across the meadows. As far as the eye could see, the landscape was dotted with white wings. Rarely above the low shores did the river show its sunned face, and the boats in the narrow channels seemed to walk upon the meadows. The church spires of Horning and Hoveton crowning the hilltops alone appeared stable, for the ever-moving sails gave to all the landscape a shifting and fluctuant aspect.

And now the breeze had strengthened. Our sails were full, and for a good fifteen minutes or more we had a true bit of sailing. Along with the wind the tide of our skipper's spirits had risen. In his eye there shone fresh life and vigor; his shrewd face, with its long, thin nose, and the clever wrinkles on brow and chin, was set about with smiles. A sun high in the heavens, a fair wind springing up, full lockers, and only two cabin passengers — what could man or sailor ask more? Mills's voyage from shore to shore, as the *Vacuna* tacked and came about, was a saunterer's gay meeting with succeeding groups of friends and acquaintances. I have rarely known a man whose bowing acquaintance was at once so large and varied. No bargeman passed us but it was, "Hallo, Jim! Any news down Yarmouth way?" or it was, "How are you, sir? Glad to see you down so early this year," to two elderly gentlemen sailing their own yacht. It is certain if any man could humanize an English river, could thaw its reserve into a Gallic fervor, it was Mills. For rustic on shore and for bargeman, for the fisherman mending his net and the girls working in the fields, Mills had his smile and his jest. He was as full of gossip as a provincial

DRAWN BY JOSEPH PENNELL.

A FARM IN THE BROADS.





DRAWN BY JOSEPH PENNELL.

SAILING ACROSS THE FIELDS.

newspaper, and as generous with his news of the day as a street bulletin.

For my own part, I had never been on such intimate terms with an inland country. We brushed the reedy banks as if the grasses were a friend's garment, and the branches of the trees, in their turn, swept the puffing cheeks of our sails. Geese and swans betrayed their hiding by sailing forth from their ambush to menace and, if possible, affright; and finding we meant no harm, ranged their battalions in line, forming a winged escort. The cows, lying or standing, took their place in our talk; they would lift their heads as we bore down upon their clover-patch, raising their mild eyes as they stopped to listen; and then once more we would hear the sound of their slow breath upon the grass, and the rhythmic switching of their tails. The open cottage doors took us into the privacy of family life; the farmer, shouting to his plowboy across his garden patch, told us dinner was ready; and the voices within denoted the exact temperature of the mistress's temper. Rustic calling to rustic proved the Norfolk preference for continuing a strictly apostolic succession in the matter of name-giving. As for the houses themselves, when you have sailed into a man's front door, missing it by a mere matter of a few feet; when you have managed to graze the side of his barn in lieu of demolishing it; when your bow has swept his wife's milk-cans hanging on the fence—why, for the life of you you cannot help feeling that somewhat close re-

lations have certainly been established between your boat and the shore.

All the while the wind and river between them were taking us on with quickening speed. The outlook changed with kaleidoscopic swiftness. A sweep of turf with grazing cattle would be replaced by a fenman's cottage blocking the sky-distance at the head of a dike; and then a thatched farm-house, with its wall-spaces abloom with roses, would be succeeded by the Georgian Gothic gables of a gentleman's seat; on the next tack a daub-and-wattle hut beneath a thick growth of trees was a significant reminder of those more economical builders in brushwood and clay, with their more strictly utilitarian purposes.

"It's a bit ticklish, this wind—a bit ticklish," Mills suddenly broke out. "I don't like the way it's dodgin' about. It's wery treacherous—full of variety, that's what it is. It's a good deal like women, beggin' your pardon, ma'am." And he brought his helm round with a quick turn. A reach farther on there was a "quieter bit of sailin'," as the skipper termed a steadier wind; and then he went on with what was still in his mind.

"Variety! Lord bless you! No woman as is worth havin' but is full of it. There's my wife. God bless her! I would n't part with her for all the gold in England. But you'd have all the variety you'd want on a washin'-day when it's wet, an' neuralligy is a-settin' in. I've been through all that, I have. There's nothin' like it—for variety. An' when you come in

yourself, wet to the skin, an' lookin' forward to a bit o' rest an' warmth by your own fireside, an' you see your wife's head tied up, an' she a-bendin' over the wash-tubs, you know what's before you,—you do!—an' you just haul in your sheet an' drop anchor, you do. An' you do it wery quiet. I've been through all that, I have. Lively there, my lad, lively! I've a bit of tackin' to do just here—wery ticklish she is." And Mills, with his eye on his sail, relapsed once more into silence. The silence was soon broken; the wind sent us headlong into an eel-hut, and only Mills's skill in a quick handling of the ropes kept us clear of the bank. No sooner were we fairly started on our course amid-stream than Mills had brought his tiller round with a mighty sweep, and was shouting to Grimes:

"Let go your jib! Let her go, I say! Can't you see there's a boat comin' up to windward?"

III.

THE boat that was passing us to windward was a sight to enchain the eyes. It was a huge craft, yet it was riding the narrow waters with a swift and confident ease that put to shame the paces of our own deft *Vacuna*. As the full, mahogany-tinted sail bore down upon us, for one dark moment its convex surface made a brown tent between us and the sky. Then the tent sailed by, and the foreground was clear once more. The boat itself, we then saw, was as myriad-hued as the plumage of a tropical

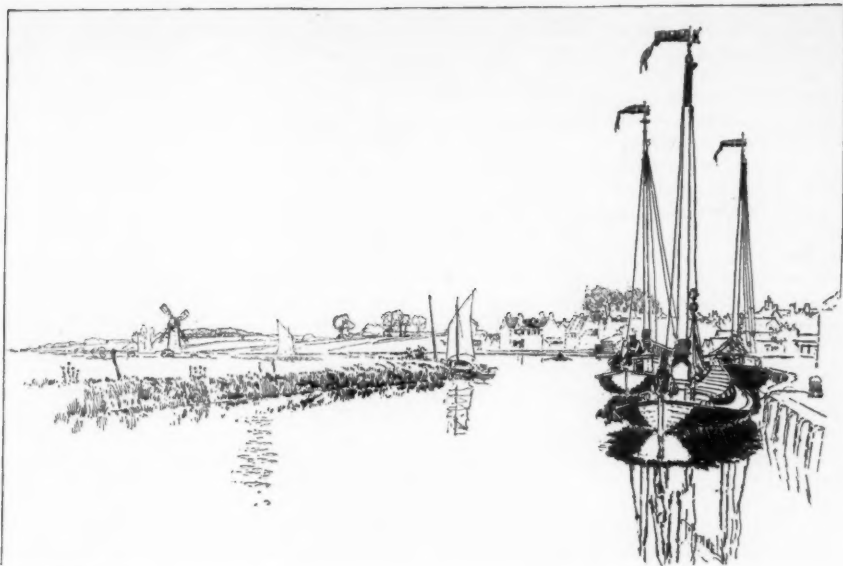
bird. Crude, strong colors had been lavished on hull, cabin, and mast; even the poles lying along the ocher-tinted deck were a vivid cobalt-blue. The boat's deep crimsons, greens, and yellows presented strangely un-English color contrasts, and the sober grays and greens of the landscape were all at once surprisingly intensified. A caique strayed from the turquoise blue of the Adriatic and adrift among these Norfolk lily-pads could scarcely have brought to the eyes a greater surprise than did this survival, doubtless, of the old Norse love of the barbaric in color.

Meanwhile our skipper was giving the boat and its crew his customary greeting. "How are you, Cross? How 's the missis?" The man at the helm gravely returned the salute. Standing waist-high above the low cabin, with hand on tiller, he might have been cut in bronze. Only his eyes seemed alive. Mills, the set of our sails, Grimes tugging away at the ropes, those of us grouped along the stern—all these details had been taken in at a glance, with that swiftness of vision which is the gift of birds and mariners. The skipper gave no more concern to his own full sail, which was tied, than if it had been a solid piece of nature rooted in the meadows. A single passenger was to be seen on deck. On a mound of nut-brown silken pillows, close to the mast, reclined at full length a young and lovely girl. As she lay there, her eyes fixed on the pages of a book, her hair, a light-brown glory, was spread about her, drying in the breeze. The other accessories to the pic-



DRAWN BY JOSEPH PENNELL.

HOVETON CHURCH.



DRAWN BY JOSEPH FENWELL.

WHERRIES.

ture, the pale, esthetic silks curtaining the cabin windows, the glimpses of rugs and hangings within the cabin, a mandolin lying on the low divan, a blur of pink roses massed in a huge blue vase—all these were only insignificant details beside the one compelling presence, that of the young beauty lying on her bed of pillows, with the tendrils of her hair afloat in the wind.

"She's only a pleasure-wherry," was Mills's somewhat contemptuous comment. There were others, "true" wherries, he would have us know, that for centuries past had been the merchants' carriers. Up from Yarmouth and Lowestoft they had made their way by day and by night through these winding river-courses. It was only of late years that something of their dignity as a commercial flotilla had been lowered by some of the newer, later-built craft having been turned into pleasure-boats.

"The wherry's built for trade, an' not for pleasure, I hold," Mills broke forth, with a vigor of condemnation in his tone. "They goes light over the water, that I can't deny; they rides the water like a bird. But a yacht seems more shipshape for a gentleman's pleasure, I always says. They're a wonderful handy craft, an' 'll sail as close to the wind as any ever I did see, an' they're just made to order for these 'ere reaches an' rivers, sir. You see, sir, it's the way a wherry's mast is stepped that makes her handy—that an' the sail's bein' without a boom. Her mast yonder is to the extreme for'ard. An' the length of her, an' the breadth,

—they runs from forty-five to fifty feet long, with a beam of ten to twelve,—an' the lowness of her hull, it all helps. Just look at that 'ere wherry roundin' that reach. Ain't she a purty sight?"

The wherry that was rounding the reach was evidently no light "pleasure" craft: this was the "true" wherry. Its patched and darned sail had an unmistakable professional seriousness; the man at the helm, as we came alongside a tack or two farther on, was as patched and darned as his sail. Both the skipper and his craft told their own story: it was one of long days' and nights' sailing in open and narrow waters; of innumerable loadings and unloadings at the crowded Norwich and Yarmouth quays; of a life lived in a perpetual round of weighing anchor and hoisting sail.

Mills had his usual interchange of river courtesies with the rough-featured helmsman. Then, as the breeze went light, our skipper set his foot once more upon the seat, resting his body against the tiller as he held it lightly with one hand. By these signs we knew that the gift of speech was once more to descend upon Mills of Yarmouth.

"Many's the long month I've wherried it," he now mused, "along these rivers. Man and boy, I've lived my life on the Broads, all but the seven years I was at sea; an' long years they was, though a man ought to see the world, whatever it costs, I've always held. Well, sir an' madam, if I may make so bold, I've known

what it was to sweat an' shine like the darky cooks we 'd take aboard on the Florida coast; an' my beard an' hands have been froze with the cold in the Russian seas; an' I 've been lyin' like a dead man with the yellow Jack in African waters: but for poorness of livin' an' hardship, give me a Norfolk wherry. Poorest fodder on record, is it, on board a wherry. A piece of sour bread an' an onion, a red hering with no head on an' no gills, that 's what it is week in an' week out. If I got a piece of sweet pork I felt I was a magistrate; a cup of tea without milk, I was a mayor; a bit of home-made bread an' cheese, and no king was happier. Grimes, my lad, another glass. That breeze do bring a thirst to a man."

It was no breeze that was imparting the bibulous impulse to our skipper: he was only toasting the present moment of prosperity. There was an entirely honorable elation and a desire to prolong the lyrical moment in the knowledge that with the dark winter he had turned his back on such a past of hardships. And what more hospitable or kindly than for one at a full table to wish to share the good things of the feast with his brethren that were passing him by?

Mills had hardly finished his glass before a wherry was seen slowly creeping up stream. The lowered sails told us what we knew already, that both wind and tide were against the boat.

"You 've the wind dead ahead; it 'll be better further on," was Mills's spirited greeting.

Two bronzed, bearded faces were lifted, for both men were at the poles; and both began to speak in the unintelligible Norfolk jargon. The quants came to an abrupt rest, and presently the eyes of the two giants glistened as if with some fever of anticipation. It was a form of fever that appeared to move to compassionate interest not only Mills, but Grimes, who disappeared, to reappear on the instant with two foaming glasses of beer. The quanters sat themselves down on their cabin; the glasses were emptied at a single toss, and as they wiped their beards they rose to send across the water the civilities common to men the whole world over when drinking at another's expense. A sentence or two more of the jargon, and the wherry men were again bending over their quants.

In point of beauty I have never seen a craft, whether made for man's pleasure or for the furthering of his commercial intercourse, more exactly to my taste than a Norfolk wherry. Far across the meadows a wherry might be seen lying among the tree-boughs, or it might be creeping or sailing or flying before the wind. Whatever its office or its attitude, to look upon a Norfolk wherry was for the eye to rest on the most picturesque thing afloat. Not the least among its qualities was the way in which a wherry did its hard work: it had an artist's grace, or that ease which comes with a perfection of adjustment in making labor take an outward festival aspect. Not even the most ancient and weather-worn of wherries ever appeared



DRAWN BY JOSEPH PENNELL.

THE MOUTH OF WROXHAM BROAD.

aware of the sobering fact that it was earning its living.

IV.

"GRIMES, my boy, tie your sheet, an' bring me a glass. We 're on the Broad the next tack, an' there 'll be some sailin', then, there will!" and Mills emptied his glass. A moment later he took the *Vacuna* so close to the tree-boughs that our sail swept the whole breadth of the green façade. The next instant there came a thunderous command: "Ease your mainsheet! Ease her, I say! Can't you see there 's a boat comin' off the Broad? We 'll have to make another tack. Quick with your jib!" We were more than half-way about before Grimes had loosened his sheet; for in moments of emergency the space between Grimes's ears and his intellect seemed lengthened to stellar distances.

"That lad ain't worth tuppence, he ain't," was Mills's growl as he watched the infant mate's leisurely fingering of the ropes. Grimes greeted this low commercial view of his marine abilities with a serene smile.

Mills meanwhile had steered our boat sharp to the right, and with a swift turn had sent us flying through a narrow opening. The river was left along with the bushes guarding the gateway, and we found ourselves entering a wide, open space of water. The water-piece was an inland lake the glittering surface of

portions of a captive sea. To sail to the distant upper end was surely to undertake a voyage of formidable length; and doubtless, if one chose the spot with care, one might have the luck to run the chance of a drowning adventure. Wide and long was the stretch of the water, and few and distant were the signs of man's habitation. The beauty of the Broad consisted in this remote and isolated aspect: it was a bit of wildness set in the finish of English lawns. Beyond the screen of the trees yonder there lay another world; this wide lakelet seemed set apart as a home for wild birds and a watery refuge for the coyest fish. To one of us, at least, the moment had brought exhilaration in its train.

"Ha-ha-a! This is sailin', this is! Grimes, my lad, get me my racin'-cap. You may tie your mainsail. No more miserable dodgin's in and out between banks o' daisies and willow-boughs." Now it was that the true mariner in Mills's stanch sailor's soul came to life; eye and hand were as quick in response as an instrument to the touch of a master. The red of the racing-cap framed a face aglow with delight; and it was impossible, I think, for a man to look more lovingly at a full sail.

"Sailing on the ocean —
Sailing on the sea — a——

Seven years of it, sir, and then back to old



DRAWN BY JOSEPH PENNELL.

IN A NARROW CHANNEL.

which seemed overbrimming earth's shallow cup; for the shores were low, their level lines accentuating the breadth of the liquid acreage. The lake was Wroxham Broad.

In America, on Long Island, this pretty inlet would have seemed a water-piece of fairly respectable area. Here, in this tight, compact little island, Wroxham Broad took on the pro-

Yarmouth. That's right, my bird! Go, fly—on with you, *Vacuna*!"

What with the height of Mills's spirits, and the surprise of his breaking into song, we had barely noticed the fairly racing speed our cutter was showing. Her sails were in the water, and below there was an ominous rattle of glasses and crockery. With the quickening of



DRAWN BY JOSEPH FENNEL.

AN OLD MILL.

our pace Mills broke out again as we took our second turn across the lake.

"As I was sayin', sir, this is a grand piece of water, this is. She 's rightly named the Queen of the Broads. There 's none to match her." Then he went on to explain that the shape of the Broad was peculiarly adapted for sailing, being oblong, with rounded corners. "A wessel can sail right round it and back, with a jibe or two, an' no tackin' needed. An' you should see the water frolic on her when the regatta 's on, an' all the banks as crowded with craft as a Yarmouth quay. That 's a sight! Ah! but it 's grand sport, a Wroxham regatta!"

Of the crew and passengers of the *Vacuna* Grimes alone had remained unmoved. During this hour of free, swift sailing he had sat with an impassive serenity, with his hand on the ropes and his eyes fixed on the most distant points. When the order came to go about, he awoke as if from a trance.

"That boy ain't no more a sailor than I be a corpse," was Mills's contemptuous growl.

"What is it, Grimes? What do you see?"

"Them 's eels, ma'am, them is. He 's a-skinnin' 'em. I likes eels," and in the eye of Grimes there was the hunger of the growing boy. Bread and jam from the nearest locker, it was suggested, might be made to suffice as a temporary substitute for eels.

On our next jibe we came about in a hurry, for a lively breeze was churning the lake into a

little racing sea; and as we scudded through the water the figures on shore seemed by contrast as immovable as statues. The skinner of the eels might have been an automaton. Farther on there were yards and yards of the filmy lace of a fisherman's net hung on poles; through this lace the landscape became suddenly idealized, as a woman's features assume a more perfect unity through the harmonizing meshes of a veil. Near by a pale townsman was holding forth a fishing-rod with the rigid solemnity of the amateur. He had cautiously chosen a still and glassy surface. According to Mills, the spot was one backed by a reputation of past good "catches," and yet nothing was biting. As we swept by Mills had his fling at the townsman's ignorance. "Them tofts ["toft" is Norfolk for "swell"] comes down from the cities, an' think the flingin' of a rod over a boat is the whole history of fishin'. Their empty catches ought to teach 'em, but they don't never l'arn anything."

The *Vacuna*, meanwhile, was making her very last trip up to the farther end of the Broad. The wind had strengthened, and our decks were wet, and so were we. But what was a dashing of spray when one could feel the swift flight of the boat through the water; when the waves were of a height to make the yacht dance; when our sails were stretched to their utmost limit, and the breeze was whipping the cheek till the whole frame was aglow? The geese and ducks were doing their sailing closer

in to the shore. Overhead, snipe, sea-gulls, and wood-pigeons beat the air with their wings, circling and swirling, and the sportsman among us was certain he had heard the whistle of a pheasant in the grasses.

Now upon the hills the hay-stacks were beginning to cast a warning length of shadow. Mills took one glance at the hills, and a ringing order to "come about" followed the glance. A skilful handling of the sails and some practised steering sent us flying through the narrow gateway, and no fewer than three sails were near to do justice to the grace and dignity of our exit. Once upon the river, there was again the quiet lapping of the water along the fringe of grasses, the breeze was coming puffily, fitfully, and the shores seemed to close in about us. The trees were again our neighbors, and the round, full eyes of the gentle cows looked at us above the low bushes.

Across the meadows the giant arms of a windmill could be seen pawing the air. Another reach, and this picture gave way to one of more romantic aspect: a strip of water, separated from the river only by a band of tree-trunks, was covered with water-lilies; it was gravely announced as another broad—Little Salhouse Broad. It was a bed of lily-leaves. Close to its inlet two fishermen were bending over their rods with the fixed tension which true passion for a sport brings to sinew and muscle. What to them was the loveliness of the low rising of the hillside behind them, or the lovely massing of the greens in this Goose Island with the yellow of the mustard-fields? Some snipe flew out of the bushes; a pheasant made a great stir among the reeds, heavily winging its low flight to the opposite shore; some water-hens were riding the stream; and above, high up, dipping into the blue of the sky-spaces as a swallow dips into water, there circled and swirled a company of blackbirds.

All the while the river itself was a marigold-bed, and the landscape was lighted with delicate tones. Had we not known the hour, we should soon have been told it by the signs abroad on the river. A sail-boat, lying under some willow boughs, was having its deck turned into a temporary banqueting-table. Two girls in broad hats and loose blouses were pouring tea for two curates. As we sailed past, London "at homes" were brought suddenly very near. The air was filled with the tones of the clear English voices, and with certain questions and answers which seem as much a part of English interiors as the wall-paper. "Do you take cream or lemon?" and "The cake, please." "Thanks, awfully; I don't mind if I do." A river-bend, a dash of shade, a boat and two white ties—where is the English

maiden who, in India or in the wilds of America, could not manage with such surroundings to set up a little temple of Home, with a hissing kettle as a form of incense?

"At Hornin', ma'am,—Hornin' Ferry," was the skipper's answer to an unuttered, but none the less expressive question; and Grimes visibly brightened.

There was still a broad or two to pass before the bubbling of water beneath our bow could be exchanged for the bubble of water in a kettle. Hoveton Broad, like Salhouse Broad, shone through the trees, a-glitter with the sparkle of shallow waters on which the lily-leaves rose and fell in ceaseless motion. The river, between its banks of yellow buttercups and purple irises, gallantly made an upward turning, as if to salute the pretty lakelet, and as quickly dropped away to the southward, to take broader sweeps and a fresh outlook over wide marshes. From one of the more desolate, wilder plains some hundreds of gray and white wings were beating the air, and out of the medley of cries there came the unmistakable squeal of sea-gulls. The heavens were peopled with them; the marshes were alive with the tremor of beating wings and moving claws; and the river was flecked with the down of their feathers. Across our bows a troop of youthful swimmers were taking a trial trip, and our masthead moved amid the mass of beating wings. Mills was making the most of the moment. "It's the close season now, sir; the gulls spends their summers here along with their young. It's fine feedin' they gets on the reeds, and the marshes is what the young ones need. There's thousands of 'em every year here at Ranworth Broad. They're all at sea in the winter."

The swirling and circling of the big white wings had hardly ceased to darken the sky when a cluster of red roofs told of man's habitation. Rows of straggling houses, a windmill set high on a hill, a series of gardens brimming over with pinks and hollyhocks running parallel with the river—if anything could make one feel at home in Horning, it was the pretty ways and graces with which it came out to the very edge of the river to meet one.

A row of children suddenly filled the river-front. They seemed to come forth, as if at a preconcerted signal, through the low doorways and over the narrow door-steps of the Horning cottages. Without further delay they burst into a song. They were in excellent practice, for the words of the song were made quite clear.

Ho, John Barleycorn!
Ho, John Barleycorn!
All day Jong I raise my song
To old John Barleycorn.



DRAWN BY JOSEPH PENNELL.

A NORFOLK WHERRY.

When the song was done some twenty-four childish eyes were fixed on the strangers in the boat.

"They always sings—Hornin' 's famed for that. Two hundred years, they say, the children o' Hornin' have sung to the passin' boats. But it's the yachts that they makes their money off of," was Mills's unblushing introduction of the waiting choir. Something of the youth and freshness of those clear, high voices, that only a moment ago had mingled so deliciously with the pinks and the rose scents in the homely, old-fashioned gardens, had gone. The chil-

dren, after pocketing their pennies, had turned unnaturally incurious backs on us and the river. They had learned already, apparently, to take a strictly professional view of the world as it passed. There were still two miles of sailing, and much jibing and tacking, before a picturesque grouping of sails, trees, and houses proclaimed that we were nearing one of the favorite river-stations.

"Let down your jib! Let her go! An' do it tidy; don't want no blunderin'," Mills was shouting out, for the eye of his world was upon him. A yacht, a lugger-rigged boat, and two



DRAWN BY JOSEPH PENNELL.

HORNING

wherries, some open sheds, two low thatched houses, and a group of rustics—such was the world we had come upon as we rounded the tree-boughs. Just below the thatched houses Mills brought the yacht round with a swing.

"Is your anchor ready? Is it ready, I say?" he was shouting again, as he flung himself against the tiller, heading the yacht bow on to the meadows. Grimes answered the shout by a plunge overboard into the grasses; another second, and he had buried the anchor in a mound of daisies. And thus it was that we made our first port; for this was Horning Ferry.

Our arrival, meanwhile, was making a mild stir along the shore. The life and movement among the boats and on the river-banks recalled the animation we thought had been left behind at Wroxham. On the decks of the boats there was much moving about; people were getting into jolly-boats, or were already amid-stream rowing across to the inn. Two Cambridge boys came out of their cabin to take a look at the newcomers. Of the two wherries one had the look of a friend: it was the "pleasure" craft we had met just after leaving Wroxham Broad. The beauty was still on deck; she was seated now on her mound of pillows. A group of men gathered about her, and they were serving her from a tray filled with a tea-service, as they might a queen. Her gurgling, girlish laughter came across the water, filling the air with its youthful music. To those cadences succeeded a grinding noise as of ropes working on rusted iron. It was the noise of raft-pulleys working a rusty chain, for the raft was being ferried across the stream.

On the raft was a particularly smart-looking trap; a groom was standing at the horse's head, and a girl was on the box seat, her perfection of attire recalling the Bond street tailors. The rustics gathered about the ferry-landing watched the approaching equipage with slow, dull gaze. A few seconds later they were fixing the same glance on us as we were boarding the jolly-boat, for Mills had brought the boat round quite as a matter of course. "That kettle takes an hour or more to boil," had been his sole explanation of our trip across to the inn.

The little inn was as modest a tavern as had ever set itself up in the business. It boasted the trimmest of gardens, the neatest of barmaids, the most irreproachably bare of sitting-rooms. But one of us, from the river, had seen a church tower among the trees on the hillside; and not even the august names in the visitors' book, of the Marquis of Lorne and party, and of the late Duke of Abercorn, and of the more familiar and home-sounding name of our own Mark Twain, could keep us indoors in a stuffy inn coffee-room.

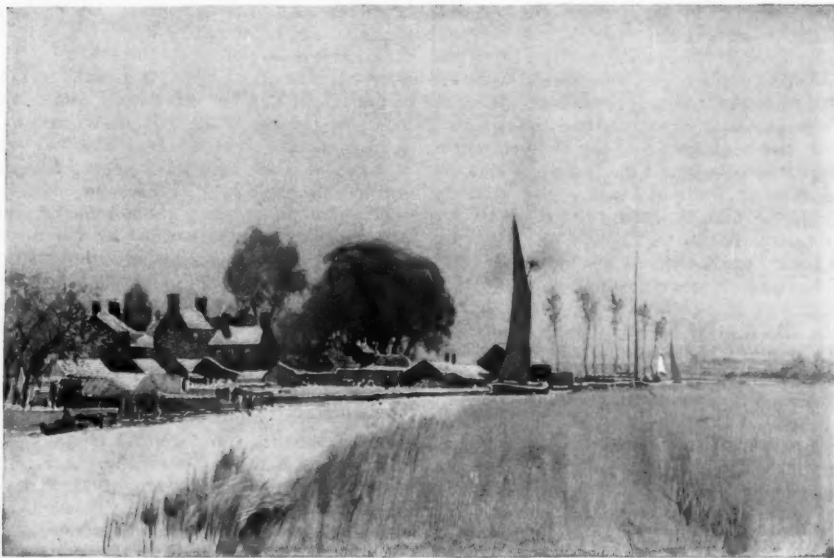
Once on the road, the perfume of the woodbine in the hedges seemed of a superfine essence of sweetness. All the earth scents were doubly good to breathe after the salt in the air along the river-marshes. The road behind the inn stables took us between fields of the blondest of oats and the most bridally attired buckwheat. The hedges were gardens full of hawthorn and sweetbrier; and the blackbirds, the thrushes, and the twittering wrens made the wild seafaring notes of the gulls of half an hour ago seem as far away as the sea itself. Through the trees beau-

tiful were the river-distances: over the tree-tops and through the tree-boughs the river made a series of radiant lakes and ponds in which the shores were mirroring their tranquil loveliness. Horning Church sat on the top of a hill, looking down upon this scene. It was set like a jewel in its crown of green trees. But for all its flowery, foliated adornment, the church had a separate, abandoned appearance. The village had forsaken it, as many other river villages have forsaken their churches; it had wandered down the hill to the shore, where it might the better earn its livelihood, leaving its church alone. We ourselves were soon taking our journey across the river on the raft. Returning to the yacht, we found the table set for tea; the cake and jam were flanked by huge bunches of wild flowers. The tea was excellent: perhaps the concert of black-birds in the bushes, and the butterflies among the blue corn-flowers, gave to the little feast an extra flavor. It is only on a yachting cruise on the Broads that one can always be so sure of a flower-garden and an open-air orchestra. Half an hour later Mills was sounding the growling note of his displeasure. "We sha'n't be able to get that boy down the hatchway: he 's

ticklish bit of wind, an' she won't last long," was our skipper's warning comment as once more we swung out into the channel. And so soon does the mind take on the garment of habit, wearing it with ease, that the yacht's motion and the being under sail seemed by far the most natural methods of getting on in the world.

"The breeze is fallin' away." This had an ominous sound at six. "It 's fallin' wery light. We 'll never get to Acle Bridge. We 'll be caught at Hornin' Hall."

Acle Bridge, Horning Hall, the end of the world—were they not all alike to us? Was not this the loveliest, the most perfect moment of the day? We were sailing through a land of pure gold, with horizons dipped in purple; the river was turning from saffron to palest violet, and every goose and swan was a transfigured creature, clad in dazzling plumage; cows, yachts, windmills—we were drifting past them as one who passes things seen in a dream. The slowness of the speed was a part of the charm of the hour; one had a sense of floating, of being borne onward by means unseen, unfelt; and the languor of the breeze was an indolent music in tune with the softness of the sunset hues.



DRAWN BY JOSEPH PENNELL.

THE VILLAGE OF HORNING.

takin' in his winter provisions, he is; an' here 's the wind goin' light!"

Grimes was rescued from the jam-pot in time to help in the hoisting of the sail. Some of the fleet about us were gone already, for the wind was beginning to drop with the sun. "It 's a

Suddenly we had stopped; once more we were bow on to a meadow piece. Again our anchor had been flung forth into a mound of daisies; and Mills was furling his sails.

"It 'u'd 'a' come to polin', an' I doubt if we could have made the reach roun' the abbey.



DRAWN BY JOSEPH PENNELL.

A MISTY MORNING ON THE BROADS.

An' at the Hall we 're sure of our milk in the mornin'."

Two yachts, and our old friend the pleasure-wherry, had also been "caught" at Horning Hall. They lay just below our own boat, and some of their passengers were abroad upon the meadow-banks, awaiting their dinner. One by one the groups were recalled to their respective boats, the appearance of the skipper on the gang-plank being the Broads form of announcing dinner. We took many a turn from the farm-house dike to where the path sank into the marshland before Mills's rosy face was beckoning us aboard. As we entered the cabin the hand of Grimes was again seen in the arrangement of the lamps and the floral decorations. As a sailor he might be a failure, but he had in him the soul of a born butler.

The stars were well out before our coffee was served beneath them. The sunset had all but died out along the marshes. Through the trees, as the night fell, along with the light of stars there came the glow of farm-house interiors; and upon the river there trailed the reds and yellows from the yachts' lanterns and their open port-holes. And as we "turned in," from the boats' decks there came the noise of college and music-hall songs and the strumming of banjos.

V.

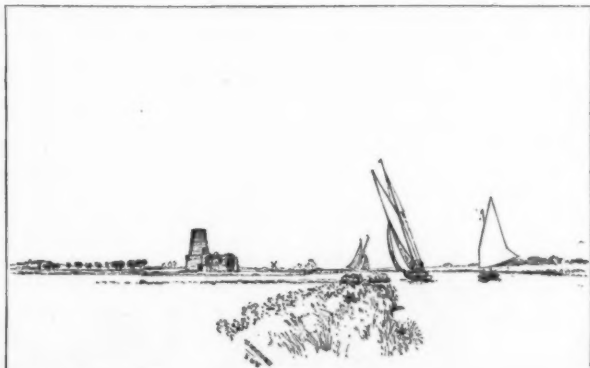
We awoke next morning to an ominous sound of falling raindrops. One look through the opening of our tent-like awning, and we knew

what was before us: it was as wet a prospect as the eye could light on even in England. The skies seemed to have come down several thousands of miles nearer the earth, as if to make their downpour the more effective. The river had lost all its spirit; whatever turning of the tide it was, the river itself, under that merciless pelting of the rain, had come to a dead standstill. Trees, shrubs, reeds—all were in floods of tears; and the landscape in general had the same look as the cows out in the open—that of standing about with the great patience of animal resignation. After so dreary a prospect the cabin seemed a little corner of warmth and coziness. The discovery that Mills made French coffee sent our spirits up several degrees above the zero of disheartenment. In spite of the gloom without, there was an early-morning spirit of contentment within. Both the cabin and the library—the latter unopened until now—had been singularly neglected: within certain closed boxes there was the best of company. Alas! our reading was enlivened by a painstaking series of well-planned interruptions. To Mills, indeed, as to so many true men of action, books and reading were so poor an occupation that any man possessing rudimentary organs of compassion must do his best to mitigate the evil; by the bracing effects alone of cheery and continuous conversation could a man be expected to get through his page. Finally, down the hatchway the news that the "fish was bitin'" was followed by the moving appeal:

"Have a line, now; do, sir. There 's a scud goin' by." When he found fishing in a pelting rain failed to rouse us to action, he turned in despair to giving us news of the weather. "It 's lessenin'; the clouds is breakin', and the wind 's risin'. We 'll have a fine day—there 's a bit of blue now." And with that news even our heroine was left incontinent to her fate. After luncheon it cleared in earnest. The clouds were rolling up their white curtains, and the face of a soft, melting summer noon came from behind them. On deck the breath of the wet, moist earth, laden with the vigor of an unbreathed sweetness, swept the nostrils; and in every bush and tree the thrushes and black-birds were singing as if to burst their throats with gladness. The river in a twinkling had become a bed of radiance.

Presently a voice sounded from below the deck-railings. Mills was calling upward from the seat of the jolly-boat, which he was holding alongside. "I 'm goin' for milk and eggs, ma'am, to the Hall. Perhaps it 'u'd be your pleasure to take the trip up the dike." A moment later, and we were gliding across the sunlit river. What could be better, after a morning in a stuffy cabin, than a trip in an open boat, and a descent upon an English farm-house? One or two skilful strokes of Mills's oars sent us skimming from the brilliantly lighted river surface to the quiet of a placid creek: it was like turning from a busy highroad into a lane. The green waterway

seen leaning over a rustic stile. It was a traditional pose in which to discover feminine rusticity; but the living loveliness of the girl's fair face, and the soft, animal wonder in her hazel eyes, made one oblivious of all other less genuine models. "Is it milk or cream?" was her strictly professional question. "It 's milk, my lass, an' eggs, if you 've got 'em fresh." Mills was obviously entirely at his ease with the rustic divinity. With a long, sailor-like lurch forward he took his place beside the girl, leaving us to follow. "An' the guv'nor, how is he? An' your aunt, an' the stock?" we heard him say as the two bent their steps toward the back of the farm-house. Mills took his way to the barn while the girl seized our own moment of indecision to grasp the milk-jug and cross the courtyard. As we stood watching her, noting her young, fresh loveliness, why was it that suddenly other equally fair and comely shapes took their places beside her—that Maggie Tulliver, Hetty Sorrel, and Tess of the D'Urbervilles should also be crossing that sun-flooded courtyard, trailing before our eyes the memory of their tragic fate? The peace, the perfect stillness of the farm-house inclosure, the wet and dewy earth shining through the tree-boughs, the herds of cattle and the droves of sheep moving under the fresh sunlight yonder, the very drone of the bees in the bushes, had brought vividly to mind those immortal types of women whose histories seem forever interwoven with such homely notes as the pour-



DRAWN BY JOSEPH PENNELL.

ST. BENET'S ABBEY.

seemed to have captured the secret of perpetual twilight, the day finding its way only through the dense arch woven by the osiers and willow-boughs.

Presently stood forth through the glistening tree-trunks the fair façade of a stout, substantial mansion mantled in ivy. It was Horning Hall. Close to the farm a girlish shape was

ing of milk into tin cans, and the rhythmic thud of the churn. The farm maiden meanwhile had filled our milk-jug, and Mills's visit within the barn had come to an abrupt end. We were about to depart when, in an inspired moment, we ceased gazing at a live picture and dwelling on tragedies to confront both in one. As we turned toward the dike a stone building rose

up before us. It was as unexpected a building to meet in a remote country farm as might have been, say, the Tower of London or the New York Produce Exchange. The structure was sturdily buttressed; it had beautiful early-English traceries in its regularly spaced windows; and although its porch and belfry had long since disappeared, it was as unmistakably a chapel as if rows of choristers were still intoning within its vaulted roof, instead of the impatient stamping of the beasts stalled within its walls.

"It 's a barn, ma'am. A chapel? Yes, ma'am; it was St. Benet's chapel. But it 's been a barn since before ever I was born."

Here Mills announced abruptly: "The wind won't hold, sir; it 'll be fallin' light as the day wears. We 'll never get to Acle Bridge." The threat brought us to our senses and also to the boat.

It was good to be under way once more, and pleasant it was to hear again Mills's familiar refrain: "Ease the mainsail; let out your jib! Ease her—start her—shake her up! Oh, ho! now I think we have the weather-gage—an' as fine a day as one can hope to see on the river. We 'll make Acle in no time."

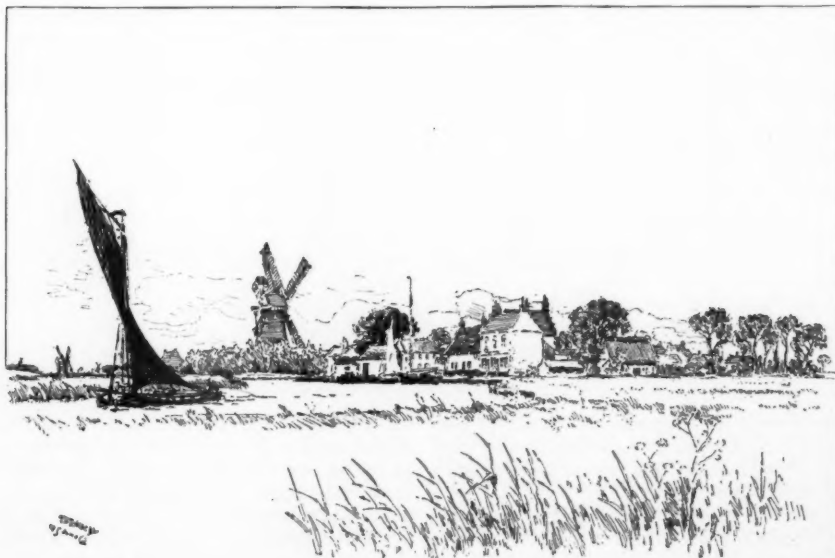
The chapel proved to have been part of the old abbey, and we soon sailed past what was left of it. The marshes to the left were an unbroken plain. Out of the tufts of grass there rose up suddenly the huge outlines of an ungainly draining-mill, from the lower, southern

side of which blossomed a lovely Gothic portal. Clearer and clearer became the shape and form of it; here and there within the portal were bits of time-worn border traceries, tottering canopies, and a pile of shapeless capitals and rib-vaultings. The bank along the river showed faint traces of broken bits of walls, of sunken towers and ramparts, now but mounds of turf.

For many a turning and twisting in and out among the river-marshes were the outlines of the mill and the abbey portal to mark for us the brevity of human grandeur.

VI.

WIDE and flat were the marshes that led on to Acle Bridge. The reaches were longer, and the sailing was smooth and free. Below the mouth of the Thurne the land was one vast plain, broken by the dim outlines of distant windmills, of church spires, and clusters of farm-house roofs. In such a breadth of earth man and his works played an unimpressive rôle. Far away in the dim perspective of a narrow dike, strange, primitive craft bore down toward the river; the men poling the high-heaped mounds of flags and rushes seemed to be navigating haystacks. In the rich, warm light these moving rafts lent a singular charm to the river life; their shadows in the clear streams were dense and soft, for land and water were being lighted by the glow of a perfect English afternoon.



DRAWN BY JOSEPH PENNELL.

STOKESBY.

The sails we met were drifting toward one goal. From dikes and streams, yawls and lateeners were quanting toward the Bridge. Presently there came the stirring notes of a vigorous command:

"Let down the jib! Do it tidy! Don't want no blunder here! Is your anchor ready?"

Once again, as at Wroxham and Horning, the river had widened suddenly below an arched bridge. A fleet of yachts lay moored along a grassy river-bank. Here also the boats' decks were crowded with figures — with girls in sailor hats, with sunburned youths in frayed "silhouettes," and with bronzed sailors in their yachting-caps. Several hundred of these heads were lifted as we sailed by. Another tack, a bearing down hard on the helm, shouts and some inarticulate profanity from Mills, and we had come to our moorings at Acle Bridge.

The inn was set close to the river, and although the highroad ran a mile farther inland, the Angel inn had the air of having seen more stirring times. The little inn sitting-room was parlor and taproom in one; its chairs opened friendly arms, bits of old silver gleamed on the mantel-shelf, and low settles, cupboards, and tables of antique make were suggestive of the dead-and-gone figures that had peopled the cozy room. In the smile of the genial host there was the welcome which imagination lends to mine host of the coaching period.

As the preparations for dinner were going on below deck, we wandered up toward Acle. The town was a wandering assemblage of houses, with shops that gave themselves metropolitan airs. But a church dedicated to as mythical a personage as St. Edmund the King was more alluring than the sight of London fashions abbreviated to the timidity of provincial taste. Pretty suburban villas, perfectly kept lawns, and trim gardens, led the way to the church, the tower of which had turned its back on the town, the chancel facing the street. The quaint Norfolk structure was placed in a perfect setting; for the cemetery was a garden where the gravestones seemed decorative slabs in high relief amid the sober gaiety of the flowers and the blooming shrubs.

Through the trees the sunset was pouring a flood of softened light, and the river, as we crossed the bridge, lay beneath our feet, a bed of gold. Every bush and weed was of a transfigured beauty, and the cows, as they came down to the shores, seemed to be drinking, not water, but a Pactolian stream. The wide marshes were now at their best, suffused with light, while above them arched a sky that was one vast cup of coral.

Aboard there were the miseries of a belated dinner written on Mills's anxious brow. "You



DRAWN BY JOSEPH PENNELL.

YARMOUTH BEACH.

see, ma'am, I've five courses — soup, an' fish, an' chops, an' 'taters, an' hot plates; an' this 'ere stove is the wery de — I beg pardon! But it 'u'd try the patience of a wery saint." His explanation given, Mills and his red racing-cap — his signal-flag of exultation or of distress — disappeared with a Jack-in-the-box quickness into the hatchway depths. There were worse things than waiting for dinner, we agreed, with such a sky and earth for entertainment. These failing us, there was still the inn. It was the hour when taverns the world over do a prosperous business. There was an endless procession of farmers' and carriers' carts stopping before the tavern door; beer or something stronger was handed to the less sociably inclined rustics, while within the tap-room a crowd of sailors, yachtsmen, and ruddy-faced farmers were standing about, or were grouped along the benches. London drawing-room tones, the boyish tenors of Cambridge students, the rough jargon of the Norfolk dialect — these sounds poured out through the door, making a strange babel.

To us on deck, long after dinner had been eaten, the noisy little inn continued to send forth the sound of its prosperity, while the noise that rose from the yachts was neither mystic nor devotional: the twang of guitars and banjos, the jingle of pianos out of tune, and a discordant chorus of after-dinner voices, made an early "turning in" out of the question. No sooner were the stars fairly out than a rival show of fireworks made the river a blaze of yellow and crimson lights. The yachts and



DRAWN BY JOSEPH PENNELL.

THE QUAYS AT YARMOUTH.

their passengers and crews, the cows lying in the meadows, the furled sails, and the ropes of the rigging—again and again did this world abroad upon a river-bank spring out of the dark, unreal and of an amazing brilliance, to be as swiftly engulfed in the abyss of night.

VII.

WE were up and away so early the next morning that the cows were still at rest in the meadows. The inn shutters were as tightly closed as the yachts' awnings. Not a sign of a reveler was discernible; we alone had kept good our engagement with the dawn. We might have made a meal of our boastful pride if we chose, for we had no other for a good hour at least. The wind was already abroad upon the meadows, and was blowing in the right quarter. With Yarmouth twelve miles off, and the dreaded prospect ahead of several hours' poling if the breeze should fall away, the gnawing of the early-morning hunger affected Mills as little as an appeal to a wooden idol. The getting of his boat "tidily" through Acle Bridge, the resteping of the mast once we were on the lower side of its stone arch, the hoisting of his sails, the *Vacuna's* swinging into the channel, and our subsequent swift running before the wind—these were acts and events which made our skipper sublimely indifferent to a breakfastless state. We were of

less heroic mold: coffee and rolls at seven in the morning assume an importance out of all proportion to the part they play in the rest of one's day. We turned a cool eye on the fair earth, and, wrapped in our cloaks, sat on deck, hugging the grievance of our hunger. Stokesby would be more beautiful to look upon than in the early morning, for there our breakfast was promised us.

No town dweller, I presume, who is a lover of nature ever remains wholly insensible to the charms of a sleepy earth throwing off its night mists. Acle Marsh, just below the Bridge, stretched its breadth to the horizon with such an alluring early-morning freshness as to stir even our spiritless state. The cows were now walking about in search of their meal. Long lines defiled slowly between the few widely scattered trees and windmills. The skies were full of clouds, and the clouds as full of light; they were traveling across the zenith as fast as we were scudding through the water.

"Stokesby 's round that 'ere reach. We 'll be layin' to in a jiffy. But it do seem a shame to lose such a wind, it do!" was Mills's plaint as at last the roofs of the village began to define themselves among the trees. Stokesby was set close to the river, upon a low and fertile marsh. A windmill beckoned us onward through a light ambuscade of trees, and close beside the ambuscade we dropped our anchor. The time of our lying to was brief; doubtless the spires

of Yarmouth were beckoning Mills onward, for we were out again upon the river before the table was cleared. We had gone but a brief quarter of a mile on our way when Mills began to apostrophize his native town. "Yes, sir; it's Yarmouth town we'll see inside of an hour or two. Her chimbleys and church spires 'll be lookin' out for us. Lord! but the years they've been my beacon lights, with Polly Ann waitin' along with 'em! Yarmouth's a great town—few finer. An' the Rows—they're a great show if you're not used to 'em; an' so is the herrin'-quays. Haul in the main, my lad, an' when you've tied your sheet bring me a glass. I'll drink to Polly Ann, bless her! Here's to Polly Ann!"

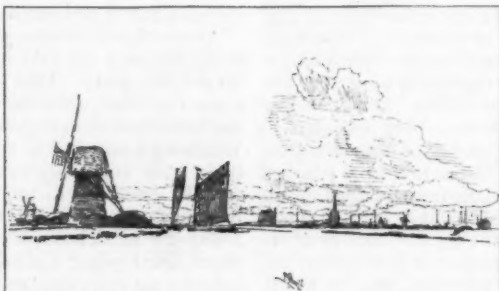
Long and frequent were the toasts to Mary Ann, and nearer and nearer drew Yarmouth town. Out of the dull wastes of the marshes the dim, dusky mass that lay along the southern horizon slowly resolved itself into the outlines of a city. There were the signs of its movement and life abroad upon the river long before we swept its quays. Grammar-school boys, with Eton caps and wide collars, trooped along the low, rising shore; soldiers were loung-

ing beneath the trees; and the river was alive with shipping, with floating flags, and the pennants of yachts.

Here at these Yarmouth quays must end for us the sweet return of the day's rising over river-banks, of the floating between the reeds and flags, of the soft-colored halcyon hours beneath the blue of the sky and the starry nights. To replace such joys, would Yarmouth send forth to greet us the people we have thought of and loved as peopling that island city? Would Little Em'ly stand upon the marshes, shading her soft eyes? Would Peggotty's boat-house be there? Would Steerforth's wraith rise out of the sea to wave its helpless arm in air?

Along the quays there lay a Sabbath stillness. The hush of the old town was broken only by the clangor of St. Nicholas's chimes. But louder than the roar of the ocean, stronger than the blare of trumpets from unseen barracks, from the beach there came upon the ear the mighty murmuring of a great multitude. It was only some thousands of pleasure-seekers crowding the Yarmouth quays and sands. Then it was we knew for a certainty we had indeed come back to the world of cities.

Anna Bowman Dodd.



DRAWN BY JOSEPH PENNELL.

THE TIDE OF THE PAST.

SOMETIMES the troubled tide of all the past
 Upon my spirit's trembling strand is rolled;
 Years never mine—ages an hundredfold,
 With all the weight those ages have amassed
 Of human grief and wrong, are on me cast.
 Within one sorcerous moment I grow old,
 And blanch as one who scarce his way can hold,
 Upon a verge that takes some flood-tide vast.
 Then comes relief through some dear common thing:
 The voices of the children at their play;
 The wind-wave through bright meadows, moving fast;
 The blue-bird's skyward call, on happy wing:
 So the sweet present reassumes her sway;
 So lapse the surges of the monstrous past.

Edith M. Thomas.



FUN ON THE STUMP. HUMORS OF POLITICAL CAMPAIGNING IN KENTUCKY.

All the wit in the world is lost on him that has none.—*La Bruyère.*

KENTUCKIANS have always been fond of politics. Before the pioneers of the State were safe from the attacks of marauding Indians, a political debating club was formed in Danville, wherein the most serious men of the settlement solemnly and ably debated all sorts of political questions. One of their resolutions condemned paper money as a legal tender; they did not believe that the mere stamp of the Government could create money. The Kentucky Resolutions of 1798, which owed their inspiration to Jefferson in Virginia, and nourished the belief in the right of secession, and in the possible expediency of exercising it under probable contingencies, were ably discussed in many hot elections. As the masses in Kentucky have always been engaged in agricultural pursuits, they have derived a great deal of pleasure and instruction from political campaigns, and especially from political speaking. Religion and politics have been the main topics of thought and the chief sources of interest. As a large number of the farmers are well-to-do and well informed, and as nearly every lawyer has his eye on some public office, political or judicial, the favorite theme of conversation is politics. To be able to make a speech is the ambition of every bright boy. Men of any calling, while often pretending to condemn speech-makers, are never so much flattered as when complimented for a speech at a public meeting. This passion for speech-making is illustrated by an anecdote of a certain Kentucky senator, who is a captivating speaker and fond of the platform or the stump. It is said that he was once present at a hanging, where a large crowd had assembled. When the doomed man, in his farewell address, said that he would not abuse his privilege by speaking long, the senator, hating to lose such an audience, cried out, "My friend, I should be very much obliged if you would allow me about ten minutes of your time."

As Judge Lurton of Tennessee was once going through Texas he met an old Texan, who described at length the people that had settled in his neighborhood, a large number of them having come from Kentucky. "And there 's them Kaintuckians," said he. "They're the speakin'est people I ever see in my life, fer a fact. Why, whenever we hev a shootin'-match, a camp-meetin', a weddin', er a fun'ral, you kin jest bet that them Kaintuckians will be thar, and afore you knows it they 'll be a-offerin' resolutions and a-makin' speeches tell you cain't rest. To tell you the truth, jedge, they cain't cut a watermelon without a speech."

About 1820 there were great debates in Kentucky between the Old Court party and the New Court party. That was during the hard times that came after the Bank of the United States had to call in its gold and silver. All the Kentucky banks had to suspend, and most of them were hopelessly insolvent. The legislature, in deference to popular clamor and to prevent the regular collection of debts, passed a stay-law for debtors, and attempted to make depreciated paper a legal tender. The court held the act to be unconstitutional. The legislature abolished the old court and set up a new one. The old court refused to yield. It said it ought to be, and would be, independent of the legislature and popular clamor. The fight was carried before the people. The New Court party at first won, as all efforts to make money plentiful and to repudiate debts in a genteel way will win in hard times; but times improved, and, in the end, the Old Court party, standing up manfully for honesty and sound money, was completely victorious.

In later years the stirring contests between the Democrats, who idolized Jackson, and the Whigs, who idolized Clay, developed great speakers. Such men as Henry Clay, Ben Hardin, William Preston, John C. Breckinridge, Humphrey Marshall, and Thomas F. Marshall, were worthy to be called orators. In that day nearly all the brainy men of the State were

lawyers, doctors, or clergymen. Great success seemed almost impossible without the ability to speak. In public or private life intellectual attainments counted for much more than money. Next in importance was family distinction. A few prominent families claimed, and to a large degree enjoyed, political and social supremacy. While fortunes in slaves were at stake, the rich were always eager to enlist the services of able men in defense of slavery. In those days the main features of political campaigns were barbecues, which were attended by thousands of men, women, and children. For the hungry, beeves and sheep were cooked whole in large trenches, and many other kinds of food were furnished in abundance. Distinguished speakers discussed at length the tariff, the justice of slavery, and the duty of guarding States' rights. An occasional duel gave excitement to the fierce debates on the stump and in the newspapers. Thomas F. Marshall, who was at first a lieutenant and then an antagonist of Clay, fought four duels during his varied and stormy political career. He was a fine scholar, and an essayist as well as an orator. He once said in Congress that the administration of Tyler should be described in the history of our country as a parenthesis, which, according to Lindley Murray, "is a clause of a sentence, inclosed between black lines or brackets, which should be pronounced in a low tone of voice, and may be left out altogether without injuring the sense."

To give an idea of the sort of paragraphs that pugnacious and witty editors of party newspapers wrote in that day, I will cite a few written by George D. Prentice, the Yankee college-bred editor who in early manhood had become a citizen of Kentucky, and the biographer and ardent champion of Henry Clay and the Whig party.

A political opponent says that we have twisted his arguments till they are no longer his, but our own. Suppose we were to twist his nose—would it become our nose instead of his?

The editor of the "Green River Union" intimates that we take a "drop too much." When the hangman gives him his due, nobody will think he has "a drop" too much.

The "New Haven Herald" says: "Does the editor of the 'Louisville Journal' suppose that he is a true Yankee because he was born in New England? If a dog is born in an oven is he bread?" We can tell the editor that there are very few dogs, whether born in an oven or out of it, but are *better bred* than he is.

The editor of the "— Democrat" says that he does n't know us, and never expects to meet us on this side of the grave. We shall think ourselves in particularly bad luck if we meet him on the *other* side.

A correspondent of the "Southern Argus" mentions as a remarkable circumstance that he lately traveled a hundred miles with a Whig editor without having his pocket picked. He is careful not to say whether the editor made a similar escape.

Take one letter from Taylor and you have Tyler, says the "Ohio Statesman." Take one letter from Cass, and what sort of an animal have you?

It was natural that Mr. Prentice should have serious encounters with offended men, and he had several; but he always declined to fight a duel.

During the war a large part of Kentucky's best men joined the South; but the State never went out of the Union. In truth, she furnished more men to the North than to the South. At the close of the war the Union men were in the majority; but very soon the sympathies of the State were turned to the South. The soldiers of the Confederacy that came back quickly obtained absolute control of the State, and ever since have had the power to elect their leaders to the highest offices. In the natural course of events, however, that power is gradually waning. Until the last year nearly all spirited political contests have been within the ranks of the Democratic party; but now the margin between the Democratic and Republican parties in four or five congressional districts is small. Until very lately there have been no genuine debates between Democratic and Republican nominees. Each set of partisans has been amused and aroused by commonplace harangues, and the standard of speaking has been greatly lowered. It was not so in olden times.

Mr. Edward Marshall, a brother of Thomas F. Marshall, was a fine stump speaker, but he never was successful in politics in Kentucky. He said he could get bigger crowds, more applause, and fewer votes than any man alive. He was beaten in a race for Congress by a popular gentleman who was then, I believe, in favor of paying public and private debts in greenbacks, and who is now widely celebrated as "champion of the free coinage of silver at the ratio of sixteen to one." To belittle this opponent's discussion of financial matters, Edward Marshall said:

Fellow-citizens: When I hear my handsome opponent glibly discussing money, greenbacks, and the mysteries of finance, I am reminded of a majestic swan gliding gracefully and placidly over the bosom of a lake, drawing only an inch of water, and serenely unconscious of the unfathomable depths below.

Just before the war Humphrey Marshall was a great debater in Congress; during the war he was a Confederate general. He was very large and stout—a veritable Falstaff. At the break-

ing out of the war he wrote to an officer of the North, and warned him not to invade the sacred soil of Kentucky; for if he did he would have to pass over the dead body of Humphrey Marshall. The Northern officer replied: "Dear General: We won't pass over your dead body. We prefer to tunnel through." After the war the general had a good practice, but he was extravagant, and often in need of money. Once he was dogged by a collector who had been put off dozens of times. At last the collector said: "General, you have said to me time after time, 'I cannot pay you this week. Come next week.' Now, I can't afford to be coming here all the time. You must fix the day. When will you be able to pay me?" "D—— it, sir," said the general, "do you think I am a prophet?" When the general was running for Congress against Mr. Blank, after the war, he tried to draw out Mr. Blank's exact opinions by a close debate on the stump. In such an intellectual conflict few men could compete with Humphrey Marshall. Mr. Blank parried and fenced as well as he could. Finally, Marshall said one evening in his ponderous tones and impressive manner:

Fellow-citizens: I have tried to pin Mr. Blank down and make him give me a fair statement of his opinions and principles, but he flits about so nimbly that it is impossible to follow him in an argument. In dodging a debate, he reminds me of a bobolink flitting along a zigzag worm-fence, hopping or flying, first on one side of the fence and then on the other, until the mind is bewildered, and it is impossible to tell on which side he is at any moment.

In every county of Kentucky you will find a lot of old men who take great pride in telling you that for forty, or maybe fifty, years they have never voted anything but the Democratic ticket. They began perhaps with Jackson, and have come on down the line. An old man of this sort, who was called "Uncle Billy" and who was very close-fisted, one day saw a group of voters about Governor Proctor Knott. Uncle Billy, leaning on his tall staff, edged his way in and asked to be introduced. He was formally presented "as the oldest voter in the county." "Yes, gov'nor," said Uncle Billy, with evident pride, "I certainly am the oldest voter in the county. Ef airy man will fetch a man as has throwed more Democrat votes than I hev, I'll furnish the liquor—" Hereupon several of the crowd, knowing Uncle Billy's stinginess, but eager for any chance to come into a treat, pricked up their ears, and Uncle Billy, noticing this, and becoming alarmed at the probable outlay if he should be proved wrong, hemmed and hawed, and added—"that is, I'll furnish the liquor to airy man as fetches the man."

To illustrate how naturally some Kentuckians seize an opportunity to make a speech, I recall an incident that happened in the legislature in 1880, when Mr. Charles Stewart Parnell was invited by the General Assembly to visit Frankfort. A member was selected by the General Assembly to present him to the House and Senate, and it was distinctly announced by the committee in charge that no other speech would be allowed in joint meeting.

The Speaker of the House, a worthy, ambitious man, was in the chair. As Mr. Parnell, leaning on the arm of Governor Luke P. Blackburn, entered the door of the hall, our spokesman met them, and, turning to the Speaker and the large and distinguished assembly, formally presented Mr. Parnell, stating his official position, the praiseworthy motive that brought him to America, and his plans for the relief of Ireland, then afflicted by famine. Our sympathy for him and his country was expressed in earnest and glowing terms. After speaking five minutes, the spokesman, according to instructions, escorted him to the Speaker's desk, it having been agreed that Mr. Parnell should at once address the Assembly; but before he could open his mouth, the Speaker unexpectedly rushed into a speech, saying: "Ladies and gentlemen, I have the honor to present Mr. *Cornell*. [To set the gentleman right, Mr. Parnell whispered his name and the Speaker, correcting himself, proceeded:] He is a distinguished member of the English Parliament, and no name is more beloved in Ireland than that of Mr. *Cornell*. [Again Mr. Parnell whispered the right name, and again the Speaker, correcting the mistake, proceeded:] I am sure you will recall this day in after years with delight, and that a favorable report of your courtesy will be carried back to Erin and to England by our distinguished guest. In our homes his coming has been discussed with sympathy, day and night, until now every man, woman, and child in the land has learned to respect, to revere, and to love the name of *Cornell*." (Tableau.)

About ten years ago, at the earnest solicitation of the Democratic committee, a young gentleman of Louisville went to speak in a close congressional district in the southern part of the State. His father, when a boy, had come from Ireland to Louisville in its infancy, but he and his mother were born in Kentucky. In one of the small towns where the orator was to speak he noticed that the fences were covered with flaming posters announcing the coming of "the famous Irish orator," who would speak that evening at the town hall. The young lawyer who was to introduce the guest to the audience made a sky-scraping speech far too long for the occasion. After running over the history

of Ireland and America, he pictured in iridescent colors the glorious career of the Democratic party, and at last began a magnificent eulogium of the visiting speaker. In the midst of his panegyric he suddenly paused, turned and asked in a loud stage-whisper, "How long have you been in this country?" "I was born here," said the stranger, demurely. "Born here?" said the lawyer, dumfounded. "Yes," said the guest, though he was sure the lawyer was thus being mercilessly dragged down from his airy flight, and would not forgive the wrong done him under the circumstances. Turning again, with a reproachful look,—for the speech he had written was spoiled,—the introducer paused a few moments, unable to finish his glowing peroration, and then said bluntly and coldly, "Ladies and gentlemen, Mr. Blank."

The men of this State are exceptionally tall, and the favorites of the masses have generally been above the average size. Some years ago a gentleman of small size was to make a speech in Lebanon, a small town in Kentucky. In the afternoon he went into a barber's shop, and while being shaved by an old-fashioned negro, asked him what was going on in town.

"Nuthin' much, boss, 'cept dat a gemman from Louisville is gwine ter speak to-night—a Mistah Blank."

"I am Mr. Blank," said the speaker, after a moment of hesitation.

"Go 'long, boss; you 's foolin' me, 'ca'se I heerd 'em say he was a fine speaker."

"I can't help that," said the guest; "I am the man."

Moving off a little to take another look at the small orator, and evidently puzzled by his size, the old negro said, "Lawd, boss, I thought you must be seven feet high—honest Inji'n, I did!"

In an election one meets with all sorts of odd characters. Five or six years ago a lawyer of Louisville was chief supervisor of elections for Kentucky. It was necessary to select, for the day when voters were to be registered, two hundred and twenty-four supervisors—one from each party for every one of the one hundred and twelve precincts of the city. That was no easy task, and all the work had to be done in four or five days. The Sunday morning following the registration the supervisor was alone in his library at home. The bell rang. He went to the door, and there saw a well-dressed man who was evidently some sort of mechanic, and who was twirling a small cane with a jaunty air.

"Is this Mr. Blank?" said he.

"Yes."

"Well, sir, here's a letter as will introjuce yees to me."

The chief supervisor read in it that he had

the honor of being introduced to Mr. Tim Fitzpatrick. "I am glad to meet you," said the supervisor.

"Well, sir, I am proud to meet you. I've heard a heap of talk about ye."

With a smile, the host bowed his thanks, thinking the guest meant to be complimentary.

"You appointed Michael Filburn supervisor of the first precinct of the eleventh ward?"

"Yes," said the chief supervisor. "I presume he is a friend of yours."

"No, sir, he ain't; and what's more, sir, he's not a grammatical scholar."

Scarcely repressing a smile, the lawyer asked what difference that made.

"Well, sir, I'll tell ye. Ye see, I lived a long time in Inji'nap'lis, and I knew all the big politicians there, and I tell ye I was a power among 'em; but more nor a year ago I moved to Louisville. Now ye know the Constitution says that if a man live in the State two year, or in the county one year, and in the precinct sixty days, he can rejuster and wote. Now Michael Filburn, not bein' a grammatical scholar, as I told ye,—do ye mind?—did not know the differ between the conjunction 'and' and the interjection 'or,' and so he would not let me rejuster and wote."

The experiences of a man who makes a race for an office are manifold, and they teach him much of human nature. In Kentucky, if he is a Democrat, his hard fight is for the nomination; but after that, in some districts, he must still go through a severe struggle. He must continually mix with the people. A disgusted gentleman of Louisville who ran for an important county office once described the woes of a candidate to me as follows:

As soon as a candidate announces himself, or is considered in the race, he is beset by all sorts of people for favors. Advertising agents come to solicit orders for small pasteboard cards which are distributed from hand to hand. He orders five thousand. In a week or two he orders ten thousand more, to be sure that he will have enough. A week later he orders twenty thousand more, thinking he will have five or ten thousand to spare. Finally, after many such orders, when he sees that he must have another lot of twenty or thirty thousand, he wonders what could have become of fifty or sixty thousand cards. Each day he meets men who talk to him in this style:

"Well, I see you are out." "Yes, sir." "Well, we are all for you down our way—that's right. By the way, let me introduce my friend Bob—Bob Jones. You ought to know him. Me and him carry our precinct all the time. Give us some cards." You give a handful. "Oh, that ain't enough. Give us another batch." You feel that maybe you have met two zealous, devoted, powerful friends, and you almost begin to rejoice. "By the way," says one, "could you give us a little lift? We would like to take a turn through the

ward this afternoon, and let all the boys know you're out, and set up the drinks a bit too, you know." You hesitate, but finally give them a small sum. If you should follow them to the next corner, you would see your big bundle of cards go into the ash-barrel or the sewer.

Next come the advertising agents who want to announce your candidacy, at an exorbitant price, in a program of some church festival, school commencement, or theatrical performance; or they want to advertise you in a newspaper, on a poster, on canvas over a bar-room, on a boat or a street-car, on the walls of a bowling-alley, or on a fan that is to be distributed at a fair, a picnic, or a parade. Each agent that extorts money from you for himself or for his employer swears that all connected with him are for you, though a bigger advertisement of your rival, at a higher rate, has been secured. All sorts of individuals, lodges, societies, clubs, and churches beg and bully and cheat you in this style.

Base-ball clubs, etc., are named for you, that you may be begged for money. Fish-fries and picnics are arranged that you may spend or gamble away your money with a free hand. Ladies and gentlemen in churches ask you for contributions that they know you cannot afford to give, and would not give if you were not a candidate. The procession of beggars of all shades and sizes and conditions never ends till the election is over. Sometimes two or three men come as a committee of a crowd or a regular club about to go out into the country to fish or to carouse and gamble, and you are asked to furnish the beer. Sometimes you are told and expected to send two or three kegs of beer to a factory or foundry for the workmen. Perhaps a petition is presented with twenty, fifty, or a hundred names on it, and you are asked to meet "the boys." You know what that means. Every day, too, you are asked to lend your old friends, or your new friends, or strangers, sums of money ranging from ten cents to a thousand dollars. All you lend is lost. If you refuse, you are criticized and hated. Every man or boy who wants a job as a laborer, or an easy, genteel place as a clerk, wants your recommendation, and frequently wants you to see employers. Each day several men appear who want to be firemen or policemen, storekeepers or gaugers. Young ladies and their friends implore you to get places for them as teachers in the public schools or as typewriters in offices. You recommend a thousand men or women for every vacancy, and still the procession keeps up. The line of ghosts that Macbeth saw would be a relief to your troubled vision in your moments of despair.

When the troubles of the day have ended, the labors of the night begin. At the same time there are to be two church bazaars or fairs, where you will pay twenty-five cents for a poetical quotation or a rose; a special lunch at some bar-room, where one treat to the crowd will cost you five or ten dollars; an Irish ball, a German ball, a puddlers' ball, and an athletic club exhibition—all on one night. You must spend from fifteen to twenty minutes at each place, and the places are perhaps miles apart. But with tact you go the rounds, and

come in at one or two o'clock in the morning, thoroughly weary in mind and body, and then you dream that you see yourself surrounded or pursued by a mighty host of beggars, and you wish that, like Moses, you could get all your pursuers into the sea at one moment, and drown them in a crowd.

Some years ago a prosperous merchant of simple habits, domestic tastes, and high standing was persuaded by many of our best citizens to run for the office of alderman. Mr. Goodman's opponent, who held the office at the time, was a jolly, drinking, thriftless politician. The incumbent and his friends believed that Mr. Goodman would win the race, and hence they resolved to scare him off the track. They began by sending "bummers" nearly every hour to his store or to his home. Some begged for coal, some for money, some for contributions for churches, while some simply offered their services, and did nothing but talk by the hour of what they had heard and what ought to be done. On the second night he was waked up several times after he had gone to bed, and startling information of plots and combinations were told him in great confidence. The next night, after he had been thoroughly worn out and disgusted, and just after he had fallen asleep, a crowd of pretended supporters with a wretched brass band came to serenade him, and after waking up the neighborhood with their boisterous clamor and loud huzzas, a speech was demanded. Poor man! he had never made a speech in his life. He was embarrassed and wretched. He stammered and floundered, and quit in despair. Next morning the newspapers announced that Mr. Goodman had decided to withdraw from the field. The fight was won in three days.

The registration of voters, the secret ballot, and the severe legal penalties, have done a great deal to prevent bribery. A corrupt-practices act, such as England has, can do much more; but only a sound public sentiment can really suppress bribery altogether. That sentiment must yet be created. Candidates are compelled by the populace to make many improper expenditures. Extravagant, reckless, or unscrupulous candidates slowly but steadily, in the heat and excitement of the contest, force their opponents to do some things that ought not to be done, and that afterward cause self-reproach and deep regret.

It is a constant source of discouragement to able, upright men that the intelligent or, at any rate, the prosperous citizens often seem not more conscientious or more trustworthy in voting than the lowest classes. Many successful merchants or well-paid clerks are governed in their preferences by the flimsiest reasons and

the silliest prejudices. Such men and even many ministers, lawyers, and doctors are controlled more by personal acquaintance, or business connections, or church affiliations, than by the merits of the candidates. The great middle class is the salvation of the republic. Indifference, selfishness, and prejudice are the sources of endless evils, and should be made odious by every means at our command. The public sentiment that will stop bribery and elevate our Government in all its branches will not be merely a severe condemnation of buying and selling votes; but a public sentiment that will eagerly search out and uplift men of sterling character and fine abilities without serious cost to them, and will be brought to bear, with crushing force, against every candidate, however able, who tries to win mainly by electioneering and scheming and using money with a lavish hand.

In a primary election held in Louisville a few years ago, before there was any statute to prevent bribery in a primary, some voters in one district were openly paid as much as seventy-five dollars each. The report of this spread through the city. At one precinct the workers for opposing candidates agreed to have a little fun with a German who all the morning had been hanging about the polls for sale. Strolling with seeming unconcern to a place within a few feet of him, they began to discuss the enormous prices paid in other precincts, and what a big sum they would be willing to pay at that time. He listened eagerly, and began to hint at a trade. "I'll give you five dollars," said No. 1. "What!" said No. 2. "Give him five dollars? Why, I'll give ten, sir!" "I'll give you twenty-five!" said No. 1. "I'll give you fifty!" said No. 2. So they went on quickly outbidding each other until they reached three hundred dollars. "Come along rightd away quick!" said the excited German. "Dot's blenty. Come along, and I wote rightd away!" "No," said the worker last outbidden; "I'll not be bluffed. I'll give you five hundred dollars." The German's eyes were ready to pop out of his head, and off he rushed in tremulous excitement to the voting-place. He was asked his name and residence, which he called out excitedly. In a moment the judges said: "You are not registered; you have no vote." "Ain't got no wote!" said he, as his jaw dropped, and his face assumed an indescribable expression of woe. "Now ain't it awful to shut an old woter out like dot!"

At another precinct a gang of negroes formed a club, and agreed that they would sell out only in a crowd, and demanded ten dollars a head. A worker whose money was nearly gone told them to go around the corner and wait awhile; that he would buy them all, but he

wished to hold them back for a final rush an hour later. He took their names and addresses. When the time was up, they marched up to the precinct in a body, only to learn with horror that while they were waiting around the corner they had been personated by a lot of other negroes who had given in the names and addresses of the members of the club, and had been bought for a dollar a head. Then was beheld such indignation as one rarely witnesses.

Every candidate is at times asked to defend or to intercede for men under trial on a criminal charge; or if they are already in the jail, the workhouse, or the penitentiary, they and their family and friends ask for a reprieve, a commutation of sentence, or a pardon. A nominee of the Democratic party for a high office last year received the following letter from the workhouse:

LOUISVILLE, KY, Sep. 29, 1894.

DEAR SIR. I write you those few lines to ask off of you a favor. i Richard Denham and ira hunt Got in a little truble after the election and are out at the work house after a little Drunk and the judge gave us Bonds [to keep the peace] for six months — wich to Any fair minded man is to Much for a drunk. Me and my friend want to Get out to vote and work For you as we did at the primary. And if you will please grant us this Favor we will do all in our favor to help you at the poles. So with our Best wische for your success we remain Yours respectafuffly

RICHARD DENHAM and IRA HUNT.

This letter induced the gentleman to vary his usual course, and he wrote them that he would petition the judge to show them some clemency if they were committed solely for the offense of being drunk. But the judge informed him that they were hardened offenders, and in their last spree had cut a good man, and the candidate let the matter drop. A short time after, he received the following letter:

LOUISVILLE, KY., Oct. 14, 1894.

DEAR SIR. Yours of the 8th was duly and thankfuley received. Me and my friend have waited for a discharge. But it came not. Be-leaving that his honor has let it slip his memmory. We thought we would ask you the Favor to remind him of it. This is a tereble place to watch and hope for something that never comes. Kind sir you dont know how bad i feel out here in this place. The very thought of my poor wife and family nearly craze me. If I get out of here i shall not drink for many a day to come. [He was not willing to take the pledge forever.] I would not been drinking as it was only for the excitement of the election and you where our nominee. and will Be our next — [He was nota prophet, as results showed.] And i hope me and my friend shall be out to cast our votes for you and

the Democratic party. Hoping you will favor us with this request we remain

Your truly friends
RICHARD DENHAM and IRA HUNT.

A gentleman who was lately running for Congress in a Democratic primary had two strong opponents. One of them was supported by Mr. John Blank, a tireless, loyal, shrewd politician, who was a member of the State executive committee, and had at his beck and call a great host of most serviceable workers. They were at the end of a long, hot, killing race. On the Sunday morning preceding the election, which was held on Tuesday, September 18, 1894, a plainly but neatly dressed Irishman, who had a good face, was ushered into the library of one of the candidates, who was quietly reading the newspaper and wishing, as he read the news of the fight, that he were safely out of the woods. Walking up to the candidate solemnly, and touching him on the breast with the forefinger of the right hand, this unknown guest, looking the puzzled gentleman straight in the eye, said: "Don't ye be a-skeered. I 'm for ye!"

With as much soberness as he could command, the candidate expressed his thanks for the pleasure of having his mind set at rest, though he had never before seen his visitor, who probably could not do more than control his own vote. But the visitor continued: "Who bate Johnny Blank when he tried the last time to elict Mayor Rade ag'in? Me—Gilhooley! And who 'll bate Johnny Blank when he tries to bate ye? Me—Gilhooley! Don't you be afeard. I 'm for ye!" Again he was soberly thanked, whereupon he walked out without another word. Usually such actions would have indicated a desire to borrow money, but he seemed to have only the wish to renew the courage of his favorite in the race.

Some years ago, when a young lawyer, a Catholic, was a candidate for the legislature, the "Elephants," a secret political anti-Catholic society, composed mainly of the scum of the town, were fighting him with the usual tactics of such guerrillas. In the extreme northern end of the district nearly all the voters were Irish; in the extreme southern end nearly all the voters were German. While the candidates were speaking in the northern end, the lawyer referred to the fact that the Elephants were saying that they would not vote for him nor for any other man that had an "O" or a "Mc" in his name. He said that while his mother was a Kentuckian and her grandfather had been a soldier in the Revolution, his father was an Irish boy who had come to Louisville when it was a village, and he was proud of his Irish blood. He heard, next day, that one of his opponents was going to try to

make capital against him by speaking of this matter; so when they met together for debate in the German neighborhood, two nights later, he prepared himself for the emergency. When his opponent finished his speech that evening, and ridiculed the references that had been made to the "O's" and the "Mc's," the young lawyer, who had studied in Germany, replied in a German speech which he had carefully written out and committed to memory. His opponent was dumfounded. The man with a "Mc" in his name carried the German settlement by an overwhelming majority.

While this Irishman with a fondness for German was in a canvass for Congress, he one day called on a German blacksmith whom he had known for a long time, and found him hard at work with a new helper. Only German was spoken. The weather was very hot, and the candidate asked his friends to go with him to the bar-room hard by to get a glass of cool beer. The blacksmith said he was too busy, but that his helper might go and bring back a pail of beer. As the Irishman passed out of the door, the helper, who probably had paid little attention to the candidate's name, asked for some of his election tickets, saying in German: "Certainly I will help you. The Irish and the Americans hang together. Why should n't we?"

Canvassing through the country in the summer time is not easy. One very hot day in July last year a certain candidate for Congress was driving through the country with a friend who was introducing him to the neighbors. As they were going through a beautiful, shady lane the candidate saw a farmer plowing in a field where there was not a particle of shade. Jumping over the fence, the canvassers walked across the field in the broiling sun to the place where the farmer and his poor mule were standing. The candidate introduced himself, handed the farmer a card, and asked for his vote. The farmer, taking his big, battered straw hat from his head, and slowly mopping away the streams of perspiration that ran down his sunburned face, said: "Well, I 'm glad to see ye, and I like yer talk, my young friend; but what I want ter know is, What 'll you do fer the farmer ef ye 're elected?"

"Why, sir," said the candidate, quickly, in the style of a Populist orator, "the first thing I shall do will be this: I shall pass a bill to compel the Government to furnish movable shade-trees for farmers when they are plowing in the sun."

"Well, that's purty good fer a promise. I 'll be durned ef I don't vote fer you, ef you don't git another vote."

A few years ago a plain country doctor and a Mr. May who was fond of jewelry and wore

a valuable diamond stud in his shirt-bosom were running for the legislature in one of our counties. The race was close and hot. At one speaking the doctor made the following fierce and dangerous thrust at his opponent: "Fellow-citizens, don't you want an honest man in the legislature? Of course you do. Now what sort of man is my opponent? Why, gentlemen, look at that magnificent diamond he wears! It is almost as big and bright as the head-light on a locomotive. Your eyes can hardly stand its glare. It is worth hundreds—maybe thousands—of dollars. At what valuation do you suppose he has put it for taxation in his return to the State assessor? Why, at the pitiful sum of twenty dollars!" The crowd yelled for the doctor. Three days later the two met again in joint debate. Again the doctor took up his telling theme, and held forth eloquently and passionately in denunciation of dishonesty and diamonds and false assessments; and then he again told of May's false return to the assessor. "Look at that gorgeous pin, gentlemen! My eyes can hardly endure its dazzling rays. Solomon in all his glory—"

"Hold on there, doctor!" said May. "Do you mean to say this pin is worth more than twenty dollars?"

"Yes, I do—twenty times or fifty times twenty dollars!"

"Would you give twenty dollars for it, doctor?"

"Of course I would."

"Well, you can have it for that."

"All right!" said the doctor, and he hurriedly counted out the money, and took the pin. Then May rose to speak, and the crowd cheered him. He was undoubtedly "game" and honest. He was willing to take what he said the pin was worth. He was elected. A week after the election he called on the doctor and said: "Doctor, I don't want to rob you of your money. Here's your twenty dollars. That pin you bought was paste. I got it in Louisville after your first speech. Here is my real diamond. If I can ever serve you, let me know."

Another distinguished gentleman, an ex-congressman, was to speak in Boston; but

when the time came Colonel McClure of Philadelphia was put before him. Instead of speaking one hour, as was expected, the colonel forgot the flight of time, and spoke nearly two hours—in fact, until ten o'clock. A man from Maine was to follow the Kentuckian. It was growing late, but the gentleman from Kentucky was prepared to speak an hour at least. After he had spoken fifteen minutes—that is, after he had just begun to get well under way—he stooped to pick up a lemon that he needed to clear his throat, when, without giving him time to recover, the band struck up that horrid tune, "Johnny, get your gun!" and he was forced to retire without even a chance at a peroration. To say he was disgusted and broken-hearted—he who had traveled all the way to Boston to discuss the tariff learnedly and exhaustively—is to express feebly his outraged feelings and blighted hopes.

In spite of all the labors, cares, expenses, and provoking experiences that a public man must endure, in spite of the occasional ingratitude of the people after valuable services have been done them with the purest motives, public life is fascinating; but it is ruinous to a poor man who is strictly honest, to one who will not only reject bribes with scorn, but will refuse to make money in any way that may bring his financial interests, however remotely, into conflict with his duty. Half the lawyers of our country are kept poor by the sacrifices they make of time and thought and money in efforts, often unsuccessful, to reach some political or judicial office. Even when they succeed in going to the legislature or to Congress they almost ruin, if they do not entirely destroy, their business. But it is also true that a candidate often receives from his friends such proofs of love and admiration that he feels that a lifetime cannot repay them for their devotion. Their efforts for his success he recalls with pleasure and gratitude as long as he lives. It will be a sad day, indeed, for our country when no ambitious young men of a high sense of honor and of brilliant talents shall be willing to sacrifice ease and wealth for her prosperity and glory.

Edward J. McDermott.



LIFE OF NAPOLEON BONAPARTE.

BY WILLIAM M. SLOANE.

NAPOLEON THE CONSTITUTIONAL DESPOT.

EXPANSION OF THE REVOLUTIONARY SYSTEM—TENSION BETWEEN ENGLAND AND FRANCE—THE PEACE OF AMIENS BROKEN—THE FALL OF MOREAU—MURDER OF THE DUC D'ENGHIEN.



DRAWN BY H. A. OGDEN.
BONAPARTE, FIRST CONSUL.

EXPANSION OF THE REVOLUTIONARY SYSTEM.

THE First Consul might well feel that the constitution of the year VIII had approved itself to the nation and to the world. The madness of revolutionary violence was not merely checked, Jacobinism was utterly crushed out; the political liberties of France had apparently not been diminished, her civil liberties had

been formulated and assured as never before; finally, the renown of France had never been more brilliant, and the consulate had used her glory to make the peace with honor so earnestly, longingly desired. Nothing was left but to secure permanency for the well-ordered life thus begun. Opinions varied widely as to how far this was possible: the diplomatists of Europe were not hopeful, knowing as they did what self-control had been exercised on both sides in negotiating the treaty of Amiens, what knotty questions had been passed over, and how easily the stipulations might be rendered of no effect by opposite interpretations of their spirit; on the other hand, Bonaparte, though fully aware of the strain which at that epoch must exist in the relations between monarchies and republics, and of the warlike temper of the dynasties, believed in the pressure of public opinion as likely to insure the observance of the treaty. For him its one essential feature was the restoration of Malta to its former owners, the Knights of St. John, or, in other words, to the sphere of French influence.

To the ruler of France the treaty of Amiens had but one meaning—England's surrender of absolute control in the Mediterranean. He does not appear to have recalled that others might think a corresponding diminution of French influence on the Continent equally essential to its correct interpretation.

For the treaty of Amiens contained other stipulations. England's warfare was not to be in vain either in continental Europe or in the other quarters of the globe. Trinidad and Ceylon were splendid acquisitions to her colonial empire, and she retained her rights to use the harbors of the Cape of Good Hope. Except the two islands just mentioned, Spain and the Batavian Republic got all their colonies back, and the House of Orange was to be indemnified for its loss of power in Holland. As to the Oriental question, England's pride was not humbled, Turkey being left as before the war in respect to her territorial boundaries, and being recognized again as the suzerain both of the Ionian Isles and of Egypt. In return Great Britain was to evacuate the latter country, and by the surrender of Malta abandon her control of the Mediterranean highway. France was to evacuate Rome, Naples, and Elba. Such was the paper to which on March 27, 1802, Joseph Bonaparte, Cornwallis, Azara, and Schimmelpenninck set their hands for their respective countries—France, Great Britain, Spain, and the Batavian Republic. No mention was made of Piedmont, or of the Helvetic Republic, or of the reconstruction of Germany in accordance with the peace of Lunéville, a matter which was to be settled by agreement between France and Russia according to a treaty which had been signed on October 8, 1801. Alexander, the new Czar, on his accession in the previous March had promptly overthrown the policy of both Catherine and Paul, abandoning the armed neutrality and the doctrine of neutral flag, neutral goods. Ostensibly and sentimentally he remained friendly to Bonaparte, but he declared in his instructions to Markoff, his ambassador at Paris, that the First Consul, "by flattering the deceased Emperor, had been

mainly desirous to use him as a weapon against England." To Paul, who was ready to fight for the "liberty of the seas," and to check Great Britain in India, Bonaparte might have yielded control in Italy; but to Alexander, who, it was clear, was about to desert France, he would naturally not yield one shred of Continental control beyond what was absolutely essential for peace.

The success of the negotiations at Amiens was largely due to the personal characters of two men — Lord Cornwallis and Joseph Bonaparte. The latter was diplomatic and conciliatory; the former, as Napoleon told Lord Ebrington, who visited him at Elba in 1814, was from his integrity and goodness an honor to his country. No sooner was the treaty signed than the opposition leaders of the English Parliament began to declare that it gave to France the mastery of the Continent. Addington stoutly denied the allegation. Addison had always held the view that Great Britain had been made an island in order that she might be the arbiter of the Continent. This well-worn doctrine Addington vigorously maintained, and, stung by the taunts of his opponents, he began the reign of peace with a stronger emphasis than ever upon the time-honored policy of meddling in Continental affairs, which in Cornwallis's instructions had been temporarily but categorically renounced. In the Batavian, Helvetian, Cisalpine, and Ligurian republics the English diplomatic agents continued quite as active as ever in their efforts to discredit the French influence, giving comfort and support to those who would gladly have overturned all that Bonaparte had done. The malcontents were, however, comparatively few, because the peoples of those lands had so long been the sport of the old European dynasties that even the revolutionary epoch had invigorated them but little, and they were content if only they might have repose.

In Germany, however, the English envoys had a better field, for in that disrupted land the case of the population, though so far resembling that of those who dwelt in the countries just enumerated as to appear nearly identical, was not really so. Ever since France had asserted the doctrine that her natural frontier was the Rhine, the simplest answer to the question of how the temporal princes of the Germanic body were to be indemnified for the territories she was seizing had evidently been found in recurring to Richelieu's policy at the close of the Thirty Years' War, namely, the secularization of bishoprics, and their incorporation with dynastic states. In the Congress of Rastatt, which had been closed by the outbreak of war and disgraced by the murder of the French plenipotentiaries, Austria had

grudgingly admitted this as a guiding principle, disastrous as it was to her supremacy in the empire—a supremacy based solely on the support of the ecclesiastical rulers, who, being bound to no dynasty, naturally rallied about the great Roman Catholic power, in opposition to Prussia, her Protestant rival. So far, therefore, Roman Catholicism in Germany had been in the main conservative, and English diplomats found ample room for the display of their ingenuity in offsetting religious factions, as well as political cliques and dynastic interests, one against the other.

But after the Concordat Bonaparte's position was so utterly changed that all the liberal Roman Catholics in Germany and a large proportion of the rest had little to choose between France and Austria. He was therefore able to carry out in Germany the identical policy he had pursued in Italy—a policy which had the sanction alike of French royalism and French republicanism—that of an entire reconstruction. In the rôle of protector of the Church he could go only so far in the wholesome process as he was able to make the world believe to be necessary. With this in view, he held fast to the old notion that both the great German powers should be separated from the Rhine by a line of little states, and began to carve, change, and transfer communities without the slightest regard to the will of the people. Nothing proves more conclusively how entirely the balance of power had been destroyed, or how its old conceptions of international relations were crushed, than the position of the Germanic body and the disposition Bonaparte made of it. The little states fell suppliant at Talleyrand's feet, and the venal minister spared those who paid the most; those less willing or less able disappeared from the map without a protest from any but themselves and their own unseated princes. Scores of the corrupt and rotten little courts which had disgraced the German name for more than a century died without any to mourn their demise, and many proud imperial cities were forced to bow before the stronger semi-feudal dynasties which had been their hereditary foes. The process wrought havoc in the exaggerated local jealousies which had prevented in Germany the wholesome national development that had taken place among other European peoples.

In a succession of treaties the work went steadily on. The Czar was pacified by liberal grants to his relatives of the reigning house of Würtemberg. Prussia got an exchange for Cleves and the price of her neutrality in such fine domains as Hildesheim, Paderborn, Quedlinburg, and many others; Austria suffered for her defeats by a compulsory acquiescence in the Italian arrangements, and the acceptance of

a smaller share than seemed her right in Germany; but the Grand Duke of Tuscany got Salzburg, Berchtesgaden, Brixen, Trent, and part of Eichstätt. Bavaria was not dismembered, as Austria had desired, but received Passau in fulfilment of Bonaparte's promises. Baden and Darmstadt were, as border states, made slightly stronger than they had been. The conclusion of the arrangement between France and Russia was the humiliation of Austria, the strengthening of Prussia, the dismemberment of the Holy Roman Empire, and the dislocation of the hitherto existing scheme of European politics. The ruling houses of Bavaria, Würtemberg, Baden, and Darmstadt were all related to the Czar. It seemed a gain for him that their power was increased; on the other hand, they discerned in Bonaparte the power which rewarded them for their fidelity to France, and, discerning it, became its firm supporters.

It is needless to say that the English diplomatists on the Continent looked on aghast at the reconstruction of Europe. Had the old prestige of Great Britain been so diminished that her traditional enemy should thus work its will in the lands of Europe without hindrance, and to the hurt, not only of England's glory, but of England's prosperity, perhaps to the menace even of her independence?

These changes were in steady progress throughout the autumn of 1802 and the first month of 1803, being completed and made known in February of that year. It is important to remember that though going forward they were not announced as the "enactment of the imperial delegates," so called by courtesy, until that time, and that whatever might have been suspected or feared, they were not definitely known before then. But as early as September, 1802, Addington took a step which proves that already the responsible government of England was determined to put its own interpretation, and no other, on the treaty of Amiens, or rather to consider any interpretation of the treaty of Lunéville not in England's favor as a breach of the treaty of Amiens. This step was the appointment as British ambassador at Paris of Lord Whitworth, a stately, unbending, self-restrained aristocrat. He would have been an admirable representative of Great Britain at a Bourbon court. His presence at the consular quasi-republican levees of Bonaparte was in itself a standing rebuke to the new order. The character of his instructions was in consonance with his appointment. They expressed suspicion that France was secretly planning harm to English interests, and required special attention to the lands "under the dominion of the Republic." The annexation of Piedmont was cited as a grievance, as

was also the attitude of France to the three new republics. He was to refuse any satisfaction concerning Malta, and not commit "his Majesty as to what may be eventually his intentions with respect to the island." In particular, he was to watch the French policy in respect to the Indies, both East and West. Lord Whitworth was cautious and sedate throughout the short period of his stay in Paris, but such a man with such instructions could in no wise be considered or felt to be a minister of peace. He began as early as December to declare in his despatches that the French nation had a contempt for its government, and to assert the total disarrangement of Bonaparte's finances. Thenceforward carping and faultfinding were intermingled in his correspondence with statements sufficiently calm but suppressedly indignant about the course which France was pursuing. He said, moreover, that every year of peace was better for Great Britain than a year of war, because it would give strength and courage to those in France whose interest lay in the overthrow of the consulate, which, on the other hand, would by its very nature be weakened by inactivity.

The First Consul was equally astute. In a meeting of the council of state, held during the winter, one of the members expressed his satisfaction with the peace. "Do the signatures of the great powers make them any less our foes?" was the rejoinder of Bonaparte. The response was of course in the negative. "Well, then," continued the former, "draw the necessary conclusion. If these states are always keeping war *in petto* in order to renew it again, the sooner it comes the better, for with every day fades the memory of their defeats, while the prestige of our victories is forgotten in equal measure. Every advantage, then, is on their side. Remember that a first consul is in no respect like these kings by the grace of God, who look on their kingdoms as heirlooms. This is for them an advantage, for us a hindrance. Hated by its neighbors, compelled to hold in restraint various classes of internal malcontents and at the same time to inspire respect in so many external foes, the French state needs glory, and therefore war. It must either surpass all others or fall. I shall put up with peace as long as my neighbors are able to keep it, but I shall think it an advantage if they compel me to take up my arms before they are rusty. . . . From our point of view I regard the peace as a short armistice, and consider myself doomed to fight almost without intermission throughout my term of office." This language, though credibly reported, was set down at a much later time, as also was a statement of Lucien's in his memoirs that it was ambition, not patriotism, which after the

peace of Amiens made war a necessity to his brother. The notices of the time which have come to us from those not in the thick of plot and intrigue—men like Rapp and others of his kind—create a different impression, namely, the feeling that Bonaparte was heartily sick of war, and really desired peace.

Yet it is impossible to feel sure of the First Consul's innermost desire, in view of the great army at his back eager for war and straining in the leash, still posted, moreover, at the most advantageous strategic points of Europe. Where such an army exists there must be a powerful military party, and such a party must influence a great general. As late as 1875 the great military leaders of the German Empire nearly thwarted the statecraft of Bismarck, and almost succeeded in renewing the Franco-Prussian war for the purpose of reducing France to vassalage. Similar influences may have weighed at times with Bonaparte; but the charge, brought for so many years by reactionaries and radicals alike, that already in 1802 France was the destined victim and all Europe but the tool of Bonaparte's ambition, remains unproved. He was not yet convinced that war was essential for the extension of his influence, and there is no proof until two years later that his dreams of Western empire had taken definite form. Then, when France was fighting for her life with an England governed by a narrow-minded and unwholesome king, and when dynastic Europe was all allied against him, he appears to have become convinced that the time had finally arrived when, in order to defeat England and destroy dynastic rule in Europe, he must by any and all means at his command unite the Western world under his sway. What had been a dream must be turned into stern reality.

Both the preliminaries of London and the definitive peace of Amiens had been hailed with joy by the industrial and mercantile classes of England. It is true the Christian sentiment of the country was shocked by the official restoration of the slave-trade on the part of France; but that feeling was momentarily stilled in view of the untold benefits to commerce which might justly be expected as the result of peace. In this expectation, however, the merchants were disappointed, for the consulate immediately put in force certain arbitrary and annoying shipping regulations intended to limit any encroachments on its rigid protective policy. The pious philanthropy of England has ever seen missionary zeal go hand in hand with British commerce as the best means of simultaneously fulfilling England's destiny and converting the world. Thwarted in either part of this policy, the other has always appeared jeopardized; and so, al-

most immediately after the peace was signed, public opinion again took up the cry against the slave-trade, and soon was so changed that the cheers of the multitude were turned into renewed execrations of Bonaparte. Thenceforward the influences which combined to create a warlike temper in England were cumulative. It was found by private citizens that the clause of the treaty which removed all sequestrations from their property in France was not easily enforced. Statesmen began to declare that by a further extension of the system of federated states under French hegemony their maritime empire would insure nothing but the insignificant carrying-trade with the colonies, while the European commerce, which was still far more important, would be delivered into other hands. The King, with his absurd dynastic ideas, foresaw in the same direction the ultimate obliteration of absolutism, with its guarantees of neutrality and territorial sanctity.

The bitter discontent of England was expressed in the public press almost before the ink was dry on the treaty of Amiens. Bonaparte, demanding the right to establish consuls in the chief ports of England and Ireland, designated the officials and sent them to their posts. The English papers declared these men to be spies, military engineers charged to make and forward to Paris plans of the harbors. They were accordingly seized, and forbidden to enter on their duties. Moreover, one Peltier, an emigrant, began without hindrance from the authorities to publish in London a French royalist journal, "*L'Ambigu*," which satirized, lampooned, and abused the First Consul and his rule in a shameful but brilliant way. Two months after the date of the treaty Bonaparte began to remonstrate against such license. The English administration pleaded the freedom of the press under constitutional guarantees, and asserted the truth of the allegations brought against the consuls. It was not long before the tide of recrimination was in full flood, and the columns of the official "*Moniteur*" were in revenge filled with matter identical in kind with the offensive contents of the English press. The official journals of Paris began to declare that "*Carthage must be destroyed*." It was the irony of fate that while in England the government could deny its responsibility for the utterances of the newspapers, Bonaparte, who had finally destroyed the freedom of the press in France, could consequently be held to strict account for every word printed.

As early as July the First Consul made his grievances the subject of diplomatic remonstrance. Receiving a mild reply, he proceeded to enumerate as matters of complaint, in addition to the license of the English papers, the residence of the emigrants in Great Britain,

her harboring conspirators like Georges Cadoudal, and her protection of the Bourbon princes. Although the Alien Act would have made it possible for the government of England to banish political refugees, it was contrary to a wise policy to do so, and this was explained to the French ambassador. In order, however, temporarily to appease the French government, Peltier was prosecuted for libel of the First Consul. In addition to his insulting letterpress, the witty Frenchman had also published numerous clever caricatures, among them the picture of a sphinx the head of which was Bonaparte's portrait, referring of course to his Egyptian fiasco. In response to the remonstrances made against such defamation, there appeared only the well-known body, headless, and it was felt that the satire was more bitter than before. By the skill of the defendant's counsel the trial was turned into a jubilation over the liberty of the press; and though the culprit was technically condemned, he was never brought to punishment. Thereafter, by the aid of a subvention from Bonaparte, the Irish radicals began to publish in London a fiery paper the contents of which were supplied from Paris, and were intended to counteract the influence of the English journals.

Meantime the First Consul gave every evidence that his only warfare was to be a diplomatic one; his chief interest was clearly the improvement of French industries, the extension of beneficent public works, and the consolidation of his colonial empire. Louisiana had been ceded to France by Spain in exchange for the kingdom of Tuscany, and an expedition was being fitted out to go and reduce it to possession. Efforts were directed also to the eastward, Sebastiani, a skilful diplomat, being despatched in September, under the guise of a commercial agent, carefully to examine Persian affairs and report on the situation in the Levant. As a countercheck to the outcry which Bonaparte believed would be raised over the annexation of Piedmont, he filled Ireland with secret agents whose duty it was to foment and organize the spirit of insurrection, while carefully studying the country. Ostensibly they too were commercial agents, and even when some of their instructions were seized by English officials, nothing to the contrary could be proved. In their case, as in that of Sebastiani, it does not appear that Bonaparte was aiming at anything but to secure an alternative in case of extremity. That he had eventually to take the alternative in Ireland was no proof to the contrary. In Switzerland also internal troubles were allowed to take such shape that Ney was sent with 30,000 troops to occupy the country, ostensibly in the interest of good order, in reality of course as a check to both Prussia and Aus-

tria, should they prove restive under the new reorganization of Europe. When England remonstrated, Bonaparte indirectly replied in a note of October 23, 1802, to his ambassador in England, that his resolution was taken. If war was threatened, it must needs be a Continental war, the consequence of which could only be to force him to conquer Europe. He was about thirty-three years old. Hitherto he had destroyed only second-class states. "Who knew how long he would take to change the face of Europe again, and resuscitate the empire of the West?" This paper Otto, the ambassador, virtually suppressed, knowing how far its use would jeopardize the peace.

During the summer of 1802 Fox journeyed to Paris, where he was presented to Bonaparte early in September. The English statesman was fascinated, and although the First Consul said nothing definite or precise, his visitor departed convinced that his host desired nothing but peace with a liberal policy both domestic and foreign as far as was consistent with safety. But the attacks of the English press became none the less virulent in consequence of Fox's favorable report, or of his brilliant defense of France from his place in Parliament. Toward the close of January Talleyrand remonstrated with Whitworth, this time giving point to his remonstrance by a plump demand as to what England intended to do about Malta. Whitworth replied that he was without instructions, and made an evasive answer, hinting that the King's opinion of the changes which had taken place in Europe since the treaty might be of importance in determining him as to the disposal of the island. This was the first official intimation that England did not intend to keep her promise. A few days later Sebastiani returned from the East, and on January 30, 1803, the "Moniteur" published his thorough and careful report. It was a long document, fully explaining every source of English weakness in the Orient, and setting forth the possibilities of reestablishing French colonies in Egypt and the Levant. There was only one menacing phrase, but it expressed an unpalatable truth, that "6000 French troops could now conquer Egypt." The publication in England of this paper raised a tremendous popular storm, and it has pleased many historians to regard Bonaparte's course as a virtual declaration of war. In reality it was merely a French Roland for the English Oliver. If England intended to keep Malta, let her beware of her prestige in the East. Had Bonaparte intended to act on Sebastiani's report, he certainly would not have published it. Of course the English populace utterly failed to grasp so nice a point, and the incident so strained the relations of France and England that all Europe saw the impending

crisis — one or the other, or both, must consent to a modification of the treaty in respect to Malta, or there would be war.

TENSION BETWEEN ENGLAND AND FRANCE.

THESE strained relations between the two great Western powers were the natural consequence of their antipodal interests and of the fact that neither was yet exhausted by war. Speaking of the treaty of Amiens soon after it was signed, George III. said, "I call this an experimental peace; it is nothing else." It was a double experiment. How far would Bonaparte curb his ambition? How far would England surrender her quasi-dictatorship of the high seas and her control of European commerce? It soon became clear that there was no longer a conciliatory temper on either side, and that the so-called peace was merely a truce. Moreover, Bonaparte, soon after the arrival of Lord Whitworth, came to feel that the truce would be a short one. Accordingly he recalled from London the too pacific Otto, replacing him in December by General Andr  ossy. The First Consul's conviction was assured by the language (already quoted) which the English ambassador used to Talleyrand in January. The little interval of peace, short as it was, had so confirmed Bonaparte in the good graces of the French that he likewise felt able to dismiss three other public servants who seemed unwilling to accept the new state of absolute control by the First Consul. These were Fouch  , Roederer, and Bourrienne, the first a shrewd, unscrupulous, self-seeking Jacobin; the second a wise, devoted, but fearless and sometimes troublesome adviser; the third a venal, light-headed, and often untruthful secretary, who presumed too much on school-boy association to confirm an annoying intimacy. Almost at the same time Lannes was restored to favor and the Consular Guard strengthened. At the opening of what bade fair to be a struggle, not for supremacy alone, but for life, the principal combatant seemed determined to cast off every weight, to discard even his true but troublesome friends.

The war which was imminent would in no proper sense be a war between England and France, but rather a general war against French ascendancy in Europe, as represented by Bonaparte's expansion of the revolutionary system for his own purposes, and therefore, as it were, a personal attack on the First Consul. Well aware that if war was inevitable it should for his own sake come quickly, Bonaparte determined to learn whether it was inevitable, and to do so in such a way as further to endear him to that class of the French people which now appeared to be his strongest support — the great

middle class, or bourgeoisie, who in the Revolution had wrested political control from the King and the aristocracy. Whether general, diplomatist, or statesman, he had never since his entrance on French public life permitted them to forget that he was one of them. He dressed, behaved, and talked as far as in him lay, like a French burgher, scornfully and ostentatiously using the forms of society and diplomacy as baubles necessary just so long as they were useful, but holding them up to public contempt whenever that course served his purpose. Incidentally it may be remarked that his reliance on the middle class and his determination to gratify it whenever possible played a considerable part in the grandiose scheme of public works for both France and Paris which was conceived and partly achieved by him. The building of great canals, the perfection of highways, the lavish expenditure of public moneys for the administrative buildings which beautified the provincial towns while distributing the appropriations for them among the inhabitants, the general control of these enterprises from Paris — all this enormously strengthened the hold which the chief magistrate had upon the country at large.

Much of the same policy was still displayed in the official receptions held in the Tuileries. In the first place, the domestic life of the Bonapartes was carefully accented by the presence of the First Consul's wife and sisters with their families. No mistresses were ever allowed to flaunt themselves in public under either the consulate or the empire. The same standards of conjugal fidelity were to be supposed valid in the first family of the land as in those of the masses. Then, too, there was displayed a genial familiarity, sometimes even brusque and rude, like that prevalent among the middle class — the good-fellowship which they admired above every other quality. Of course there must be ceremonial, and on high occasions the great officers of state with the diplomatic corps were arrayed in a circle like that customary in courts from immemorial times. But these latter personages, grand as they were, had to put up with much the same treatment from the First Consul while making his rounds as that which his relatives, his state and military officials, and the plain people of France generally received at his hands. These more or less domestic and unceremonious ways afforded Bonaparte exactly the chance he needed to bring England to an explanation. On Sunday, March 13, 1803, there was held a consular levee at the Tuileries. No one apparently thought it likely to be different from any other, and there was the usual attendance, Lord Whitworth being present to introduce some English ladies and gentlemen to Mme. Bonaparte. But the occasion was

destined to be of the first importance historically, and what occurred has been the subject of more misrepresentation and turgid rhetoric than any single event in the life of Napoleon.

For some weeks previous there had been little change in the relations between the two countries. France continued to fit out armaments in her ports, destined, it was declared and probably with truth, to confirm her colonial power in the West Indies and America, and to make good her commercial standing in the Levant and farther Orient. These movements, as well as those of her troops, were carefully watched by the English, and almost as carefully misinterpreted to be preparations solely intended for the renewal of the war. On Friday, February 17, Whitworth, contrary to all diplomatic precedent, was summoned to the Tuileries, where he was received by Bonaparte with "tolerable cordiality," to use the ambassador's own words, and seated on one side of the Consul's table in his private cabinet, while the chief of state dropped into a chair on the other side of it, and, putting both elbows on the edge, began without ceremony to state his views concerning the situation. Acknowledging his irritation at the jealousy and mistrust shown by England in interpreting the treaty of Amiens, he categorically refused to acquiesce in the continued occupation of Malta and Alexandria by England, but disclaimed any intention of either seizing Egypt or going to war with Great Britain. Expatriating on the respective forces of England and France, he endeavored to show how essential their coöperation was for the peace of Europe, and strove to prove that neither could gain anything by going to war. In conclusion he demanded the speedy evacuation of Malta as the event on which must turn peace or war. If he had really desired war, he said, he could have seized Egypt a month earlier without difficulty. Whitworth made the same stock rejoinders which had been used all along, and when about to instance the territories and influence gained by France was interrupted by Bonaparte with apparent temper. "I suppose you mean Piedmont and Switzerland. Those are trifles,"—"The expression he made use of," Whitworth interrupts the quotation to say, "was too trivial and vulgar to find a place in a despatch, or anywhere but in the mouth of a hackney-coachman"—"and it must have been foreseen," continued Bonaparte, "while the negotiation was pending. Vous n'avez pas le droit d'en parler à cette heure." Napoleon said of his own temper that it never went below his neck; and as to his vulgar expression, any French scholar can supply it and see that Whitworth was correct in not reporting it; for to translate it would have been to distort the proportions of its significance. More-

over, the English diplomat must have felt the truth of Bonaparte's reasoning, for he at once turned to the matter of English claims on France, and the First Consul excused the delay by disclaiming all wrong intention. The interlocutors parted amicably enough, and Whitworth expressly states that he brought away no other impression than that Bonaparte intended "to frighten and bully."

How correct this impression was can easily be shown. It appears that the English ministry determined to meet bluster with bluster. There was, in spite of all Fox's efforts, a substantial unanimity of anti-French sentiment in Parliament. This the government inflamed by a message sent on March 8, in which the military preparations then being made by the First Consul in the ports of France and Holland were exaggerated out of all proportion by stating them as a reason why additional measures should be taken by the King for the security of his dominions. On March 10 the militia was called out. News of this message reached Paris on March 12. Duroc was in Prussia on a special embassy. The King's message was forwarded at once to him, with instructions to say to Frederick William in person that if war was declared the French would occupy Hanover, a menace especially distasteful to that monarch, and intended to make him active in preserving peace. It was beyond peradventure part of this same system of bluster which made Bonaparte prepare the scene of March 13, the night following his despatch to Duroc—a date before the news of England's arming her militia could have reached him.

While the court was assembling on that evening the First Consul passed the time in chatting with the ladies of his family and familiarly joking with their attendants, in particular playing with his nephew, the little Napoleon, son of Louis. His air was unaffected, and he was even merry. Being told that the circle was formed, his manner changed, and he advanced to make his round. Whitworth and Morkof were standing side by side. Asking the former if he had news from England, and receiving an affirmative reply, he said, as Whitworth reported, "'So you are determined to go to war.' 'No, First Consul,' I replied; 'we are too sensible of the advantage of peace.' 'We have,' said he, 'been at war already for fifteen years.' As he seemed to wait for an answer, I observed, 'That is already too long.' 'But,' said he, 'you want war for another fifteen years, and you force me to it.' I told him that was very far from his Majesty's intentions. He then proceeded to Count Markoff and the Chevalier Azara, who were standing at a little distance from me, and said to them, 'The English desire war, but if they are the first to draw the sword



FROM THE PAINTING BY SIR THOMAS LAWRENCE, IN THE LOUVRE.

ENGRAVED BY R. G. TIETZE.

LORD CHARLES WHITWORTH.

I shall be the last to sheathe it. They pay no respect to treaties. It will be necessary henceforth to cover them with black crape.' I suppose he meant the treaties. He then went his round, and was thought by all those to whom he addressed himself to betray great signs of irritation. In a few minutes he came back to me, to my great annoyance, and resumed the conversation, if such it can be called, by something personally civil to me. [The reader will note the words "personally civil."] He then began again: 'Why such armaments? Against whom such measures of precaution? I have not a single vessel of the line in the harbors of France: but if you wish to arm, I shall arm also; if you wish to fight, I shall fight also. You could perhaps destroy France, but never intimidate her.' 'No one would desire,' said I, 'the one or the other. The world would like to live on good terms with her.' 'Then treaties must be

respected,' replied he. 'Woe to them who do not respect treaties! They shall be answerable for it to all Europe.' He was too agitated to make it advisable to prolong the conversation. I therefore made no answer, and he retired to his apartment repeating the last phrase. . . . I am persuaded that there was not a single person who did not feel the extreme impropriety of his conduct, and the total want of dignity as well as of decency on the occasion." Such is Lord Whitworth's own account. That it is substantially accurate is proved by Bonaparte's despatch to Andréossy, dated the same night, in which the words used by the First Consul are given in almost identical form.

This is the much discussed "insult to the British ambassador," the scene in which Allison represents Bonaparte as threatening to strike Whitworth, "the violent harangue," etc., which has been given in histories, both Eng-

lish and French, as the reason why England broke the treaty of Amiens. As a matter of fact, the whole picture speaks for itself. Bonaparte's behavior was not courtly, and, like an oft-quoted but unimportant message to the French legislature, his words and conduct were a piece of bluster: for the rest, the scene was not merely, as Talleyrand explained it, the First Consul's method of calling the attention of all Europe to the political situation, and of exculpating himself from the insults heaped on him by England; it was both a means of warning England in the interest of peace and of warning France in the interest of war, if war there must be.

Five days later Whitworth himself wrote that his agent had seen nothing at Havre "which can be construed into an armament; and," adds the ambassador, "I verily believe this is the case in every port of France." He also declared that, judging from Talleyrand's note to the French envoy in London, France was not ready to declare war. The United States minister in Paris was of the same opinion. When next Bonaparte received the diplomatic corps, on April 4, Whitworth reported that he had every reason to be satisfied with his treatment.

But the despatches of Lord Whitworth were not published in England as they were written and transmitted. They were indeed printed in part, but with such omissions and changes as to make them serve the purpose of the ministry, which was now determined to make war. Public opinion was inflamed to the danger-point. Negotiations were kept up for a few weeks, but without sincerity. England, refusing admission within the fortifications of Malta to the Neapolitan garrison which had been stipulated for, on the ground that it could not be trusted, suggested that she should keep the island until the transfer could safely be made. Bonaparte, honestly enough, suggested either an Austrian or a Russian occupation, for a term of years, as satisfactory to him, but this England rejected. France then proposed a joint French and English occupation, but this was likewise rejected, and Whitworth was instructed to stand on the ultimatum of a ten years' occupancy by England.

On May 10 the diplomatic agents of the two countries were respectively recalled, and on May 18 England formally declared war, although Wilberforce asserted in opposition to the act that "the language of Bonaparte in the later stages of the negotiations" afforded reason to believe that he would have acquiesced in the independence of Malta, or even in the English retention of it for ten years. This was clearly a blow at Whitworth's attitude, which was felt by moderate and liberal Englishmen to have been far from conciliatory.

THE PEACE OF AMIENS BROKEN.

HOSTILITIES began at sea before the ambassadors reached home, and England captured many of the French merchantmen which were constructively in her harbors, but in many cases virtually at sea, before they could find the shelter of their own ports. The reply of the First Consul to this conduct was equally high-handed: every Englishman between the ages of eighteen and sixty within the borders of France, civilian or otherwise, was seized and thrown into confinement. For twelve long years these unfortunate victims were held as prisoners of war. His orders for an embargo on hostile ships antedated that of England by three days. Simultaneously Clarke was instructed to drive English ships from the harbors of Tuscany. In the last days of May an army under Mortier occupied Hanover, and, closing both Bremen and Hamburg to British commerce, exacted large contributions of money from these wealthy cities. In June another force under Saint-Cyr entered the kingdom of Naples, which in strict observance of the treaty of Amiens had been evacuated, and laid a similar embargo on the ports of Tarentum, Brindisi, and Otranto. In the case of Hanover, France utterly disregarded the fine point in international law which had so far distinguished between George III. as King of England and the German Elector whose patrimony was Hanover. In that of Naples she displayed a disregard for treaty obligations not entirely consistent with Bonaparte's maledictions on those who do not observe them. Finally, in July the famous "Continental system" was instituted by the decree which absolutely forbade the importation of all English wares into France or the sphere of her influence. In order to cut his enemy off from another quarter of the globe, to strengthen a maritime power hostile to England, and to secure new resources, Bonaparte had already extended the hand of friendship to the United States, having sold to them in April the immense territory then known by the name of Louisiana. The event was second in importance to no other in our history; for it gave us immediate control of the entire intercontinental river system and later that of the Pacific coast, while indirectly it prepared the way for the conflict of 1812 with the mother country, which finally secured our complete commercial independence. It was the end of Bonaparte's scheme for colonial empire, and marked the concentration of his energies for the control of Europe. The West Indies and Louisiana in one hemisphere, in the other the Cape of Good Hope, Egypt, and some portion of India, with St. Helena and Malta as ports of call—of all this he had dreamed; but the

failure to secure San Domingo, and England's evident intention to keep Malta, combined to topple the whole cloud castle.

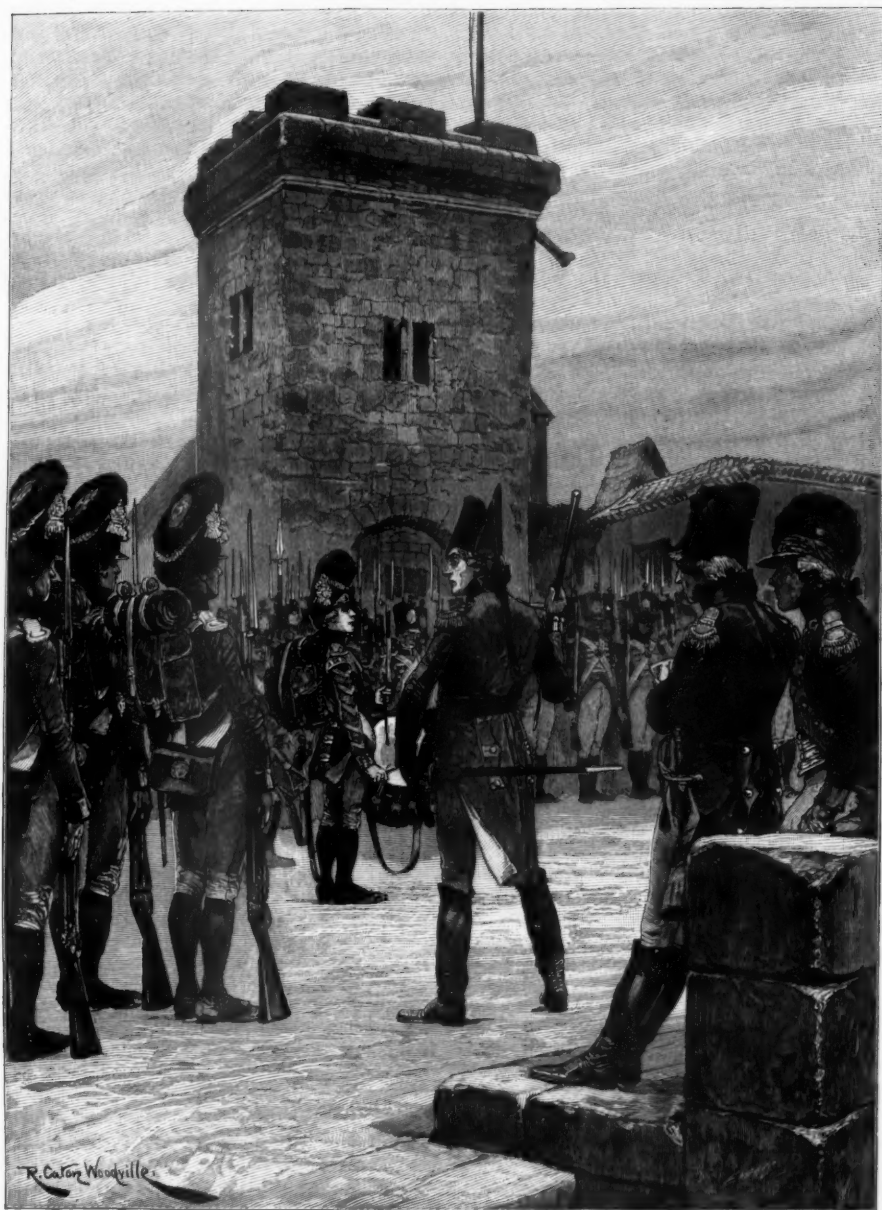
As a corollary to these measures the states immediately bordering on France were soon made to feel their position. Holland undertook to furnish five ships of the line, 100 gunboats, 11,000 men, and subsistence for a French army of 18,000. She was to receive, as indemnity, her territorial integrity with the return of all her colonies, not even excepting Ceylon. Switzerland was to furnish half of her little army in any case, and nearly the whole of it if France were attacked. The sale of Louisiana spread consternation throughout Spain, which had always hoped to recover it, and with that end in view had included in her treaty stipulations with France a preëmption clause retaining the first option for herself. In spite of the public exasperation, or perhaps on account of it, Bonaparte despatched an army to the frontier, and demanded in place of the twenty-five ships and 28,000 men agreed upon in the treaty of 1796 a subsidy of no less than 6,000,000 francs a month. Godoy, the "prince of the peace," who had been made chief minister of Spain, first thought of war, but his masterful opponent threatened the weak king, Charles IV., with a public exposure of the scandalous relation between his queen and that minister. The wretched husband chose national rather than personal humiliation, and before the end of the year the demand was granted. Portugal purchased neutrality by a contribution of 1,000,000 francs a month, and Genoa agreed still later to furnish 6000 sailors for the French fleets. In the spring of 1804 England declared war on Spain.

The second preparation for war was the well-known, yet curious and much discussed equipment of an expedition to invade England. It is a commonplace of history that British empire has ever been bound up with the separation of the kingdom from the continent of Europe by a narrow but stormy estuary. There had, of course, been repeated and successful invasions of her soil from the days of the Anglo-Saxons themselves down to the expedition of William of Orange; but growing wealth had furnished ever increasing means of resistance in the superb armaments which under England's flag made access to her shores so much more difficult with every year that finally, after the Seven Years' War, it came to be regarded by her enemies as impossible. On the other hand, the people themselves are to this day skeptical, and fall into periodic panics on the question. Some clever fiction, like the "Battle of Dorking," or a revival of the project for a tunnel under the Channel, can awaken such visions of invasion as to insure the passage of any grant for strengthening the navy.

This singular distrust was well known to the French. For many years the project of a descent on England had been the standard pretext of the Convention and of the Directory to extort money from office-holders and patriots; consequently the feasibility of the scheme had been a standard subject of debate. This Revolutionary, or rather traditional and national, inheritance was exploited by the First Consul to its full value. In general his preparation was doubtless a feint, but keeping, as ever, two strings to his bow, there were probably times when the scheme commended itself to him as an alternative. He told Whitworth that there was but one chance in a hundred of its success; he never seriously tried to execute it; and in the undiplomatic but apparently sincere effusion of October 23, to Otto, the whole stress of his argument is laid on the chances of Continental conquest.

Nevertheless he made serious arrangements, accompanied by enormous outlays of money. Boulogne was the spot nearest to England which was available for the gathering and drill of a mighty force. Thither were summoned to form an Army of England the flower of the troops, 150,000 veterans and recruits, commanded by Soult, Ney, Davout, and Victor. For the first time Bonaparte could work his will in the construction of a fighting-machine. The result was the best machine so far constructed. Tactics were improved, the system of organization was reformed, equipment was simplified, discipline was strengthened, and enthusiasm was awakened to the highest pitch. In addition to the ordinary drill, the soldiers were trained in the management of great flat-boats, from which they were taught to disembark with military precision and skill, both in stormy weather and in the face of opposition. Some were also instructed in the duties of a sailor in order that their services might be available if needed aboard men-of-war. In a letter to Decrès, minister of marine, dated September 13, 1805, the First Consul admitted that his success in these respects had not been striking: he found that his great floats were nearly unmanageable in the currents and tides of the Channel, and that a three days' calm would be necessary for the crossing. It also became clear in the end that under no circumstances could the attempt succeed without the coöperation of a fleet. The chief advantage of the camp at Boulogne, as he then saw it, was that he could there keep from 80,000 to 100,000 men in a wholesome situation, where they could easily be maintained and held ready at a moment's notice to be transferred to Germany.

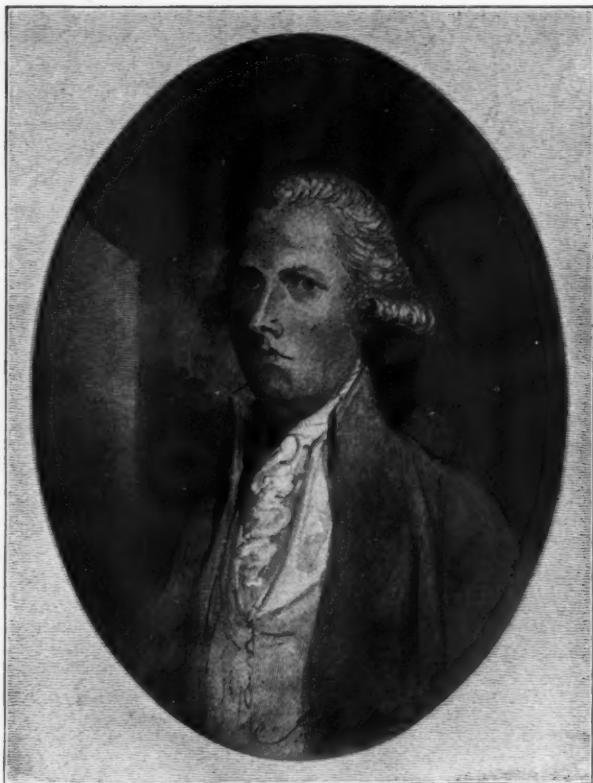
But the effect in England at the inception of the enterprise was electrical. Her standing army was already 130,000 strong, the militia



DRAWN BY R. CATON WOODVILLE.

ENGRAVED BY J. W. EVANS.

PITT DRILLING MILITIA AT WALMER CASTLE IN 1803.



FROM THE DRAWING BY JAMES GILLRAY, IN THE ENGLISH NATIONAL PORTRAIT GALLERY.

THE RIGHT HON. WILLIAM PITT.

numbered 70,000, and the reserve 50,000. In addition to these forces, there was armed and drilled a body of volunteers which eventually reached the number of 380,000 in England and of over 80,000 in Ireland. A system of signals was arranged between vessels of observation in the Channel and stations on the shore, beacons were ready on every hilltop, and the whole land was turned into a military encampment. The navy was not less strengthened: the number of men was raised from 80,000 to 120,000, and a hundred vessels of the line, a hundred or more frigates, and hundreds of smaller vessels, such as cruisers and gunboats, were gathered to protect the coasts. Pitt undermined the Addington ministry by votes calling for ever greater means of defense, and for a time appeared daily at the head of three thousand volunteers raised on or near his own estates. Even Fox, his great rival, laid aside his French sympathies for a while. Parliament authorized a loan of twelve millions sterling, which was promptly taken, and raised the taxes so as

to double the revenue. The "nation of traders," as the First Consul sneeringly called them, again stood at ease ready to face her hereditary foe, under a burden of expense which her people the year before had believed would crush them. These were the "slight derangements" which at St. Helena Napoleon told Las Cases had permanently thwarted the invasion. It was easy for him then, with the perspective of years, to fortify the notion that he had continuously instead of intermittently entertained the project as a serious purpose. A medal was actually struck representing on the obverse Hercules strangling a Triton, with the effigy of the First Consul on the reverse. There was talk also, at the time when the costly preparations were ostentatiously urged forward, of the art objects to be brought from the conquered island, and of the measures to be taken for its administration. Further evidence that the whole movement was in the main a pretext for creating a great land force to be held in readiness against Austria and Russia

will be given in another connection, and on the whole it seems to outweigh that which indicates a definite, uninterrupted intention to invade England.

The Revolution, although it had failed in giving the French their political freedom, had culminated under Bonaparte in giving them civil rights. In view of the hatred felt by the dynastic powers for a movement which shook their thrones, it might easily be argued that nothing more was possible, and that to protect this immense gain political centralization like that of the consulate was essential. On whichever side of this question lies the truth, one thing is certain—that the nation as a whole felt as if moderate republicanism had triumphed; and much as they were likely to suffer, and did suffer, in trade, industry, and agriculture by the fresh outbreak of the war, they nevertheless were enthusiastic in upholding their leader and his measures. His bitterest enemies have admitted, and still admit, the national character of the support which he had in 1803. The government was popular, so much so that it even ventured to bestow a pension of thirty dollars a month on Mlle. Robespierre; and no class of the people needed an outlet for its feeling except the official channels. Addresses which promised willing assistance were numerous and sincere. The masses, not yet free from the old sense of security created by the leadership of a powerful man or of a family trained in the management of the public interests, were comforted by the presence and the work of their chief magistrate. In the tribunate a higher degree of the same spirit found expression in the significant phrase "consular majesty," with which an orator addressed the First Consul. There was no manifestation of discontent with the censorship of the press, which was regarded as a necessary war measure. Books could now not be published until after the censors had possessed a copy for seven days and had given their permission; the newspapers could reprint no news from foreign journals, and were mercilessly controlled in the contents of their columns. When the "*Moniteur*" and its kindred poured contempt on English perfidy and wrote of Punic faith, when they portrayed Albion as rushing madly on her fate, the readers liked it and applauded. Like a respectable minority of the French at the present time, the multitude considered Napoleonic France to surpass the France of any other epoch.

THE FALL OF MOREAU.

BUT there were still a very few sturdy men who saw one side of the Revolution falling into atrophy at the expense of the other—that which Bonaparte so ably represented. In spite of his

disfavor, they made themselves heard; and Carnot even dared to remonstrate in the tribunate against the adulation shown by the majority to the second young Augustus who was using the forms of a commonwealth to found an empire. This little sect had a remnant of seven or eight members even in the Senate, which had been so carefully selected, and of which the First Consul was perpetual president. The power of these men lay not in themselves nor in their strict republican principles, but in the latent sympathies of many influential officers of the army. During the second campaign in Italy Moreau had manifested discontent when the Army of the Rhine was weakened at a critical moment by the transfer of 25,000 men into Italy in order to assure the glories of Marengo. An official journal falsely declared that his soldiers had been paid from the public coffers. Such was the state of public morality that the charge was considered by him and by his friends to be injurious, as in fact it was intended to be. The letter in which he retorted boasted that he had received but 18,000,000 francs from Paris, that he had levied 44,000,000 on Germany, and that of the total there was a surplus of 7,000,000 which had been distributed in gratifications among the soldiers and officers. This paper was pigeonholed in the ministry of war, and the newspapers were forbidden to print the copies sent to them. The writer's feelings may be imagined. If he and those who were otherwise discontented had shown the craft and readiness which Bonaparte did, their opposition would have been dangerous; but they were never ready for the conflicts they provoked, and could not parry the blows directed against them. They were, moreover, so carefully watched that their every movement was known beforehand and thwarted. Still further, they were by the wiles of their enemies insensibly led to the commission of foolish deeds and the utterance of rash words which put them within reach of the law.

In order to set its traps for the unwary, Bonaparte's government did not hesitate to use any means that came to its hand. The police had for some time been watching the efforts made by a certain Abbé David to effect, in the interests of royalism, a reconciliation between Moreau and Pichegru. When they judged that sufficient time had elapsed for Moreau to commit himself the agent was arrested. Among his papers letters of Moreau were indeed found; but, though kindly and considerate, they were those of a patriot unforgetful of the treason committed by his sometime friend; and though David was searchingly examined, nothing could be made of him. Recourse was then had to a man of quite



FROM THE PAINTING BY CLAUDE-MARIE DUBUFE, IN THE MUSEUM OF VERSAILLES.

ENGRAVED BY H. DAVIDSON.

JOSEPH FOUCHÉ, DUKE OF OTRANTO.

another stamp, one of those persons with a genius for espionage, double-dealing, and disguise, who so often emerge from obscurity in times of public disturbance. This was a certain Méhée de la Touche who had been an acquaintance of the First Consul's during Bonaparte's adventurer days in Paris, but had ostensibly become a noisy opponent after the 18th Brumaire. Fouché was for a time his patron, but nevertheless he was banished, with others of his sort, first to Dijon and later to Oléron. Thence he mysteriously escaped, and found with apparent ease an undisturbed hiding-place in the capital. Not long afterward he set out by way of Guernsey for London. In both places he introduced himself as an enemy of Bonaparte, and became a partial confidant of the royalist emigrants. Although openly

neglected by them, in private he secured enough influence to obtain the opportunity of laying indirectly before the French royalist leaders and some members of the English government—among whom was Pelham—the outline of a plot for reviving Jacobinism in France, and fomenting such internal disturbances as England and the Bourbons could make profitable.

According to his account, rendered soon afterward to the consular government, there was a counter-plot for priority of advantage between the English agents and the French princes, each party wishing to use the coming war for its own benefit, and in this contention, as he declared, he drew profit from both. The Bourbons would in any event have made what use they could of the renewal of hostilities, but

it was doubtless M  h  e's influence which made them hasten in August, 1803, to despatch emissaries into France, and particularly to Vend  e, the old focus of royalism. These persons embarked on an English ship under command of Captain Wright. Among them was the notorious Georges Cadoudal, the Chouan leader, who landed on August 21, 1803, and went direct to Paris, where he acted so indiscreetly that his presence was soon known to the police. It is suspected that Querel, one of his companions, who accompanied him from England, was an agent of that force. The Chouan leader at once began to make preparations for the seizure of Bonaparte.

M  h  e's instructions from those with whom he had been plotting in England were to visit Munich before returning to France, and to secure the co  peration of Francis Drake, the British resident in the Bavarian capital. He therefore sailed to Germany, and landed at Altona. The French consul at that port was a familiar spirit, and through him the arch conspirator promptly opened communications with the consular government at Paris. He then wrote to the self-styled Louis XVIII. at Warsaw, offering his services in terms similar to those he had used in London to his brother Charles, Comte d'Artois, the rival pretender. A few days later he reached Munich, where he unfolded the story of his Jacobin committee, and received from the English representative both instructions and money. He appears also to have been in communication with Spencer Smith, the English envoy at Stuttgart.

Soon afterward the accomplished dissembler reached Paris, and at once began the most remarkable career of duplicity ever displayed to the world. Bulletins of the supposititious committee, pure fictions, were written and forwarded to Stuttgart, with letters containing equally mystifying but only half fictitious accounts of secret measures taken by the police. Every reply of Drake was put into Bonaparte's hands, and his published correspondence proves that the First Consul directed with the utmost zest the process of thus pumping information. He hoped to secure the names and addresses of the royalist agents in Paris, and dictated the language to be used by M  h  e in order to convey the idea of a grand all-inclusive blow to be eventually struck by a combination of conspirators. With the expectation of obtaining such information, and perhaps the details of a great comprehensive plot, suspected but unknown, the official announcement of the conspiracy of Georges Cadoudal, which had been discovered almost immediately, was postponed for a time. All that M  h  e obtained from the English minister at Stuttgart was money and instructions for organizing a Jacobin rising.

Drake and Smith were alike ignorant of Cadoudal's conspiracy. The Paris police, foiled in this plan, then turned to another, conducted by a man of the same stripe as M  h  e de la Touche, though less picturesque in his rascality. Moreau's popularity had been rather heightened than diminished by the arrest of the Abb   David. He had since been living at his estate of Grosbois. Soon after his retirement, about the end of June, 1803, there came to his door one Lajolais, a former officer in the Army of the Rhine, but now an adventurer and discredited man, who humbly presented what purported to be a letter from Pichegru. Moreau was shy, but a few days later in Paris he and his visitor met again, apparently by accident, and again the conversation turned on Pichegru and his desire to return to France. The general expressed sentiments of personal good will, similar to those in the letters taken from the Abb   David, and Lajolais thought he would like to tell Pichegru in London what had been said. He got as far as Alsace, where he remained for five months. In that interval Fouch  , who was soon to be restored to his office as minister of police, appears to have been consulted as to the further exploitation of the suspected wide-spread conspiracy.

In consequence of M  h  e's letter to Louis XVIII. there had come from Warsaw a manifesto promising constitutional government and the sale of the public lands if the Bourbon throne should be restored to him. The wily intriguers of the police force saw in this an opportunity, and by the adroit use of this document a few old Jacobins were lashed to frenzy. From among them the committee which had hitherto existed only in the imagination of M  h  e was actually created and put into relations with the committee of royalist agents in Paris. These two strangely assorted juntas held a joint meeting, and (of course without his knowledge) chose Moreau as their leader. Thereupon Lajolais returned to Paris, and found means to set out forthwith for London. It is believed, but not proved, that he saw Fouch   and received detailed instructions from him. Another emissary was sent to Warsaw, but his mission, whatever it was, remained fruitless.

Pichegru had now been long associated with Charles of Artois, and recognized the weakness of the pretender's character. He himself had covered the republican arms with glory, and then, ignorant of how strong were the ideals behind them, had made a fatal blunder, and gone over to the emigrants. Long years of banishment had not increased his worldly wisdom. Secret applications were made to the First Consul for his pardon, but they were steadily refused. He had now come to believe, with Charles, that the French nation was



FROM THE PAINTING BY BARON STEUSEN, IN THE MUSEUM OF VERAILLES.

ENGRAVED BY F. E. FILLIBROWN.

CHARLES PICHEGRU.

weary of Bonaparte. It was therefore with a willing ear that he heard the same idea expounded by Lajolais, and in perfect good faith he likewise accepted the specious story that Moreau, his own pupil in the art of war, whose letters, taken from David, had once before given assurances of friendship, would gladly vent his hatred of the First Consul in a conspiracy to overthrow him, and was well disposed to all the Consul's foes, especially to a man so important as himself. The result of

this embassy was that on January 14, 1804, about a month after the first interview, both Pichegru and Lajolais, the dupe and the decoy, with the chief military leaders of the emigrants, disembarked from the vessel of Captain Wright at a spot under the lonely cliffs of Biville, some eight or nine miles from Dieppe, where the same English officer had already landed two cargoes of conspirators. Charles himself, whose pretensions were only slightly veiled under the legitimist title of "Monsieur"

formerly given to the Dauphin, was to come later with his son the Duc de Berry.

In a few days Lajolais presented himself to Moreau, told him that Georges was in Paris and Pichegru in France, and without difficulty arranged for a meeting between the two generals. When, a few days later, the time arrived, Georges and Pichegru presented themselves together at the appointed place; but Moreau had a presentiment that Georges would come, and passed by on the opposite side of the street. Seeing Georges in the moonlight, he did not cross. The police believed that they had really met, but awaited further developments. A week later the two officers did meet, but Moreau's glimpse of Georges had revealed the trap set for him, and accordingly he refused what Pichegru asked, a temporary asylum. Very soon afterward the latter requested a second interview, which was also granted, but with great reluctance. Their conversation occurred on the street in the presence of Lajolais. No doubt there was talk of overthrowing Bonaparte, but Moreau's friends declared that the propositions made to him were so vague and absurd that his answers were necessarily non-committal. Such as they were, he repeated them a second time to an envoy sent by Pichegru. This man—Rolland, a friend of Lajolais—afterward declared on oath that Moreau had refused to lead a movement, but had said that if Pichegru should do so (in which case it was necessary that the consuls and the governor of Paris should be disposed of), he believed he had influence enough in the Senate to secure its confidence. He would use this power to protect Pichegru's friends, and then public sentiment should dictate his further conduct.

Such was the state of affairs when the First Consul determined to arrest the leaders of the movement, and expose the whole matter to the public. On February 1, 1804, the grand judge Regnier received as coadjutor Réal, the shrewdest inquisitor of Fouché's department. Two weeks later, after the most careful precautions, a formidable troop presented itself in the early morning at Moreau's door, and, finding him absent at his country place, seized his papers and put the household under supervision. Shortly afterward they arrested the victor of Hohenlinden as he entered the city. That night he was examined by the grand judge, and weakly, pusillanimously, denied every charge. Next day the walls were placarded with the announcement that "fifty scoundrels," the foul residuum of the civil war, having at their head Georges and Pichegru, had entered the capital. "Their arrival was instigated by a man still reckoned one of us,—by General Moreau,—who was yesterday remanded to national justice." Many of these men were already in

prison, but both the chief culprits had eluded the police. It was not until some weeks later that an informer who received 100,000 francs from Murat, military commander of the city, gave information which led to Pichegru's arrest.

The daring of Georges filled Paris with uneasiness. A law of public safety was passed suspending juries in important cases, the thunders of the existing statutes were promulgated anew against those who harbored criminals, and rewards were offered for information. The "*Moniteur*" published a list and description of the "scoundrels charged by the English ministry to attempt the life of the First Consul." In short, the whole city and nation were in a frenzy of outraged loyalty to the person of Bonaparte when, on March 9, 1804, at seven in the evening, the Chouan leader was finally captured in the streets, after having killed one police officer and seriously wounded another. Soon the most popular picture in the streets of Paris was a cheap engraving giving portraits of the fifty "scoundrels," in the midst of which was an unmistakable likeness of Moreau.

Such appear to be the facts concerning this famous conspiracy. Torture was used by the police to extort evidence of doubtful character from some of the accomplices; and Moreau, instigated, it is claimed, by a hint which Fouché gave to his wife's friend, Mme. Récamier, wrote from his cell a letter to Bonaparte, which in its plea to the First Consul as a judge seemed to suggest guilt, and was laid as compromising evidence before the court which tried him. This letter produced a profound sensation, even though nothing incriminating was proved. In spite of the energetic protest of Georges that his object was not to kill Bonaparte, but to seize him as he rode through the streets in the midst of his guards, he and a number of his accomplices, after a long trial which much inflamed public opinion in the Consul's favor, were condemned and shot. Pichegru was found dead in his cell, having almost certainly committed suicide. There is no evidence to the contrary except that royalist prisoners in the next cell declared afterward that they had heard a scuffle during the fatal night. Moreau had so suffered in the general estimation by even his slight connection with the Bourbon conspiracy that his popularity disappeared. Many addresses denouncing him as a royalist were sent in from the army. Some of them were probably not spontaneous, but the populace needed no spur in their enthusiasm for the object of what they believed was a second attempt at assassination. In the First Consul's opinion the prisoner was, however, most leniently judged by the court. The first decision was for acquittal, but the government insisted

on a reconsideration, and after a heated discussion a sentence of two years' imprisonment was pronounced. Bonaparte had expected one of death, and insisted that at least the accused should sell his goods and leave France. He did so, and, sailing from Cadiz to the United States with his wife and children, lived in re-

opinion in France was not wrong in condemning the extreme measures taken by the Bourbons to gain their ends, and for the moment royalists of all three factions were silent and discredited. They felt that their cause had received a staggering blow from which it might never recover. As to the moderate republican



FROM THE PAINTING BY HORACE DE CALLIAS.

PUBLICATION AUTHORIZED.

ENGRAVED BY LESTER CONN.

THE ARREST OF GEORGES CADOU DAL.

tirement on the banks of the Delaware until 1813, when he returned at the invitation of the czar Alexander, and made the plans for the campaign of that year against the French. Toward the close of August in the same year he received before Dresden a terrible wound from a cannon-ball, and soon afterward died.

"I have incurred no real danger," wrote Bonaparte to Melzi on March 6, 1804; "for the police had their eyes on all these machinations." The verdict of history implicates that ubiquitous agency in fostering by its spies and agents, for political ends, many of those same machinations, but leaves no doubt of the willing and desperate character of the ringleaders. What England really and the Bourbons ostensibly wanted was a Jacobin insurrection; many of their infuriated agents would certainly not have stopped at assassination. The general

party, it was temporarily extinguished both in the nation and in the army by the fate of Moreau. Skilful as a general and sincere as a democrat, his career had been short-sighted and contradictory. Friendship had led him to conceal his knowledge of Pichegru's dealings with the royalists of 1797. Ambition led him to assist at Brumaire, but he had miscalculated the consequences, and would not accept them. Indecision led him into the trap set for him, but even then he might have escaped but for the letter he wrote by the advice of his proud and foolish wife.

MURDER OF THE DUC D'ENGHIEN.

THE closing scenes of this confusing drama of plot and counter-plot, of assassination and murder, of falsehood, treachery, and execution,

formed a fitting dénouement to the piece. Transition epochs are marked by ambition, passion, ruthlessness, and violence. This age had seen and condoned acts of revenge which in quieter times would have been considered unpardonable. Nelson had but lately sanctioned the judicial assassination of Caraccioli, the Neapolitan admiral, whose crime was that in the interest of the Parthenopean Republic he had fought the English fleet. Austria's skirts were not clean of the murders perpetrated at Rastatt. A little later the Bourbons, with the assent of the allied sovereigns, ordered the execution of Ney for deserting them to support his former chief at Waterloo. In all these acts there was a fury which sprang from human weakness under intense excitement. Something of the same demoniac inflexibility had been engendered in Bonaparte by the entanglement of plots which led to the fall of Moreau and the execution of Georges Cadoudal. Although himself a conspirator of conspirators, Bonaparte came in the end to deceive himself, not only as to the true character of what had happened, but also as to the influence these plots had exerted both in France and in Europe. Relying on a conviction that every one regarded him as a harried and innocent man acting in self-defense, and apparently unconscious of how utterly the royalist agitation had been discredited by Cadoudal, he determined to strike a blow which would so stun the already prostrate Bourbons as to render them harmless for years to come.

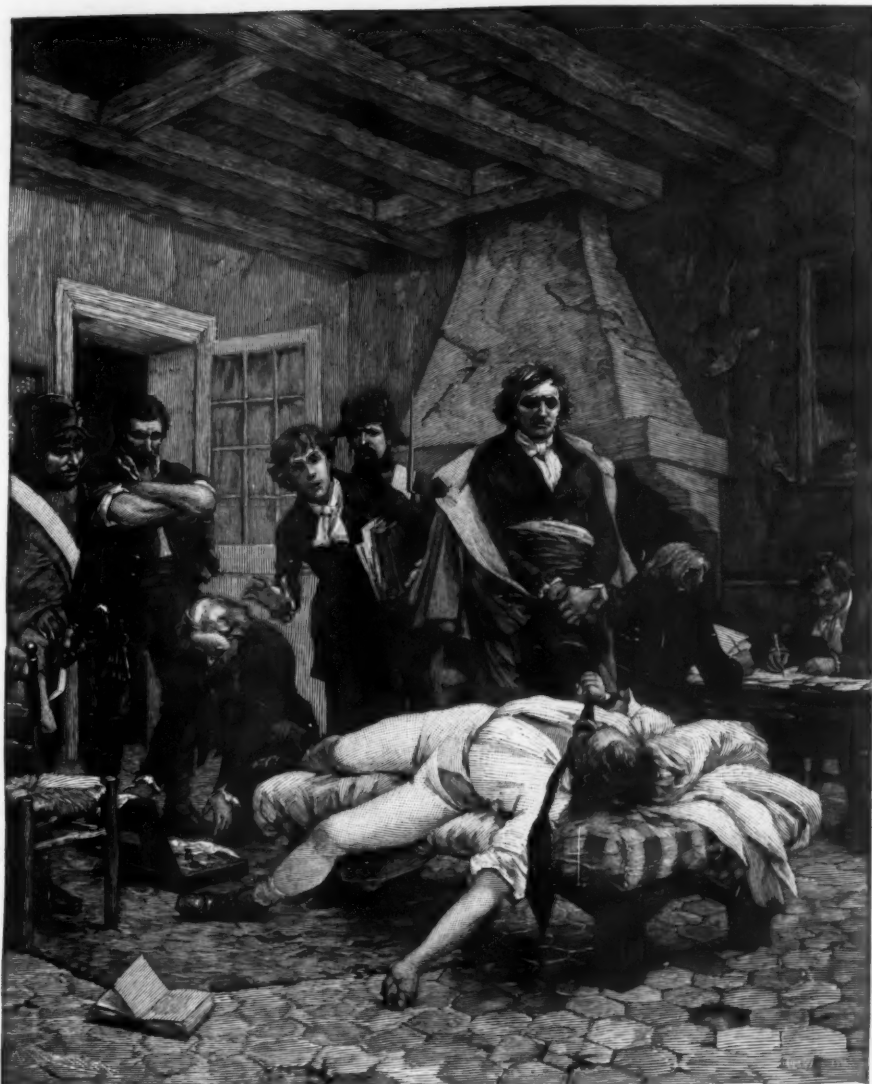
Neither Artois nor his son Berry had entered France; the self-styled Louis XVIII. was in distant Warsaw. Both these pretenders were more eloquent than courageous. Even the royalists of Paris were doubtful about the leadership of either one, and the partisans of constitutional monarchy had for some time been disposed to rally about a third Bourbon, the Duc d'Enghien, heir apparent to the glories of the house rendered so illustrious by Louis XIV.'s famous general known as "the Great Condé." The young duke was both fearless and clever. He burned to take arms in honorable warfare for the cause of his house, and consulted both English and emigrant agents as to how best that could be accomplished. However, he had been innocent of all conspiring for assassination.

For some time he had lived in close proximity to the French frontier at Ettenheim, a castle in Baden, some sixteen miles from Strasburg, where Cardinal Rohan had resided with his niece since his resignation of the bishopric of Strasburg after the Concordat. The duke had for some time been secretly married to this lady, the Princess Charlotte of Rohan-Rochefort, and for that reason, though repeatedly warned of his danger, would not take refuge in

the distant but safe asylum of England. Before the treaty of Amiens he had been the friend and confidant of the Swiss reactionaries and the patron of the royalists in Alsace; after the rupture of the peace he was active in strengthening their attachment to the Bourbon cause. In March, 1803, in response to the manifesto of the self-styled king, his relative at Warsaw, he declared that he was still faithful. When war began he sought permission to enter the English service and repel the expected invasion; but England would not permit a Bourbon to draw sword on her soil.

At this crisis the publication of the Warsaw manifesto and of the duke's adhesion to Louis made his continued residence at Ettenheim a subject of still greater inquietude to his friends; but he was impatient of their remonstrances, and spent much energy in forming plans to invade France through Alsace. As the probabilities of war on the Continent grew stronger, he again applied to the English court for a commission, this time through Stuart, the British envoy to Vienna. He now desired employment on the mainland, either in an allied army or with the first English troops which should disembark on the Continent. Meantime the activity of Drake and the other English residents at the minor German courts intensified his purpose to raise a regiment of men from the anti-Bonaparte elements of central Europe, to be officered by those few and scattered veterans who had formerly fought under the second Condé, but had been dismissed from the Austrian service after the treaty of Lunéville. The news of Moreau's arrest and of Cadoudal's conspiracy came like a thunderbolt, and the duke, though conscious of no guilt, made ready to withdraw to Freiburg in the Breisgau; but in order to mask his uneasiness he instituted a hunt and other festivities which lasted a whole week.

Bonaparte's first intention had been to seize Charles of Artois on his arrival in France; but a thorough supervision of the shore made it evident that the prince's caution had again got the better of his courage. Disappointed in this quarter, the police agents began to develop an intense activity on the German frontier. They professed to have discovered in Offenbourg, with which the Duc d'Enghien was in constant communication, the existence of a body of emigrants who were not there. They reported that the young prince sometimes came down to Strasburg to attend the theater; they represented two harmless visitors at Ettenheim to be officers of the Prince of Condé arrived from England; still worse, they declared an emigrant friend of the duke who lived near by—the aged Marquis of Thuméry, whose name in German mouths had a



FROM THE PAINTING BY MOREAU DE TOURNAI.

PUBLICATION AUTHORIZED.

ENGRAVED BY M. HAIDER.

THE DEATH OF FICHEGRU.

remote resemblance to that of Dumouriez — to be that dangerous general himself. This occurred a few days before March 9, and almost simultaneously Bonaparte received from an agent in Naples an extract from one of Dumouriez's letters to Nelson, urging a concerted plan, not merely of defense, but of offense. No one doubted that this was Dumouriez himself on the banks of the Rhine, busy with Enghien in perfecting this very plan.

Rumors of every sort became rife. It was known that the old intriguer General Willot was again in the South. Men falsely declared that Berry was coming to Brittany, that Charles of Artois was perhaps already in Paris, that Enghien and Dumouriez were on the eastern frontier. It was a perfect investment of plots. When Georges was captured he asserted that he was the associate of princes, and then relapsed into a profound silence which he did not

again break. His servant deposed that he had seen his master in communication with a distinguished-looking youth in the suburb of Chaillot. The police remembered that in January the Duc d'Enghien had solicited from the French ambassador at Vienna a passport to cross France, and, recalling the festivities at Ettenheim, believed they were but a pretext to cover the host's absence in Paris at a time which would coincide with the mysterious interview asserted to have taken place between Georges and the unknown stranger. This was the chain of evidence which convinced Bonaparte of Enghien's guilty participation in the plot for his assassination. True, he had not been in actual danger, for the police had been alert; but did that alter the enormity of the Bourbon intrigues against his life? And here at hand was one of the foremost of the princely conspirators. It was only too natural that the terror, hate, and fury accumulated in the mind of the First Consul should concentrate on an object within his reach.

The passion for revenge could thus be gratified in the man, the First Consul could plead reasons of state, while the general would consider that discipline must be reëstablished by example. Réal, Fouché, and Talleyrand were all consulted. As yet their personal interests were bound up with their ruler's welfare, and alike they urged prompt and ruthless action to end the schemes and complots of the time. On March 10 the council heard, and as a body approved, Bonaparte's plan, although Lebrun was evasive and Cambacérès demurred, asserting that its execution would change the busy imbecility of the Bourbons into a dangerous influence. That night one column of a double expedition was despatched to the Rhine; it was commanded by Ordener and destined for Ettenheim. The other, under Caulaincourt, set out next day for Offenburg with a diplomatic note to the court of Baden. The latter commander was utterly ignorant of what his colleague had in hand, being instructed merely to disperse the reported company of emigrants and demand the extradition of a notorious intriguer, the Baronne de Reich. Ordener was to seize the Duc d'Enghien. The two columns proceeded by way of Strasburg without delay. Finding the baronne already a prisoner, and the police report unfounded, the generals then carried out the minute instructions of their chief as to the other part of their task.

On the 12th, Enghien had been warned of his danger; but he was not to be intimidated, and on the 13th he sent again to observe how immediate the danger was. On the 14th a French spy was despatched from Strasburg; he was recognized as such at Ettenheim, and was pursued, but escaped to report everything favora-

ble. Still the rash young duke refused to move, but determined to remain with arms at his bedside, and have another day's hunting. On the morning of the 15th he awoke to find the house surrounded by French troops; every avenue of escape was closed, and he surrendered. The house was searched and all his papers were seized. The same night he found himself a prisoner with his household and friends in the citadel of Strasburg, where he was detained for two days. Couriers were promptly despatched to Paris, and the court at Karlsruhe received a formal notification of what had been done, signed by Talleyrand. Bonaparte knew by the despatches received on the 17th from these expeditions that Dumouriez was not on the Rhine, and on the 19th he himself examined the duke's papers, which had been inventoried in their owner's presence, and then forwarded at once to Malmaison.

On the night of the 17th orders (written of course while Bonaparte still believed the reports concerning Dumouriez to be true) arrived for the immediate departure of the prisoners — that is, of Enghien and Dumouriez — for Paris. In pursuance of these the duke was awakened at midnight, placed in a post-chaise, and driven rapidly toward his destination. He arrived at eleven in the morning of the 20th, and was immediately taken to Vincennes. His seizure had created the deepest sorrow and consternation in Baden, and the French minister at Karlsruhe not only despatched a letter direct to Paris declaring that the duke's conduct had always been "innocent and moderate," but went in person to notify the prefect that there was neither an assembly of emigrants nor a conspiracy at Ettenheim. Talleyrand was afterward charged by Napoleon with having suppressed this despatch of Massias; and it is not known whether the prefect sent a report to the same effect or not.

On the 12th, the First Consul had withdrawn to the seclusion of Malmaison. It was evident that under the surface there were tumultuous and conflicting feelings, but in his expression there was an icy calm. At times he recited scraps of verse on the theme of clemency, but his chief occupation was consulting with the police agent Réal and his own aide-de-camp Savary. It was arranged that the castle of Vincennes should be the prison, that the court should be military, composed of colonels from the Paris garrison, and that the main charge against the duke should be that he had borne arms against his country. He was to be asked whether the plot for assassination was known to him, and if, in case it had succeeded, he were not himself to have entered Alsace.

The court-martial was modeled on those pitiless tribunals created by the Revolution

and continued in existence, but not in activity, by the Directory. The Revolutionary statute that any Frenchman taking up arms against his country was a traitor and worthy of death had never been repealed. The consulate restored the activity of these military commissions in order to tame refractory conscripts and

prisoner, on the plea that both he and his father had served in the royalist regiment named D'Enghien, and that he had therefore tender memories incompatible with the service required of him. General Hulin, an old-time Jacobin, made no excuses, and was appointed. To judge a Bourbon taken in the act of con-



FROM THE PAINTING BY CHARLES RAUCH, IN THE MUSEUM OF VERSAILLES.

ENGRAVED BY OSCAR GROSH.

LOUIS-ANTOINE-HENRI DE BOURBON-CONDÉ, DUC D'ENGHIEN.

condignly to punish tamperers, conspirators, and spies. These courts or commissions had from the days of the Revolution onward been accustomed to take their cue as to severity or leniency from the government for the time being, whatever it was. There was therefore but little difficulty in constituting such a body expressly for the condemnation and punishment of any offender. In this instance none of its members but the president and judge-advocate (*rapporteur*) knew the station of the accused. Préval, who had been chosen to preside, refused when he heard the name of the

spiracy would not be an ungrateful task for such a man. He understood what was expected, and was invited to report the verdict direct to the First Consul.

During these days Bonaparte had also constantly before him all the papers of Drake and the inflammatory, untruthful reports of the police agents. He both studied these and reviewed the measures taken to guard the eastern frontier against the emigrants and their hostile sympathizers, who were making demonstrations in Swabia. Until the evening of the 17th he believed that Dumouriez had been at

Ettenheim; but though informed of his mistake, the resolution already taken became iron, and the papers of the duke were read on the 19th, evidently with the determination to construe them into evidence of his guilt. They afforded no proofs of direct complicity with Georges, but they contained two phrases which, wrested from the true sense of the correspondence and taken alone, were of awful significance — one in which he qualified the French people as "his most cruel foe," the other in which he declared that during his "two years' residence on the frontier he had established communications with the French troops on the Rhine." These were included in the interrogatories for the trial and intrusted to Réal for his use. If the duke were tampering with the loyalty of the troops, what need of proof that he was participator in the plot?

Mme. Bonaparte learned with intense sorrow of the determination taken by her husband. In the main his measures and his convictions had been kept a secret, but she confided both to Mme. de Rémusat, and the First Consul himself had told them to Joseph. On the 20th the decree for the duke's imprisonment and trial was dictated by the First Consul from the Tuileries, and in the early afternoon he returned to Malmaison, where at three o'clock Joseph found him strolling in the park, conversing with Talleyrand, who limped along at his side. "I'm afraid of that cripple," was Josephine's greeting to her brother-in-law. "Interrupt this long talk if you can." The mediation of the elder brother was kindly and skilful, and for a time the First Consul seemed softened by the memories of his own and his brother's boyhood, among which came and went the figure of the Prince of Condé. But other feelings prevailed: the brothers had differed about Lucien's marriage and the question of descent if the consular power should become hereditary; the old coolness finally settled down and chilled the last hopes in the tender-hearted advocates for clemency. To Josephine's tearful entreaties for mercy, her husband replied: "Go away; you're a child; you don't understand public duties." By five it was known that the duke had arrived at Vincennes, and at once Savary was despatched to the city for orders from Murat, the military commandant. On his arrival at Murat's office, from which Talleyrand was in the very act of departing, he was informed that the court-martial was already convened, and that it would be his duty to guard the prisoner and execute whatever sentence was passed.

The scenes of that awful night defy description. The castle of Vincennes was beset with guards when finally, at about an hour before midnight, the various members of the court

assembled. Their looks were dark and troubled as they wondered who the mysterious culprit might be. None knew but Hulin the president, the judge-advocate, and Savary the destined executioner. In a neighboring room was the duke, pale and exhausted by his long journey, munching a slender meal, which he shared with his dog, and explaining to his jailer his doleful thoughts at the prospect of a long imprisonment. It would be ameliorated if only he could gratify his passion for hunting, and surely they two, as prisoner and keeper, might range the forest in company. But at last he fell asleep from sheer fatigue. The jailer, Harel, a picked man who had kept guard over Arena and his fellows (who, it will be recalled, had been executed on unproved charges of conspiracy to assassinate Bonaparte), was a sometime fiery Jacobin. He could not well encourage the expectations of his new prisoner, dreary as they were, for he had that very morning supervised the digging of a grave in the castle moat. At midnight the duke was awakened and confronted with the judge-advocate. Réal was unaccountably absent, and the interrogatory so carefully prepared by the chief magistrate was not at hand. To the rude questions formulated by Hulin, with the aid of a memorandum from Murat, the prisoner, in spite of repeated hints from the members of the court-martial as to the consequences, would only reply that he had a pension from England, and had applied to her ministers for military service; that he hoped to fight for his cause with troops raised in Germany from among the disaffected and the emigrants; that he had already fought against France. But he stoutly denied any relations with Dumouriez or Pichegru and all knowledge of the plot to assassinate the First Consul. He was then called to the bar in the dimly lighted sitting-room where the commission sat. To the papers containing questions and answers he was ironically permitted to affix a demand for an audience with the First Consul. "My name, my station, my mode of thought, and the horror of my situation," he said, "inspire me with hope that he will not refuse my request." The Revolutionary tribunal followed its instincts: its members, knowing well the familiar statutes under which such bodies had acted since the days of the Convention, but not having at hand the words or forms of a verdict as prescribed by the pitiless laws concerning those who had borne arms against France, left in the record a blank to be filled out later, and pronounced their judgment that the "regular sentence" be executed at once. They were actually engaged in composing a petition for clemency to the First Consul when Savary entered the room and informed himself of what had been done and what they were then doing. Snatching the pen from



FROM THE PAINTING BY ROBERT LEFÈVRE, IN THE MUSEUM OF VERSAILLES.

ENGRAVED BY A. E. ANDERSON.

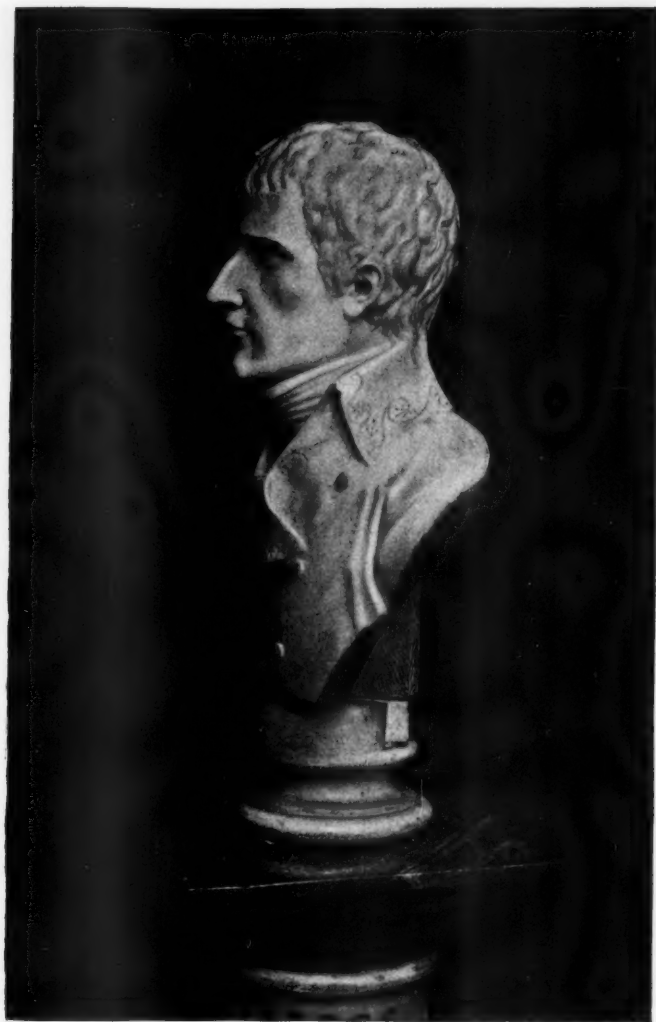
ANNE-JEAN-MARIE-RENÉ SAVARY, DUKE OF ROVIGO.

Hulin's hand, he exclaimed, "The rest is my affair," and left the room.

It was now two in the morning of the 21st. "Follow me," said the taciturn Harel, "and summon all your courage." A few paces through the moat, a turn of a corner, and the flare of torches displayed a file of troops not far from an open grave. As the adjutant began to read the sentence, the victim faltered for a moment and exclaimed, "Oh, God! what have I done?" But in an instant he regained the mastery of himself. Calmly clipping a lock of his hair, and drawing a ring from his finger, he asked that they might be sent to the Princess Charlotte. A volley—and in an instant he was dead.

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Savary put spurs to his horse to carry the news to Malmaison. At the gate of Paris he met the carriage of Réal, who seemed astounded and almost overpowered by what he heard in reply to his eager questions. Intrusted with the conduct of the trial as he had been by Bonaparte, his interrogatory might have gleaned precious intelligence from the duke, papers which he was carrying would have insured greater regularity in the proceedings, and—who knows?—the sentence, once passed, perhaps might have been commuted. At least such was the possible interpretation of his manner. The magistrate seemed terrified by his own remissness, which has, however, if it really were



FROM THE BUST BY RAYMOND TRENTANOVE.

OWNED BY ALFRED M. MAYER.

FROM THE COLLECTION OF JOHN BOYD THACHER.

PORTRAIT AND AUTOGRAPH OF BONAPARTE AS FIRST CONSUL.

such, been considered due to a misunderstanding and not to lack of zeal, which never was a fault of the skilful police officer.

As for Bonaparte, he believed to the end that his victim was a guilty conspirator. For a time he had recourse to some unworthy subterfuges tending to show that the execution was the result of a blunder; but later he justified his conduct as based on reasons of state,

and claimed that the act was one of self-defense.

"I was assailed," he was reported to have said

—"I was assailed on all hands by the enemies whom the Bourbons raised up against me. Threatened with air-guns, infernal machines, and deadly stratagems of every kind, I had no tribunal on earth to which I could appeal for protection; therefore I had a right to protect myself, and by putting to death one of those

whose followers threatened my life I was entitled to strike a salutary terror into others." When Napoleon was on his death-bed a mala-droit attendant read from an English review a bitter arraignment of him as guilty of the duke's murder. The dying man rose, and catching up his will, wrote in his own hand: "I had the Duc d'Enghien seized and tried because it was necessary to the safety, the interest, and the honor of the French people, when by his own confession the Comte d'Artois was supporting sixty assassins in Paris. Under similar circumstances I would again do likewise." Nevertheless he gave himself the utmost pains on certain occasions to unload the entire responsibility on Talleyrand. To Lord Ebrington, to O'Meara, to Las Cases, to Montholon, he asseverated that Talleyrand had checked his impulses to clemency.

The perpetrator of this bloody crime had not read aright the signs of the times. In this act he represented the Revolution too well to suit the new society. A shudder crossed the world on receipt of the news. But the only European monarch who dared to protest was the Czar Alexander. Though he broke off diplomatic relations and put his court into mourning, he could go no further; for he could find no one on the Continent to join with him in declaring war. Prussia remained neutral and her king silent. Austria withdrew her troops from Swabia, and sent a courier to say at Paris that she could understand certain political necessities. In the autumn, however, when they had gained time to observe France and mark Bonaparte's policy, Russia and Austria began to draw together. Dynastic politics therefore rendered the public expression of popular opinion impossible; but in France, as in the length and breadth of Europe, the masses were aroused. Was the age of violence not passed? Were they merely to exchange one tyranny for another more bloody? The morality of the nineteenth was changed from that of the eighteenth century, and the same men who years before had looked on in a dumbstunor and with consenting approval at

the events of the Terror in Paris were now alert and alarmed at the possibility of its renewal. The First Consul was mortified and angry. Many of those nearest to him had opposed his course from the outset, and he felt deeply their ill-disguised disapproval. The only remedy was arbitrary prohibition of all discussion, and to this he had recourse. He had intended to produce a result diametrically opposite, to fix the blame of conspiracy and assassination on England and the Bourbons; instead, the world was moved by the measures he had taken for that purpose to regard their author as himself little else than a murderer. A Richelieu could execute a Montmorency with impunity, but not so could a Bonaparte murder a Condé. Long afterward he dictated to Méneval, "The merited death of the Duc d'Enghien hurt Napoleon in public opinion, and politically was of no service to him." But the masses are proverbially fickle, and easily diverted for the moment from serious thoughts. Three days after the execution Talleyrand gave a successful ball.

The Parisian world was in fact very fickle. Society had been much exercised over the execution of Enghien; rumors of coming war furnished interesting topics of conversation. The giddy majority had a few passing emotions, gossiped about one theme and the other alternately, and then went on with its amusements. The grave men who sincerely desired their country's welfare were profoundly moved, and whispered serious forebodings to each other. The world at large was sensitive to both currents of thought, but in the main the masses considered the coming coronation ceremonies, the splendors of empire, and the prospects for unbounded glory opened by Napoleon's unhampered control; vastly more entertaining as the subject of speculation than anything else. They were not deceived in some portions of their dreams: the time of imperial grandeur was at hand, the influence of French civilization was marching over Europe, the dazzling vision of France as supreme in prestige and renown was opening on their view.

(To be continued.)

William M. Sloane.

SONG.

THE song we never sung
The pine-trees sigh in chorus;
The eyes our eyes must shun
Our hearts keep still before us.

The rose we gathered not
Blooms in the soul forever,
And hands ne'er joined in life
Death has no power to sever.

Lilla Cabot Perry.

THEODOSIA BURR.

THE WRECKER'S STORY.

By the Author of "Stonewall Jackson's Way."

WITH PICTURES BY A. HENCKE.

ON December 30, 1812, Theodosia, the beautiful, accomplished, and devoted daughter of Aaron Burr, and wife of Governor Alston of South Carolina, stunned by the ruin of her father and the death of her boy, took passage on the *Patriot*, a pilot-boat, to rejoin her father in New York. The vessel never came to port. It is known that a storm raged on the Carolina coast on New Year's day, 1813, and the circumstantial evidence seems conclusive that the *Patriot* fell into the hands of "bankers." These were wreckers and pirates who infested the long sand-bars that fence the coast outside of Currituck, Albemarle, and Pamlico sounds, and reach as far south as Cape Lookout.

It was their practice, on stormy nights, to decoy passing craft by means of a lantern swinging from the neck of an old nag, which they led up and down the beach. Thus, vessels were stranded on the banks off Kitty Hawk and Nag's Head, and plundered, after the crews and passengers had been slain with hangers, or compelled to "walk the plank." Long after the disappearance of the *Patriot*, two criminals executed at Norfolk, Virginia, confessed to having had a hand in the death of Theodosia Alston. They were, they said, members of a gang of "bankers," who wrecked and pillaged the *Patriot*, forcing her people to walk the plank.



IN revel and carousing
We gave the New Year housing,
With wreckage for our firing,
And rum to heart's desiring,
Antigua and Jamaica,
Flagon and stoup and breaker.

Full cans and a ranting chorus;
Hard hearts for the bout before us:
To brave grim death's grimaces
On dazed and staring faces.
With dirks and hangers bristling,
We for a gale went whistling,



Inlet and sound confounding,
Hatteras roared and rumbled,
Currituck heaved and tumbled;
And these sea-gulls screamed like witches,
And sprawled in the briny ditches.
Shelter and rest we flouted,
Jorum and pipe we scouted,
Fiddler and wench we routed.
"Fetch out the nag!" we shouted;
For a craft in the offing struggled.
"Now for a skipper juggled;
Now for a coaster stranded,
And loot in the lockers landed!"
With lantern cheerily rocking

Tornado or pampero,
To swamp the host of Pharaoh;
To goad the mad Atlantic,
And drive the skippers frantic;
To jar the deep with thunder,
And make the waste a wonder,
And plunge the coasters under,
And pile the banks with plunder.
Then the wild rack came skirling,
Ragged and crazed, and whirling
Sea-stuff and sand in breakers,
Frothing the shelvy acres,
Over the banks high-bounding,



On the nag's head, we went mocking,
Lilting of tipsy blisses,
And Bonniel's squandered kisses.
Straight for that hell-spark steering,
Drove the doomed craft careering;
Men on her fore-deck huddled,
Sea in her wake all cruddled,
Kitty Hawk sheer before her,
And the breakers booming o'er her;
Till the rocks in their lurking stove her,
And her riven spars went over,
And she lay on her side and shivered,
And groaned to be delivered.



Gruesome in death's grimaces;
And God's wrath overpast us,
With never a bolt to blast us!

By the brunt of our doings daunted,
We crouched where the fore-deck slanted,
Scanning each other's faces,
Graved with that horror's traces.
One, peering aft, wild-staring,
Points through the torches flaring:
"Spook of the storm, or human?
Angel, or wraith, or woman?"
Havoc and wreck surveying,
Imploring not, nor praying,
Nor death nor life refusing;
Stony and still — accusing!

Boats through the black rift storming,
Foes on her quarter swarming;
Dirks in the torchlight flashing,
And the wicked hangers slashing;
Lips that were praying, mangled;
Throats that were screaming, strangled;
Souls in the surges tumbling,
Vainly for foothold fumbling;
Horror of staring faces,

Black as our hearts the creature's
Vesture; her matchless features
White as the dead. Oh! wonder
Of women high heaven under!
So she moved down upon us
(Though Death and the Fiend might
shun us),
And we made passage, cowering.





Rigid and mute and towering,
Never a frown she deigned us,
Never with curse arraigned us.
One, trembling, dropped his hanger,
And swooned at the awful clangor;
But she passed on, unharking,
Her steps *our* doom-strokes marking,

Straight to the plank, and mounted.
"One, two, three, four!" we counted;
Till she paused, o'er the flood suspended,
Poised, her lithe arms extended—
And the storm stood still, and waited
For the stroke of the Lord, belated.

John Williamson Palmer.



PHOTOGRAPHED BY GEORGE C. COX.

E. J. Lars

BORN SEPTEMBER 13, 1862. DIED MAY 19, 1895.

GLAVE'S CAREER.



LITTLE over two years ago Edward James Glave left New York, bent upon one of the most hazardous tasks which this century has afforded. His purpose was to proceed from Zanzibar to the strongholds of the Arab raiders far in the interior of the "Dark Continent," and there to obtain such exact information as to the strength, system, and source of supplies of the African slave-dealers as would enable the civilized powers now interested in Africa to proceed intelligently toward the eventual suppression of the horrors of the cruel traffic in human lives carried on by Arab man-hunters. Entirely alone, save for a dozen native carriers, he was to make his way past the great lakes and deadly swamps to the head waters of the Congo, and thence across the continent to the west coast, relying almost entirely upon his skill with the rifle to provide food for himself and his followers; for it was only by going in this way, in the guise of a hunter, that he hoped to obtain the information he wished: the Arabs would not be likely to molest a single hunter, whereas they might attack and destroy a small armed force coming among them, or flee from a superior force, in either case defeating the ends of the expedition.

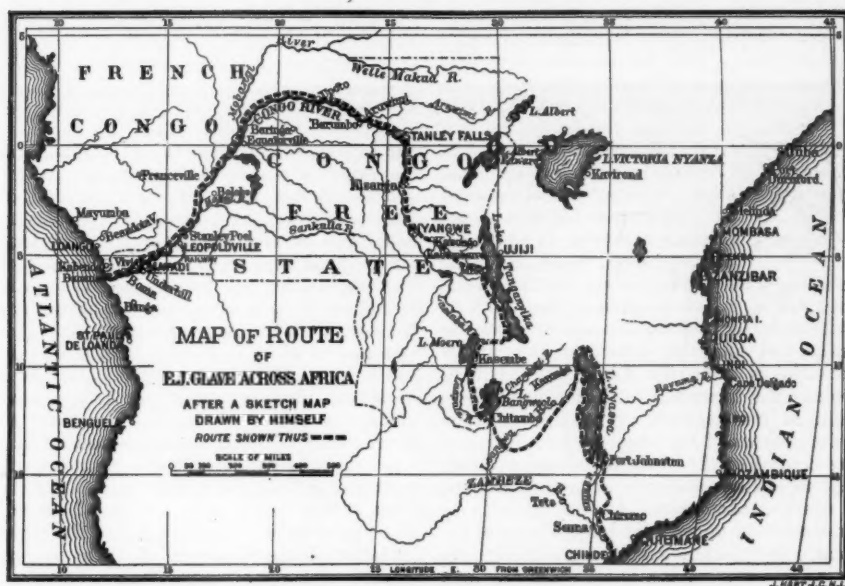
The young Englishman who was to venture upon this perilous undertaking was not without sufficient experience to qualify him even for an adventure of such magnitude. From his boyhood he had studied with eager interest the pages of Stanley's search for Livingstone, following with breathless attention the thrilling narrative of the journey "through the Dark Continent." After leaving school, a brief experience in a London counting-house only whetted his appetite for travel and adventure; so he patiently laid siege to the secretary of *L'Association Internationale Africaine*, whose offices were at Brussels, and fairly bombarded him with letters and applications. When at length the secretary did reply it was only to say, "No vacancies"; but finally through his persistence he gained his point; and a few weeks afterward, in the spring of 1883, he had bid good-by to London and his friends, and was steaming down the Mersey, bound for the mouth of the Congo, with a letter in his pocket instructing him to proceed to Central Africa and place himself under the orders of Stanley, who was then about to start up the river to establish some new stations. On arriving at Leopold-

ville, he presented his letter to Stanley, and was temporarily assigned to duties in connection with the station work. Toward the end of August, when all the preparations were completed and Stanley was leaving for his long and perilous voyage on the upper waters of the Congo, Glave was summoned to the presence of the great explorer, and was told that he was to be given the command of one of the new stations. "I will give you the choice of two," said Stanley. "One has been occupied by a European officer; comfortable houses have already been built; there is a fine flock of goats, plenty of fowls, and well-stocked gardens; and the natives of the surrounding villages are good-natured and peaceful. Now the other station is entirely different. No white man has ever lived there; in fact the place I wish to occupy is a dense forest as yet untouched by human hands. It is about three hundred miles from Stanley Pool, in the district of Lukolela. It will require a lot of hard work to make a settlement there, as you will have to commence right at the beginning. Now, Glave," said Stanley, "make your choice."

"I prefer the latter, sir," replied the young man, unhesitatingly. How well he fulfilled the trust can best be shown in Stanley's own words of commendation, written in 1892.

Mr. E. J. Glave is one of those young Englishmen who in 1883 were sent to me for service on the Congo by the Chief of the Bureau of the International Association of Brussels. I soon recognized in Mr. Glave those qualities for which I was eagerly searching in the applicants for service, and which were absolutely necessary in a pioneer. He was tall, strong, and of vigorous constitution, with a face marked by earnestness and resolve; and when I began questioning him I was agreeably surprised to find his sentiments equal to his appearance. His period of probation at Stanley Pool was therefore short; I was in need of a chief for a new station that was to be built at Lukolela, a place about three hundred miles above the pool, and I selected him.

On reaching the locality, I pointed out to Mr. Glave the site of the future station; and certainly nothing could be more unpromising and more calculated to damp mere effervescent ardor than the compact area of black forest raising its tall head two hundred feet above the bank, and shadowing so darkly the river's margin; but Mr. Glave regarded it with interest and a smile of content, and accepted the responsibilities then and there entrusted to him with a pleasure not to be suppressed. We landed and made fast under the broad, leafy shadows, turned to, and commenced



to chop the forest giants down in order that a little sunshine might be let in upon the site. When this was done we prepared to advance up the river, leaving the debris of the forest littering the ground, and with the stern patriarchs seeming to challenge the slight, pale-faced young man and his little following to attack them.

I was absent for a few months up river, and as I descended my mind often reverted to young Glave, left in the woods of Lukolela; for in those early days of Congo pioneers it was rare to meet a man who could tackle work for the pleasure in work. Most men found that work was a bore, and took the earliest opportunity to sail home again after their too brief visit; and I more than suspected that possibly the young Englishman had by this discovered that the climate did not agree with him, or that pioneering had lost its charms. But when I came opposite Lukolela woods I curiously examined the extent of tree-clad bank; and long before we came to the landing-place we found that the clearing had been vastly increased, and a large sunny area was revealed, and a commodious house, flanked by rows of neat huts, was approaching completion. It was not, however, until we stood in the middle of the clearing, and roughly computed the huge stumps of the trees and looked narrowly into the details, that we could quite realize what energy and good will had been devoted to effect the change. From the view I then obtained I always regarded Mr. Glave as one who in the future would surpass his opportunities. . . . His conscientiousness, his inflexible determination to do the most that can be done in a given period, the love with which he sets about it, and the absorbing interest it has for him, make me, who know his worth, feel sorry that he cannot find the peculiar hard task

for which he is so fitted, and wherein he could be so happy. Many people have called me hard, but they are always those whose presence a field of work could best dispense with, and whose nobility is too nice to be stained with toil. Glave is not one of these, but a man who relishes a task for its bigness, and takes to it with a fierce joy.

Early in 1884 Stanley proceeded on his way down to the coast, leaving Glave in command of Lukolela station, and entirely alone except for the society of the natives. Here Glave remained for nearly three years, until the foundation of the Congo Free State, when his station, which had been established in order to secure certain rights to territory, was abandoned, and he proceeded to the coast.¹

In June, 1886, Glave returned to England for a brief visit of a few weeks, but the following September found him again at the mouth of the Congo under the auspices of the Sanford exploring expedition; and shortly after he established himself at Equator Station, in the district of Bukute, a hundred miles beyond his old station of Lukolela. From this point he made many journeys into the surrounding districts, and with a diminutive stern-wheel steamer, the *New York*, explored the Ikelemba, Ruki, and Oubangi rivers, pushing into the very heart of the districts peopled by the wildest

¹ During the first period of Glave's stay at Lukolela he was called by the natives "Mwana Tendélé," or "son of Stanley"; but he soon developed such skill in the hunting-field that they rechristened him "Makula," or "Arrows," a name bestowed only upon their most distinguished hunters.

natives of the Congo basin, murderous slave-raiders and cannibals. It was during this work of investigation that he became acquainted with the unspeakable horrors of the slave-trade and its attendant practice of cannibalism. His own words on his return to civilization will show how sincerely his heart was touched by the condition of its victims. "The cry for justice uttered by the poor African has already remained too long unanswered. No time should be lost in eradicating the existing bloodshed west of Stanley Falls. It is a big work, but it is a duty which the civilized world owes to the helpless slave. It should always be remembered that the suppression of slavery in Africa does not mean merely striking the fetters from the limbs of the slave; its end is not only the substitution of paid for forced labor, but also the relief of enslaved humanity throughout all these regions from a life of unspeakable horror. The enormous death-roll caused by this scourge to Africa cannot be imagined—the number of those killed in the raids, those who die of sickness, privation, and hunger at the camps, and the loss of life on the caravan road to the east. All this cruelty exists—homes are destroyed and pillaged, husbands cruelly shot while defending their wives and children, and slaves captured, sold to be eaten, or sacrificed for tribal ceremony. All these atrocities are committed to enrich the white-robed Arab of Stanley Falls."

Early in 1887 Stanley arrived at Equator Station on his way up the river on the Emin Bey relief expedition, bringing with him old Tippoo Tib, the well-known Arab chief, who was returning to his headquarters at Stanley Falls. Stanley remained at Equator Station for two days, and then resumed his journey, leaving Glave to pursue his work of exploration of the surrounding districts.

In the fall of 1889 Glave returned to England, and shortly afterward came to America on a lecturing tour. He was always ready to undertake a new project of exploration, and the spring of 1890 found him in Alaska at the head of an expedition. In the following year, with one companion, he penetrated to the almost unknown region of the interior with a train of pack-horses which he had taken from Oregon for the purpose. He constructed snowshoes for his horses, and trained them in the use of this novel footgear, and thus succeeded in reaching the coast with all his belongings.¹

His last journey in Africa was undertaken in the interest of this magazine. Leaving New York in May, 1893, he proceeded to Zanzibar, where he engaged a few native carriers. In

the latter part of August he started for the Zambesi River. In November he reached Fort Johnston, at the southern end of Lake Nyassa, and the spring of 1894 found him at Karonga, at the north end of this lake. From here he journeyed far to the southwest, to the little-known regions near Lake Bangweolo, and near the site of the deserted village of Chitambo, as described in this magazine for May, 1895. In July, 1894, he was at Kabongo's stockaded village, near the western shore of Lake Bangweolo. In a letter written from there he says:

"There is no post-office at above address. I must carry this letter myself for another three hundred miles before I can despatch it. I am just now in a very wild part of Central Africa. I am traveling up between the Luapula River and the Bangweolo Lake toward Lake Moero. Upon reaching this, I shall turn to the east again, and strike the south end of Tanganyika; thence I cannot say for certain, but I hope to descend the Congo and come out on the west coast. I have covered a lot of new ground, and got together a budget of manuscript, new, and I think of some value as throwing considerable light upon the slave-trade.

"I have had splendid hunting—bagging lion, zebra, eland, and all sorts of buck and antelope. I have kept fifty men supplied with fresh meat for three months, besides feeding many a hungry native. My journey has thus far been most successful, in so far that I have not had the slightest trouble with any chief or his people. I have succeeded in making friends everywhere. My men, a rag-tag-and-bobtail lot, have behaved splendidly; but I am not out of the woods yet.

"I shall have a fine collection of photographs if I get out all right—some of considerable value. I feel confoundedly lonely at times without a white companion, and I have not spoken any English for months. My object all along has been to do a share toward the suppression of slavery, and the information I have gathered on this trip in regard to the subject will to some extent aid the cause. I should like to return to Africa, to this section of the continent, and take some active part in the suppression of slavery. I have now only four rifles besides my personal weapons; but with three hundred rifles I could rid the whole land between Lake Nyassa on the east and Lakes Moero and Bangweolo on the west of lawless slave-raiders. With my present information I know where the murderous crews could be hit the hardest.

"The cattle plague has played dreadful havoc among the domestic and wild animals throughout Central Africa. A year or two ago vast herds of buffalo roamed throughout the country I have traversed, but I have not seen

¹ See *THE CENTURY* for September and October, 1892: "Pioneer Pack-horses in Alaska," by E. J. Glave.

a single one. I have also been unfortunate in failing to see a rhinoceros, although I have seen their tracks dozens of times, some quite fresh, which I have followed, but with no success.

"Twice in the journey the grass has been covered with frost in the morning — very miserable for my poor blacks, with their bare feet and legs, and only a flowing rag around their loins; but as soon as the sun is up the air becomes more genial. I have enjoyed remarkably good health, and I feel that I am as tough as piano-wire. . . .

"To be constantly among these native tribes is not a cheerful existence for a lone white man. They are a cruel, merciless lot, grasping in all their dealings, and absolutely untruthful; yet withal they are a poor, persecuted people, and when subjected to humane government they may be wonderfully improved."

In the middle of August, 1894, Glave reached Rhodesia, on the Kalungwizi River, near Lake Moero; in September he arrived at the south end of Lake Tanganyika; and in November he was at Mtoa, a settlement on the west shore of this lake, and about three hundred miles from the Congo. A letter sent from there by him on the 24th of November did not reach New York until the middle of the following May, the mail being carried over a thousand miles to the east coast on the heads of carriers. Later letters reported his progress down the river to Leopoldville, and late in April, 1895, he reached Matadi, near the mouth of the Congo, and arranged to sail on the Belgian steamship *Coomassie*; but here, at the very end of his long and perilous journey, during which he

had successfully contended against the terrible fevers of the lake regions and the hardships of his prodigious march, he was taken ill with pernicious intermittent fever, and on the 12th of May, after three days' illness at the little mission station at Underhill, Matadi, he died. He was faithfully nursed through his short illness by the Rev. Lawson Forfeitt, a Fellow of the Royal Geographical Society, in whose house he died; and the English consul at Boma, Mr. W. Clayton Pickersgill, kindly undertook to carry out his dying wishes in regard to the disposal of his papers and effects.

So perished, at the very opening of his career, one of the simplest and bravest men of his time, whose fearless and transparent nature impressed itself upon every one with whom he came in contact, and won for him not only the esteem of his friends, but the devotion and trust of his black followers and of all the other natives with whom he had to do.

The map of Glave's route which accompanies this article is made from a careful sketch which he sent from Matadi under date of April 25 of this year. Shortly before sailing on his last voyage he drew on a little piece of paper a map of that part of the Congo with which he was familiar, and there, inked in with a firm hand, is the same little village of Matadi where he hoped to embark after the accomplishment of his arduous task. He little knew at the time that he was marking his burial-place; but even had he known it, there is no doubt in the minds of those who knew him that he would have undertaken his nobly conceived mission just as unhesitatingly.

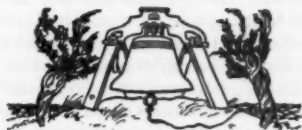
Robert Howard Russell.

GLAVE.

THIS day I read in the wise scholar's page
That the old earth is withered and undone;
That faith and great emprise beneath the sun
Are vain and empty in our doting age:
'T were best to calm the spirit's noble rage,
To live in dreams, and all high passion shun,
While round and round the aimless seasons run,—
Pleased alone with dead art's heritage.
Then as I read outshone thy face of youth,
Hero and martyr of humanity,
Dead yesterday on Afric's shore of doom!
Ah, no; Faith, Courage fail not, while lives Truth,
While Pity lives, while man for man can die,
And deeds of glory light the dark world's gloom.

VENICE.

R. W. Gilder.



SAM'S SURRENDER

"SAM 'LL git ketched one of these days, I'm tellin' ye now; an' serve him right too," said the ex-roadmaster, leaving the group of fishermen assembled in the try-house, and walking over to the window looking toward the harbor, which was hidden by the thick fog.

The ex-roadmaster had a curious and unpleasant habit of jerking his head sidewise at intervals, especially when he was undergoing the process of using his mind, an act he but rarely indulged in, fortunately, or one might have feared a dislocation at the top of his spinal column. The ex-roadmaster had not a very pleasant disposition at best, and now that he spoke of Sam, the keeper of the fog-signal,—an office to which he had himself aspired for upward of ten years, and which had regularly slipped by him,—he was more unpleasant than ever.

Now, there was hardly a man on either of the Codiacs, save perhaps the justice, who would not have jumped at the prospect of being appointed keeper, although the salary was only six hundred a year. And when old "Cap'n Ed'ard Petty," the former incumbent, went to that bourn toward which all good sailors look with awe and certain hope, both Long and Short Codiac sat up, so to speak, in expectancy. Then, what was the dismay of the rival communities when the government tender dropped anchor off the Spindle outside the harbor, and sent ashore a cutter in which the sharp-eyed fishermen and their wives discerned, seated in the stern with the quartermaster, the lithe figure of Sam Salter, who had been in the marine hospital at the Harbor

for several months, where he had had his leg amputated in consequence of injuries due to clumsiness in hauling a can-buoy on the spar-boat. Then the news spread that Sam Salter had been appointed, and the disappointed ones pretended that they never cared particularly for the job—all except the ex-roadmaster, who made no concealment of his disgust at the appointment of a Stone Harbor man. But Sam, easily divining the hostility of the Codiacs, passed it lightly over, and endeavored to get along with as little friction as possible. Time passes with winged feet on the Codiacs, and soon Sam was, to all appearance, a member of the community. It was only on foggy days, when the men could do little but rearrange their trawls or split hoops for the lobster-traps, that the exchange of ideas upon doctrine, or the price of salt, always ended in discussions of the policy of the Government in appointing aliens to the light and the signals. At such times the voice of the ex-roadmaster would be raised in denunciation, and he would hyphenate his words with spasmodic jerks of his head.

Such an occasion was this, and the try-house held most of the men of Long Codiac, who for the most part idly looked on, while a few of the more industrious used the time in repairing nets and weaving rope-work about the glass floaters which hung like huge bunches of soap-bubbles from convenient nails on the walls. At regular intervals the long-drawn deep note of the siren at the fog-station opposite punctuated the conversation, always beginning unexpectedly, and ending in that curious sound which can only be written "flup."

The ex-roadmaster was greatly excited, for had not a three-masted vessel nearly run on the Horsehead rock because Sam had let the steam run down in the boiler, and had neglected to ring the bell while hauling his fire to build afresh? The three-master was so close in that the creak of her wheel-ropes was

plainly heard as the man at the wheel put her about; and it was quite a minute afterward by the school commissioner's watch before Sam rang the bell.

"He'll git ketched, I tell ye. The *Violet's* a-layin' over to Georgetown, an' they's on the watch sence the complaint was lodged ag'in' Ram's Head whistle. 'T ain't none o' my business, though, an' I ain't goin' to say nawthin'."

"'Pears to me ye've got a pile o' talk, Hen'y, about somethin' ye hain't goin' to say nawthin' about," said the treasurer, a small man with a dyed chin beard and a nose out of harmony with the rest of his face. He looked about him for support. There was laughter from the men at this thrust, and the treasurer wagged his head with elation.

"I cal'late ye would swear *his* way if any trouble shed come along of the whistle not being blowed," snarled the ex-roadmaster, smarting under the laugh at his expense. "An' ye'd go ag'in' the idee of makin' a complaint, would n't ye? Why, b' Davy! I'll bate ye 'd swear ag'in' our affidavids g'in on oath, would n't ye? Why, sakes alive! I cal'late ye 'd better go an' jine hands with him, seein' 's ye 're so fond of him."

"No, I can't say I 'm any fond of Sam," said the treasurer, uneasily crossing his legs; "but I 'm for fair play every time, and I hain't no call to backbite a man ahint his back, hey, Unc' Ed?" he said, catching the eye of the deacon, who suddenly looked up.

"I d' know," said the latter, diplomatically. "I cal'late they hain't been no backbitin' here, as I knows on. Jest hand me that there net-needle, will ye? No, not that — t' other one — that's it. I cal'late —"

The whistle here cut in on the deacon's speech, and whatever he was about to say was forever lost, for an uncouth-looking boy, who had been impaling flies and offering them generously to a huge spider at the window, said:

"Dinner's ready. Mam's a-knockin' on the shed." So the gathering broke up.

Sam Salter was a rather good-looking fellow, and not over-fond of work. His missing leg was replaced by a wooden, brass-bound peg strapped to his knee, and he used it well. One might see him day after day against the sky on the top of Bald Head, looking toward the birthplace of the fog, which was liable to come down at any moment when the wind was from that quarter. He was a picturesque figure, and well agreed with the landscape. He lived alone in the house attached to the signal, and there was no neater house on either of the Codiacs, so the women said.

It was not long before I discovered that Sam was part and parcel of a little romance. Sam

was in love with the deacon's daughter Hetty; and Mollie, the buxom daughter of the postmaster justice, was in love with Sam. Hetty would not look at Sam, and Sam ignored Mollie; and there was trouble enough for two, at any rate. Now, from my point of view, Mollie was worth sixteen Hetty's; but Sam did not see it in that light. Hetty was fair-haired, petite, and freckled, and had an over-modest way of casting down her eyes when one passed her on the road. Mollie was dark, and her manner was earnest and frank. She would look you straight in the eyes when you spoke to her, and it was fine to see her carrying water from the well up the hill, every line of her showing youth, grace, and strength. But Sam was a dreamer, and Hetty's delicate airs had captured his heart.

Now, Sam had been caught once by the fog with his fires out of order and no steam in the boiler. The fog had suddenly descended in the night, and Sam was asleep when he should have been on watch. The Halifax steamer, which passed Codiac at eleven o'clock, had crept up to the Spindle, and lay there tooting for an answer from Sam. It was a mile and a half from Bald Head to the Spindle, and the water this side of the latter was full of half-submerged rocks, altogether one of the most dangerous spots thereabouts. The Codiac people heard the short, quick blasts from the steamer's whistle, and listened eagerly for some response from Sam; but none came, at which there was great excitement among the people, some of whom were about to go over to the Head to see what was the trouble, when, just as Joe Albaw was about to shove off his dory, there came the heavy boom of the bell from the headland, ringing in quick, short beats, which after an interval was responded to by the whistle of the steamer, which had got its bearings, and was slowly feeling its way past the islands.

For many days there was much speculation as to the outcome of the happening, and then, when an official-looking envelop came in the mail, addressed to "Sam'l Salter, D. G. F. S. S.," it speedily became known that the steamship company had complained to the Light-house Board, and Sam had been asked for a complete report of the occurrence, and warned that if it occurred again he might consider his place vacant. For a time Sam was very watchful, but he became careless again, and had several narrow escapes, to the ill-disguised joy of the ex-roadmaster. Meantime the little romance was going on, and whenever Sam came over to the post-office for his mail, which was not heavy, so sure would Mollie appear, and manage to meet him face to face, generally on the bridge crossing the sunken meadow. But

although Sam would always greet her pleasantly, one could see that his heart was still untouched by her evident affection for him. Then Mollie began to go over to Short Codiak rather often, ostensibly to visit the Sibley girl, who was a cripple; but, you see, Bald Head, with the signal-station, is on Short Codiak, although not in sight of the houses.

The summer passed slowly, and then came one week of fog so thick that one could not see across the harbor. Sam was fairly regular in his attention to the siren, the blasts of which came monotonously through the heavy mist both night and day. There was no assistant appointed, but, according to regulations, after thirty-six hours of duty Sam was allowed to hire a man to stand watch and watch with him. Sam chose Rodney. At night, about the time that the Halifax steamer was due, I generally met the ex-roadmaster prowling somewhere about the beach or the rocks. It was plain that he was on watch for any lapse of duty upon the part of Sam, but in this he was disappointed, for all went well at the signal-station.

Upon the evening with which this story particularly deals, the fog seemed even thicker than usual. A schooner had come ashore on the other side of the island, where the blast of the signal could not be heard, and had gone to pieces in the bold water under the headland. No one was lost, however, and the sailors were all seated about a crackling wood fire in the store, drying their clothes, telling their experiences, and more besides. I was on the way home, and passed on the road a muffled figure, which gave no response to my salutation. Thinking this somewhat strange, I quietly followed. The figure turned between the try-house and the salt-house, and went down to the beach, where I saw it drag a punt to the water's edge; then I walked down to it quickly, and found — Mollie.

"What, sir?" she said. "Oh, I 'm goin' over on Short Codiak to see Nell. She's been poorly, I hear, an' I hain't been over there to-day," she added in her rich contralto. "What, sir? Oh, I can git over easy; I know the way — been over there a good many times, you know — can't git lost."

I tried to dissuade her, or at least to accompany her; but she refused, in some confusion, I thought, and so I pushed off the punt for her. In a moment she rowed back, and said in a whisper: "Please don't say as how you see me goin' over. Father he don't know I 'm a-goin'." I promised, and then she disappeared in the fog.

While I was wondering at her request, I heard a crunching on the stones behind, and the ex-roadmaster joined me.

"Pooty thick, ain't it?" he said, with a disagreeable jerk of his neck. "I call it reg'lar thick dungeon fawg. I cal'late the steamer 'll have a jawb a-gittin' along the coast to-night, p'tic'ly ef thet ar Sam critter lets hees steam go down. I asked Rodney's wooman, an' she said thet Sam was on watch until twelve o'clock to-night. Then Rodney goes on. Say," he said suddenly, "who was that I see settin' out int' the harbor jest as I come down? Hey? No, 't waan't, neither; for I left Allbaw a-settin' in the store. Oh, *Jorn Allbaw*? Why, I *want* to know! I did n't 'spect he was on here. When did he come on, hey?"

I made some answer, and left him standing there working his neck, while I pretended to go home; but I stepped into the try-house instead, and from the window, although I could see nothing for the blanket of fog that covered all, I could hear him walking about on the beach.

Here I waited. Why, I could not have explained at the time; but I smoked two cigars before I heard afar off the sound of the steamer's whistle. I looked at my watch by the light of the cigar end, and saw that it wanted fifteen minutes of eleven. Then it was that I missed the sound of the siren. I waited for the regular interval, but no sound came. I held my cigar to the face of my watch, and counted the seconds, but still no sound. If the steam had run down, why did not Sam ring the bell? Why, unless he was asleep, and on his watch? I knew that he was tired out, that he had been on watch since noon, and that he had had to make some repairs on the trumpet of the siren in the morning, when he really should have been resting. On came the steamer, her whistle sounding at regular intervals of half a minute. I knew that she had made Ram's Head signal, which must have been blowing, and then steered directly for Bald Head on Short Codiak. I knew also that she generally stopped off the Spindle; but what if she could not find the Spindle, and came on? At this thought my heart rose in my throat, for I saw in my mind the huge white steamer run up on the ledges. I listened again. *Toot! toot! toot!* came the sound of the whistle, but no answer from Sam. Then all at once the men seemed to gather on the beach; there was the dim, watery glow of many lanterns, and above the other voices I heard that of the ex-roadmaster saying: "By gosh! they 's two of 'em over there. Why 'n thunder don't they ring the bell, or suthin'?" Even as he spoke, and as if in reply, came the heavy, rapid boom of the bell on the signal-house, and Sam was safe again. I joined the throng on the beach. In the middle of the crowd of men was the justice, who was saying:

"I 'm ag'in' informers—ahem!—an' I want it understood that I hope they ain't no one of us here on the Codiacs as would make a complaint a-namin' Sam as bein' onregardless of his plain duty to the Government—ahem! But I will say, for the credit of the islands, we should see haow Sam kin—ahem!—explain thisher."

At this the ex-roadmaster thrust forward his head, and, jerking his neck, ejaculated:

"Shucks! I 'm a-goin' to complain, an' I 'm a-goin' to say haow thisher 's what comes of giving sech po-sitions to them what don't belong here, an' what don't keer haow the work 's did, so 's the money 's drawed every three months. That 's what I 'm goin' to do, an' I ain't goin' ter wait ter be *arked*, neither." At this plain defiance of his judicial advice, the justice grew dark in the face. He shot out a brawny, hard hand, and caught the ex-roadmaster by the arm, and drew him to his side. For an instant he peered down into the other's eyes, then he slowly said:

"Look ye, Hen'y Ball; ye know me for a peaceable man—ahem!—a man not allowin' to be a *quorlsome* man; but, by the great horn! if I ketch ye openin' yer ugly trap ag'in' Sam, I 'll shake ye up so 's ye wun't know yer collarbone from yer toe-nails! Naow git off'n the beach, or I 'll hev ye commit for contempt of court!"

"An', I sights!" said one of the men, relating the occurrence afterward in my hearing, "I never see the jedge so riled afore or since. I 'll bate ye he 'd a' had Hen'y took up ef Hen'y 'd a-sassed back a mite; but Hen'y he knowed enough to make hisself sca'ce, 'cause they ain't a man here on Codiac thet sympathizes into any sech low-down business as backbitin'. Sam he ain't done nawthin' to us, an' the Gov'ment 's able to take keer of its own, 'thout us. Seems es ef it 's proved thet, fer none of us ain't never hed no chance to work fer it. An' Sam, I cal'late, 'll hev trouble enough on hees hands with this. For I 'll bate the company 'll send in a new complaint."

By the following morning the fog had entirely disappeared, and the water shone clear in the bright sunlight. The fish were schooling offshore, and all the men were out on the fishing-grounds. I saw Rodney coming down the road. We went into the try-house for a smoke, and I asked about the occurrence of the night before.

"Wull, yaas; they was some trouble with the signal, I cal'late. Haow? Oh, *we* was *both* tuckered aout, an' steam got a leetle mite low. Wull, yaas; ye might say it gin aout. Gits that way sometimes. Ye see, I 'd turned in, leavin' Sam at the machine; an' it did n't seem to be ten minutes afore I thought I heard

the steamer whistle. But I was fagged aout with bein' on watch for twelve hours; so, knowin' thet Sam was there, I jest lay still, a-waitin' for the blast of the signal; but, I gorry! I never heard none. Then I cal'lated ter hear the bell, but nary bell sounded. Then I was scaart, and run aout to the signal-house, and there I see Sam a-layin' on the bench asleep, and the fire nigh aout, and steam down to nawthin'. The steamer was a-tootin', and my hair fair riz, when all to once I heard the bell a-ringin', and I hauled Sam on to the floor, and hollered aout. He was wide awake in a minute, and we both run to the door; but Sam he says, lookin' white in the face, 'Rodney,' says he, 'git the fire drawed. I 'll see who 's at the bell,' and run down the bridge to the bell-frame. I could n't make aout nawthin' in the black fog, an' I jest hauled the ashes aout, an' made a new fire the quickest I was able. I 'll bate I have a gallon of kar'sene on to the kindlin', and she was a-roarin' in three minutes, and the bell a-ringin' like all possessed. Then, when I hed things shipshape, I run aout down the bridge to the bell-haouse, and there, by the great horn! was Sam an' *Mollie*. Yaas, yaas; Mollie a-standin' there, an' her with the bell-rope wropped around one hand, and Sam a-holdin' on to t' other; an' jest as I got there I heard Sam say: 'Mollie, ye hev saved me! Will ye hev what ye 've saved?' So, as I see I had no call to stop there, a-bein' a third party, so to speak, and knowin' the machine wanted 'ilin', I jest cal'lated to git back; but Sam he kinder hopped a step or two an' says, 'Rodney,' says he, 'ef they 's any talk of Mollie's bein' here at the signal,' says he, 'I want it understood thet Mollie and me is goin' to be ma'ied,' says he; and I says, 'Sam, I hope ye may hev joy,' I says; 'an' you too, Mollie,' I says; an' *then* I jest lit aout."



THE TREASURE OF PIGEON HEAD

"Luck!" snorted the justice, contemptuously, and turning ponderously upon the salt-cask from which he was lending dignity to the symposium in the try-house, and transfixing Sile Gannet, who had just delivered an aphorism of his own manufacture upon the subject—"luck! Why, soul and body! I 'm sick of hearin' of the word. They ain't no sech thing in natur' as luck. It 's jest a pop'lar supersti-

tion. They is people as 'll hev ye believe thet every event into history is jest luck, but I call it jest pop'lar superstition. They ain't no sech thing, I tell ye."

"Ain't no sech thing?" repeated Sile, feeling that the eyes of the symposium were upon him, and resolved to hold his own. "Why, Sam, don't ye believe it! I kin talk all day, and give ye samples into the subject. 'T ain't everybuddy what knows it, but I take it thet everybuddy hes luck for or ag'inst him, ter help or ter hinder him."

The men settled themselves more comfortably into the piles of nets, and puffed their pipes expectantly; for if Codiack loves anything, it is an argument, and here was the justice, the oracle, pitted against the constable.

"Oh, git!" began the justice, but stopped, remembering the dignity of his office, and resumed: "Why n't ye study into the question 'fore ye set aout to opinionate and orate? Why n't ye read Blackstone, the greatest orthority the world 's p'duced, hey? It 's es clear es daylight to me, hevin' studied into thet there book, which I hev owned sence I begun to set on the bench. Ye want to take an' investigate into the subject, an' ye 'll see thet everything is controlled by certian forces thet any school-boy kin explain."

"It kin, kin it?" excitedly exclaimed the constable. "I want to know. Well, jest eloo-cidate—er—a—into jest what kind of nateral force it were thet worked on me so 's I did n't heave my nets on the right side o' thet there school o' mack'rel yisterday, hey?" The constable glared about him with his coffee-colored eyes, glancing in turn at each of the men, who severally evaded his look, or wagged a head by way of reply.

"Why?" said the justice, with one of his rare grins; "'cause ye hed n't sense, thet 's why. They waan't no luck-lack in that ar. It 's the force of yer non-sense thet worked ag'in' ye."

The discomfited constable could not stand the triumph of the justice and the mirth of his associates, so he arose from the trawl-tub upon which he had been sitting, and, affecting a sudden interest in something visible to himself alone in the mist outside, vanished through the door.

"Thet there Sile Gannet—" began the justice, with ill-concealed gratification in his manner; but was interrupted by the ex-roadmaster, who, with a preparatory jerk of his neck, said: "Hey, jedge, what d' ye make aout of thet there prophesy of thet there fortune-teller over to Georgetown, which says that they 's Cap'n Kidd treasure on Codiack? D' ye think they 's anything into it? They say thet she 's got a chaart of the spot all laid aout, and is willin' to sell it."

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The justice turned to the speaker, for whom it was plain to see he nourished a contempt, and regarded him for a moment before speaking. "What do I think of it?" he said. "I think it 's all tomfoolishness; they ain't no man nor woman on this humble footstool of the Almighty as kin tell offhand what they is buried into the earth, 'thout they hes the knowledge by them thet 's buried it; and 't ain't likely thet if they hes the knowledge, and knows they is treasure buried, and jest where 't is buried, thet they 'd go an' tell of it. They 'd jest go an' dig it aout, and hold their gab. Thet 's what I think."

It was plain that the justice was not in good humor, so the symposium broke up. Rodney and I went up on Pigeon Head to look out for mackerel. Pigeon Head is on the north end of Long Codiack, a rugged, bald rock. The side facing the island is full of thickets of dwarf pine, and soft pockets of rich black soil, the wash of the hill. A few sheep were feeding on the sparse grass, and scurried away wildly at our approach. There was no other living thing to be seen, for the Head is out of sight of the town. Here are the graves of some sailors who were washed ashore years before, a little rough cross marking the head of each mound. There is no approach to the top of the Head save by way of the narrow tracks made by the sheep; and it is hard climbing, because of the loose shale, which crumbles and gives underfoot. Huge boulders dot the top and sides of the Head, which seem to need only a touch to send them rolling and bounding to the base; but they are deeply embedded, and nothing but the frost of winter dislodges them.

At the top the panorama is a grand one. North and east the sea stretches away boundlessly, dotted here and there with the sails of the fleet; south and west lies the rugged island of Codiack, rolling away for a mile or so; and unless one knew that the town lay in the hollow, one would hardly believe that it was inhabited. Here the sound of the sea rose to us, as it sobbed and boomed in the innumerable caves and hollows under the Head.

I was startled by an exclamation from Rodney as he ducked behind a rock. "Hey! down with ye! They 's a strange boat heading for the Head."

I dropped instantly, without knowing why. We had gained the crest, I a little in the rear of Rodney, when he called out to me. I crawled up to where he lay behind a huge jagged boulder. "What say?" he said in a half whisper. "Why, they 's a ship's long-boat painted black headin' for the rock. I d' know what they be; they 's ten men in her. She 's all black. Crawl here, and ye can see for yourself." I laid my head where his had been, and,

sure enough, I saw a long black boat headed for the rock.

Rodney's eyes were starting from his head as he watched the motions of the boat. "What in thunder!" he exclaimed. "Why, I sights! if they ain't goin' to come ashore!" The boat was skilfully guided to a bare-topped rock where the water rose and fell giddily with the incoming swell; and some of the men jumped out on the slippery saweed and scrambled up on the rocks. We saw those in the boat throw out shovels and picks, and then all but one left the boat. The remaining man seated himself, and pulled away a short distance. We could see him carefully scan the rock, and for an instant I held my breath, for fear of discovery. Rodney worked his way carefully backward, and, turning, glanced round the other side of the boulder where we lay.

"What be they doin' of?" he whispered. "They 've got a spy-glass rigged up. Look aout ye don't set none of them little stuns a-rollin' daown on 'em." Even as he spoke an unlucky movement of my foot sent a shower of small shale noisily hurtling down the steep side of the rock, and we both crouched breathlessly in suspense; but the men below paid no attention to the noise.

Finally we looked carefully, and saw that one of the men had a surveyor's instrument, which he was operating, while another was holding a pole at some distance from him. The rest of the men were standing in a group, with a large roll of paper which they were scanning. Their voices reached us easily, but we could not make out the words. One of the men appeared to be the leader, and it was he who pointed out a spot to the others, who immediately stretched a tape-measure. There was much running up and down the rocks on the part of the men, but at length they began to dig with the picks, to the dismay of Rodney, who, I thought, would discover himself to them.

After ten minutes of hard picking, and rolling out of stones, the men, to our amazement, threw aside the picks and shovels, and began to pull at something that they had uncovered. In less than half an hour they had succeeded in hauling out some rough, round objects, and these they carried down to the place where they had landed. One of the men slipped and fell, so that the object he carried rolled from his arms, and was broken in several pieces. We distinctly heard the crash, where we lay at the top of the Head, and we saw the man scoop up that which came from the broken pot or jug, and, taking off his coat, gather up the stuff by the double handful until his coat was filled, when he carried it like a bag, and with an effort, as if it were heavy.

The man in the boat rapidly sculled it toward

the rock, where all the men were waiting. We saw them carefully take their places in the boat, after stowing their burdens forward in the bow. When this had been done, one of the men who had remained pushed off the boat, which was grating and pounding noisily against the barnacle-covered rock, and in a few moments we lost sight of them in the fog which was beginning to cover the water. Then Rodney jumped to his feet and ejaculated:

"Well, I'll be snumbed to Halifax! Here we 've been layin' here, while a passel of critters from some'eres out yonder come on here and shake our treasure from under aour hands!" And down the hill he jumped and bounded, amid showers of shale and small rock. I followed more carefully, and came upon Rodney on his hands and knees at the edge of the hole.

"Treasure!" he cried. "Sights! if it waan't treasure—mebbe thaousands of dawlers; an' it a-layin' here on Codiack, an'-me not knowin' nawthin' about it! Why, sights and saounds! mebbe they 's thaousands more a-layin' raound here now. I call'te that fortune-teller hed the rights of it; and to think thet I 'd hed the charnce of gittin' it, and hed n't sense enough to take it up! Hey? Look at them holes where they tuck it up. Pots of dawlers, and I not gittin' any of it!"

"Hey? No, I did n't recognize any of the critters; they looked to me like Portogees men, bein' dark-colored. Jest lemme git thet there stick there. I 'm a-goin' to dig. Mebbe them critters took and left some of them pots."

Soon Rodney, by the help of a piece of dead pine-root, succeeded in dislodging a fragment of some sort of tattered, moldy cloth, and with it, to his intense excitement, a coin which, when examined, proved to be a silver dollar. While we were handling it we were startled by a voice saying, "What be ye a-doin' of? Diggin' wums?" and there, on the sheep-path behind, was the ex-roadmaster, jerking his neck at us. We both dissembled, and succeeded in getting the intruder voluble about a school of fish which we pretended to have seen. Luckily, the man had not seen the hole, or if he had, he did not speak of it on the way back to the town.

When we succeeded in getting rid of him, Rodney whispered that he was going to get a shovel and dig in the hole that night, and would I accompany him? Nothing loath, I consented. At dark we met at the top of the lane, and together took our way over the rough hill to the Head. Rodney had a lantern, pick, and shovel. I held the light, while Rodney worked with the pick, and with an exclamation turned over in the hole a rough, round object, similar to those which we had seen the men

carry to the boat during the afternoon. Rodney gave a yell of delight as he broke it with a blow of his pick, and there in the loose dirt was more money than he had ever seen before in his life.

"Gosh to Jordan!" he yelled, "I'm a rich man. Hey? I'm—I'm—" Speech failed him, and his eyes rolled and glistened in the light of the lantern. He filled his tarpaulin hat, his pockets, and finally took off one of his boots, in which he stowed what remained of the coin, which seemed to be as fresh and bright as when minted. All at once we heard a crackling of the bushes behind, and Rodney instantly seized the lantern, and with a motion well known to fishermen extinguished the flame. We remained motionless, and at length we thought we heard sounds, as if some one was endeavoring to creep away with as little noise as possible.

"Hey," said Rodney, in a whisper, "I cal'late 't waan't nawthin' but one of them dratted sheep come to see what the light were. What say? Well, it might ha' be'n Hen'y Ball: he's allus sneakin' raound, a-jerkin' thet there long neck of hisn. It might ha' be'n. If it were, then the whole population o' both islands 'll be over here to-morrow; for Hen'y 'll yalk it all aout, p'tic'lar'y as he hain't no likin' for Rodney, and then, ag'in, his tongue runs like molasses in hot weather." We listened, but heard no other sounds, and finally Rodney said: "Le' 's git along hum, naow; I 'll come over here by daylight, and see if I kin dig up some more. Whatever I git, harf of it 's yourn. What say? Well, if we don't, of course I 'll keep it. Hey? Oh, well, if they 's more 'n a thaousand, then of course half is yourn, as you say, 'cause ye 've got equal rights into it; but if they ain't but less 'n a thaousand, then, as ye say, I 'll keep it, thanky."

We thought we heard the noise behind us as we came away from the treasure-hole; but as Rodney is rather superstitious, we did n't stop to investigate. When we came in sight of the houses not a light was to be seen anywhere, save that in the lighthouse on the headland. We passed a flock of sheep lying down in the shadow and shelter of a stone wall. The rams snorted at us, but as we did not stop, they lay quietly, looking so like the granite boulders of the wall that, but for the movement of their heads, one would have believed them such.

We parted at the top of the lane. When I was in my room I took out several of the coins, and placed them on the table. They were bright trade dollars, bearing the date of 1883. Accidentally I dropped one on the floor. It fell with a heavy, dull sound that aroused my suspicion. I tried it with my pocket-knife,

and found that it was *lead*. Then I went to bed.

I did not go over to Pigeon Head after breakfast, and I did not see Rodney again until the evening of the following day, when I went after the mail. In the store was the usual gathering of the men. Rodney came in while the mail was being distributed by the justice. I caught his eye. He grinned. We both became aware that the ex-roadmaster was watching us from behind the stove.

After the few letters and papers had been passed out, and while the men were quietly smoking, the justice came out from behind the little counter. He had a letter in his hand. He seated himself upon the cracker-barrel, and, clearing his throat, delivered himself as follows:

"I jest received this communication from Judge Hornbee over to Jonasport. It gives certian startlin' information a-concernin' into certian onlawful p'ceedin's what 's be'n goin' on ag'in' the Gov'ment, to wit. Jedge Hornbee writes as follows into this letter—ahem!

"DEAR SIR: I have to inform you that the revenue cutter *Woodbury* arrived here yesterday, hevin' in tow a black boat, and on board a number of men belonging to [ahem!] a band of counterfeiters that have bothered the authorities for some time by circulating bogus silver dollars among the fishermen along the coast. The cutter reported at the custom-house that the boat was captured in the vicinity of the Codiacs, from which, or toward which, the men were bound. I am [ahem!] directed to notify you, as the propier officer [ahem!] of Codiac, of the existence of the counterfeit dollars in large numbers bearing the date of 1883. You will at once proceed to in-ves-ti-gate [ahem!], and report to the propier author-i-ties here at the custom-house if any such should be found on the islands.

'Respectfully,
'EBENEZER HORNBEE, J. P.'"

The justice looked about severely at the assemblage as he finished. "Naow," said he, "I want all thet hev silver dawlers here to lay 'em aout so 't we kin see if they 's any of the unlawful things among us—ahem! The good name of the Codiacs is at stake, and the eyes of Jonasport is upon us, so to speak. We want a clean bill of mo-rality—ahem!—to show to the world."

The men moved uneasily on the boxes and barrels, and hands sought trousers' pockets and brought forth various sorts of bags and purses, such as sailors carry, all girt about with strings and straps, and as shapeless as may be imagined; and one by one the men emptied their store of coin on the counter, where it was examined by the justice. Nothing suspicious was found, however, and the justice, after each had claimed his own, and stowed it away in his pocket, said: "I cal'late aour record 's pooty

good. They ain't no onlawful coin a-bearin' any sech date here, I cal'late; so they can't nawthin' trouble us."

Rodney had replaced his small store of coin in his pocket, and as he turned from the little counter he caught my eye, and winked solemnly.

"Bears aout what I said 'bout luck t' other day in the try-haouse, I cal'late," said the justice, reseating himself upon the cracker-barrel: "thet they waan't no sech thing. Them counterfittin' fellers hes found it aout too—ahem! They makes their dawlers o' lead pipes, and they spends them, considerin' 'emselves lucky; but then comes the day when they gits ketched by the revenue cutter, and where 's the luck o' thet, hey?" he said, glaring about him. "I want to know where 's the luck in thet?" he repeated, fixing his eye upon the ex-roadmaster, who uneasily jerked his neck behind the stove.

Rodney got up and, stretching himself, said with a yawn that he "cal'lated" he 'd go and split some "kindlin'" for his woman. I followed in a few moments, and overtook him on the bridge, where he was awaiting me. "Hey?" he said in answer to a question. "Oh, I jest hove 'em into Hen'y Ball's salt-bin es I kem along by larst night. Haard luck, waan't it?"



UNC' SIME'S FAITH

It was a windy, blustery day, and the packet coming from St. John was under reefed mainsail and jib, burying her blunt bow at nearly every sea. I was just forward of the after deck-house, wrapped to the nose in a heavy ulster, and Jim Peet, the skipper, was at the wheel, in the palest of yellow oilskins, upon which stood the glistening spray in pearl-like drops. After we had passed the bell-buoy on the triple ledge, and left it swaying to and fro, its boom smothered now and then in the foam, I heard above the gurgle of the rapidly moving water under the packet's counter the unmistakable sound of a man's voice. It seemed to strike against the sail, and to be carried down to me. I called out to Jim Peet, who hollowed his hand at his ear, and squinted his black, beady eyes at me. I went aft to him.

"What say? Hear a human voice?" He waited a moment, his hard, red hands gripping the wheel. "Yaas, yaas, I heard it then. I cal'late it 's Unc' Sime aout on the turnip-patch. Hey? Oh, that 's the name we give it. It 's a rawk with about fifteen fathoms on to it, an' the

fishin' 's most generally good in rough weather. Hey? Oh, Unc' Sime? Oh, he 's a curious sort o' critter. When the fish is a-bitin' ye can hear him two or three mile a-hollerin' Scriptor. Favors mostly Deuteronomy, but ain't allus partic'lar, pervidin' it 's strong an' good doctrine. Why, I 've heard him yell a whole chapter over a school o' mack'rel; but if the fish is sca'ce—why, b' Davy! ye wun't hear a sound aouten him. We 'll be up ter him in ten or fifteen minutes, an' I 'll hail him fer ye."

Louder and louder grew the voice, and finally, through the mist and spray to windward, we made out the shape of a boat rising and falling, and in the bow the standing figure of a man dressed in oil-clothes. I could plainly see the motion of his arms as he hauled in the fish, and banged them down in the bottom of the boat. His back was toward us, and he did not know of our presence until I hailed him. Then he turned, and I saw, for the first time, the face of Uncle Sime, the patriarch of Codiac, brilliantly pink in color, and surrounded by a halo of snow-white beard and wind-blown hair.

The skipper hailed him at once as we passed swiftly by. "Haow be ye findin' 'em, Sime? Ketchin' airy one?"—as if he did not plainly see the bottom of the old reach-boat filled with the glistening fish. But the old man simply waved his hand to us, and borne upon the breeze came the words:

"Send 'em along, Lord! Let 'em come to thy servant, Master—thou faith in Israel, wouldst thou lighten the burden of Jacob! That 's what the Book says; an' furthermore, hear ye!"—the voice rose to a hoarse yell—"hear ye, and fail not," as he hauled in a huge cod and whacked it with the heavy gaff at the boat side. The packet sped on, and there we left the patriarch at his richly rewarded devotions.

I seated myself in the cuddy door, where I could talk to the skipper at the wheel.

"Wull, what d' ye think of Unc' Sime? What say? Wull, yaas, he 's pooty lively fer a pattery-arch, ain't he? Wull, yaas, he 's allus lived on Codiac. An' he 's a great hand at Scriptor. Why, when he used to lead meetin' he 'd wake 'em up on Codiac, I tell ye. I 've seen the mourners' bainch chock-full on Sunday night; but sakes! he wun't never go into the meetin'-haouse now, no more. Hey? Oh, 'cause o' the time the tide carried away his fish-haouse an' two hunner dawlers' wuth o' hake. Ye see, that was the year of the great easterly storm—month of September—e-quy-nockle wind-storm. Unc' Sime he 'lowed on the beach that the Lord pected the righteous man, the upright liver; an' Unc' Sime he 'lowed that he would n't move his hake, for if the Lord thinked him a righteous-livin' man, he would

perfect hees fish an' proppitty. Wull, the rest o' the fishermen they 'lowed that a man must take keer o' hees proppitty hisself, an' then the Lord 'u'd look aout fer him. But Unc' Sime cal'lated that ef the Lord thought thet he 'd done right by hees feller-man, he 'd see thet they waan't no harm come ter him or hisn. Wull, the winds blowed, and the storm be't, and sights and bodies! they jest bu'sted Sam Hill aouten Unc' Sime's fish-haouse. Why, they waan't enough left ter fill a mack'rel kit; an' there was Unc' Sime a-standin' on the hill a-wavin' his arms and hollerin' Scriptor while his fish-haouse was goin' aout to sea at a twenty-knot pace. Wull, Unc' Sime he tuck ter the haouse and hees bed fer a spell, and to them what went over ter cheer him up a mite he said that he 'd been a sinner, and thet the Lord hed punished him by the sp'ilin' of his proppitty. But sighs! Why, they ain't none on Codiack es hes lived sech a Christian life as Unc' Sime. Why, ef a man want to borrry money, don't make no differ ef he ain't got no s'curity to give, Unc' Sime 'll let him hev it, an' I will say thet they ain't never been no one es hes cheated him. Sime! Why, you let Sime know es a man 's haard up, an' he 'll go an' give him money hisself, 'thout never requirin' no askin'. Thet's the kind of a Christian Sime is. But he wun't never go inside the meetin'-haouse, 'cause he lets on es the Lord 's been offended with him, an' hes shown his anger by settin' loose his fish-haouse.

"Oh, yaas, Unc' Sime 'll set on the step of the meetin'-haouse an' 'll jine in with the singin', but thet 's es far as he 'll go. Says he ain't fittin' to enter the Lord's haouse, an' that 's haow."

Afterward, for many Sundays, I saw Unc' Sime sitting on the meeting-house steps, rain or shine, and heard his still vigorous voice raised in the Lord's praise. I had many talks with him, and when we became intimate he confided to me his hope that some sign would be given to him that his offenses had been forgiven. At break of day one might find him at work in his flake-yard, turning his hake to the sun, but silently, for he reserved his quotations and exhortations for the fishing-ground, while the fish were biting. The summer slowly passed, and it required only one more day's sun to complete the curing of the fish. The hillside was covered with the flakes, and all the men were busy laying the white fish on the laths; the women and children lending eager hands. The freighter from Boston lay at anchor in the harbor, ready to take away the summer's catch, and prosperity seemed to smile upon the Codiacks.

All at once the lookout on the top of Thumb Cap Hill gave the signal that schools of

mackerel were off the point, and there was a scurry among the men, who hurriedly launched the heavy seine-boats, and then ensued a race as to which should first reach the schools of fish, the track of which could now be plainly seen outside the harbor. Heavy thunder-heads had been gathering all day, and from the westward, where there was a huge pile of ruddy-looking cumulus cloud, came an occasional mutter of thunder; but the men gave no heed to the warning, for when the mackerel schools all else is forgotten. The freighter had brought news that "number one" mackerel were scarce, and bringing twenty cents in the Boston markets—the highest price of the summer. As the line of boats reached the spot where the school was playing, the fish disappeared as if by magic, and soon the point of land hid the last of the boats from view.

Large drops of rain began falling, and Unc' Sime, who alone had remained ashore, seated with me on an upturned cask, ejaculated sententiously: "We're goin' to hev a heavy rain, I 'm sayin'."

"Had we not better begin to get some of the fish under cover?" I asked. He looked at me a moment, then an inspiration seemed to strike him. "Look ye," he said, "I 'm goin' to see ef the Lord 's forgive me."

As he spoke the women and children began hurriedly to sweep the fish into barrows and place them in stacks in the fish-houses. They worked so swiftly that in a short time only the bare racks remained on the hillside. But Unc' Sime continued to mutter to himself, and walk up and down between the rows of flakes which held his summer's work. When the women and boys had finished their labor they came over to the old man.

"Don't ye want a hand, Unc' Sime, to help git yer fish under kiver?" But he gave no answer.

Now the rain came down in earnest, the thunder rolled overhead, the fish were drenched. It seemed as though the water came from a cataract. The men came ashore, the school having sounded, as they sometimes do, and there was loud talk among the men at the foolhardiness of Unc' Sime in leaving his fish on the flakes.

"They 'll spot an' burn," said one, "an' wun't be wuth a dawler a thaousand."

"Seems like Sime 's in his childishness," said another. "There was a hunnerd dawlers' wuth of as fine hake as I ever see, an' Sime 's hove the money away. I wish, I gorry! I 'd 'a' be'n here. I 'd 'a' put 'em under kiver myself, ef Sime hed n't sense enough."

"You let Sime alone," said another. "Unc' Sime he 's got some plan or other into hees haid, I 'll bate, an' ye 'll see it too, bumbly."

The rain stopped as suddenly as it began, and the following day, which was Saturday, dawned clear and sunny. All day the fish lay on the flakes, but Unc' Sime kept to his house in the cove. In the afternoon I went over to look at the fish. There were groups of men standing about, talking together.

"I never knowed nothin' like it to happen," said the deacon to the justice. "I sights! why, they hain't sp'ilt a mite. Sime's got luck! Why, when I got my fish a leetle mite wet last summer, they wus all milderred, an' I hed ter heave 'em all away."

Then I saw Unc' Sime calmly come down the hill and begin to feel the fish. The men

followed him from flake to flake, and when they reached the end, Unc' Sime turned to the deacon, and, raising his hands above his head, cried out: "A mericle! I'm forgive! I tell ye I know it! I feel it! The Lord's forgive me for what I done, and the proof's been give!"

He swayed this way and that, and would have fallen had not the deacon supported him. Then in a moment he was led to the squatty red house in the cove, and the door closed on him.

THE next morning I saw Unc' Sime walk boldly up the three steps of the meeting-house, and enter the door ahead of all the rest.

George Wharton Edwards.

AN EARLIER MANNER.

By the author of "Their Exits and Their Entrances," "The Whirligig of Time," etc.



YOU don't know how I dread it," said Winifred Clarges.

"Why?" asked Clarges, idly catching thongs with a four-in-hand whip which he had just taken from Miss Gerty Tiverton after that young lady, the only guest in the house, had succeeded in breaking two of the large glazed jars that stood along the balustrade of the veranda, and in nearly frightening the love-birds out of their very limited intelligence.

"Why?" she repeated helplessly. "I have n't seen him for years, and I used to know him so well."

"I should think you would be rather interested — want to find out what sort of fellow he 'd got to be."

"I know," she replied doubtfully.

"There is something in this air of dismay," he continued, putting down the whip after swinging a series of perfect loops along its graceful length, "some mystery. Come — out with it!"

They had been married, as it seemed to them, for a very long time. Indeed, it was rather hard for them to realize that there had been a period when they had been unmarried; for their later life had completely driven all the interests and incidents of their former existences from their minds, so vivid was the present, so dim and uncertain that part when they had not been together. Actually it had been only a year before the June just past — it was now July — that the wedding had taken place. Still, it appeared to them that they were very old married people; and in truth they had lost something of the feeling of excitement that had

been the inevitable accompaniment of the first months. In fact, they had passed the first matrimonial stage, and were entering the even more critical second period, when the success or failure of such a venture is really proved, when novelty has worn off, and two people are left with a truer realization of circumstances and of each other. It is the time that is most dangerous, and, passed fortunately, the future is assured; but even when the conditions are the best there are innumerable small adjustments that have to be made which must have a lasting influence, and it is a doubtful season. They were both intelligent young people, and typical enough, and their lives had been the lives of many others. Their courtship had been, as they thought, in no wise remarkable; and although their friend Mrs. Outton always maintained that they had had nothing at all to do with it, in their hearts they believed that they had been made for each other, and had consciously sought each other over land and sea until they finally found each other, loved, and were married. But Mrs. Outton would not listen to this romantic theory, and always contended that the marriage was, like everything else, merely a matter of fate. To a large extent they could do what they pleased and go where they pleased, and this summer it had pleased them to rent a cottage on the Long Island shore, where there was a club near by, which was generally a bore, and a number of other country houses not far off, which were sometimes amusing.

"I will tell you," she broke forth at length: "I think — I am not sure — but I think Jim Van Horn was rather fond of me at one time."

"Oh!" exclaimed Clarges.

"You need not be so astonished," she said

stiffly. "You were yourself; or at least you led me to believe that you were."

"Do you know," he replied slowly, "that I don't think you were so awfully clever to find that out. Really, when I look back, it must have been rather evident."

She glanced at him gratefully, for it was one of the things she liked about him, that he never saw fit to make use of the matrimonial "chaff" that in her heart she considered common, although it was a practice with so many of her friends.

"It was long—long ago," she confessed. "But really he may have been a little in love with me, and—I thought that he was very nice."

"In fact," said Clarges, "it was one of those times that you told me about, when—you 'played.'"

"Yes," she replied resolutely; "Jim Van Horn and I did 'play' a great deal. You see, it happened this way. I'd always known him. He was the brother of the dearest friend I had, and as I was at the house a great deal, I saw Jim very constantly. All one winter—it must have been the winter you were in India—we 'played' together; and all one summer we 'played' even more in the country, for I was at the Van Horn house with Marion a very great deal."

"And Jim was perhaps in love with you, and you thought that you might perhaps be in love with Jim."

"I don't know about the first," she replied; "but you may be a little right about the last."

"That all seems quite regular," he said composedly. "Jim always was an attractive enough sort of rudimentary savage, and I don't wonder you liked him."

"I liked him a great deal," she insisted.

"Very well—a great deal," assented Clarges.

"And then," she went on, "Marion was married to Saxmundham, though he never expected to have the title then, and Jim was poor and went to the West,—for it was as long ago as the time of 'ranching,'—and I never have seen him from that time to this."

"And now," said Clarges, musingly, "he's coming over from the Kempshotts', where he is staying, to call upon you?"

"Yes," she said.

"And some old ashes are going to be raked over, and, as every one knows, that is a thing it is n't wise to do."

"It is n't that," she said; "but I had n't thought of him for a long time."

"And you don't know what you may think?"

"It is n't that, either—exactly," she replied weakly.

"I don't suppose it is—exactly," he went on. "Still, we always have a tenderness for our

early loves, especially when they have been cut off in the bloom of their youthfulness. An early love that has been allowed to hang upon the tree becomes sorely shriveled and dried up, but when it has been destroyed early, you never know how fine the fruit might have become."

"I believe," she said in a low voice, "that I liked him much better than I ever did *any* of the others."

"It was a very perfect blossom," commented Clarges. "Naturally you remember it."

"It was a long time ago," she repeated; "and indeed for a good while I did think about him a great deal. It does n't seem right."

"What?" he asked.

"That I should ever have been thinking of any one else," she murmured.

"Oh!" he exclaimed. "Then, probably, you would n't have liked me in the least." And he added, "I am assuming that you do now."

"You know," she said, raising her eyes to his for a moment, and then letting them fall.

"Very likely," he continued, "if I had known you even three years—two years—earlier, you would never have listened to me at all."

"What a terribly unsatisfactory theory!" she exclaimed. "It seems to make everything so uncertain—so unsubstantial."

"Not in the least," he said. "We all change continually; and really, true consistency is nothing but change."

"Cuthbert!" she exclaimed.

"If you like, I'll put it in another way," he continued. "It's like the 'White Queen.' Really, it takes all the running around that one can do to stand in the same place—a great philosophical truth that has never been sufficiently understood."

"Honestly," she said, "I think that is horrible."

"Not a bit," he responded. "I only say that if we don't adapt ourselves, we are out of relation; or, in other words, if we don't change we are n't consistent."

"It appears very unsettling," she remonstrated.

"It is n't," he replied briskly. "Everything's moving—growing—developing, and we've got to move too."

"I suppose," she assented slowly, "that honestly we are different at different times. I know I have changed tremendously in ways. There is no use in denying that—I—" and she laughed softly. "You can't imagine that there was ever a time when I was like Gerty Tiverton."

"It's difficult," he agreed.

"I was," she insisted. "I was just as thoughtless, and as careless, and as eager. I hate myself when I think of it. Really, you don't know what absurd things I used to do—such silly,

young things. I find myself turning red with mortification when I remember them, although I used to believe they were so magnificent. Indeed I am not sure," she concluded, "but that I was worse than Gerty."

"Oh, come!" said Clarges.

"I was," she insisted. "I was positively vulgar. I—I—what do you think I once did?"

"Give it up," replied Clarges, promptly.

"I will tell you," she said, "if you will agree never to refer to it again. I can't bear to think of it, and I should hate you if you spoke of it."

"All right," he answered; "I'll promise."

"I—I—" said Winifred, beginning hesitatingly and going on with a rush—"I proposed to a man."

Clarges looked up, and laughed as he noticed her great earnestness.

"It was n't so very shocking, for of course I did n't mean it," she added hastily; "and yet it was. He was a very good, proper young man who was staying at a house where I was. I don't remember his name, but I think he was a professor or something, and he was very gentle and fearfully conceited. Every woman hated him, and really he was perfectly fair game, for his vanity was unbearable. I thought that I should amuse myself, and one afternoon, when all the other men had gone to see some horses, and it had begun to rain, and I was alone with him in the library, I proposed to him. I thought that he would be so startled and terrified!"

"Yes," said Clarges, interestedly.

"Well, he wasn't," she said, the color mounting in her face—"not the least bit in the world. He took the whole affair very much in earnest—and—Cuthbert—he refused me!"

Clarges sent up a shout of laughter that caused the fox-terrier sleeping on the veranda steps to raise his head and look about alertly.

"You need not laugh," she said, half laughing herself, but with her lips trembling. "When I think about it now it seems awful. But really it was funny. He was serious and pompous. As I told you, he was a good young man, and he informed me that his prospects would not permit him to think of marriage, no matter what his personal feelings might be. I really think in my heart that the last was only a vague concession to politeness, and that nothing in the world would have induced him to have anything to do with me."

"And was that all?" asked Clarges.

"No," she said. "He was very conscientious, and he consulted a friend—without giving any names, of course—as to what he ought to do in such distressing circumstances. The friend guessed at once it was I, and was so delighted with his acuteness that he told some one, and it all came out—and—Cuthbert—

then I thought that it was a tremendous joke, and was amused."

"It was a joke," said Clarges, slowly—"in a way."

"In a way—yes," she repeated; "but think of the person I must have been then to do such an undignified thing; and think of the state of mind that could have considered it diverting! Now, when I think of it, my cheeks fairly burn."

"It was an earlier manner," he said.

"What do you mean?" she asked.

"Have n't you noticed in art criticisms and catalogues of sales that some picture by a great master is often written up or down as being in his earlier, his later, or his last manner? Now it seems that this little episode was in your earliest manner—that is all."

"I was just out, and was n't any age at all."

"That's it," he continued. "You see, I was right when I said that we all changed, and that then you would n't have liked me in the least."

"Oh, Cuthbert!" she cried, with a little remonstrant exclamation, "it does make everything seem awfully shifting!"

"As I said," he replied, "we have to shift to preserve a true adjustment. If you had n't grown out of yourself, and I had n't grown out of myself, we'd never have suited each other now—and where should we have been? In fact, just now I was n't laughing altogether at what you told me. I was laughing a little at myself."

"What can you mean?" she demanded.

"That man," Clarges went on. "Was n't his name Dwinnells?"

"Yes," she replied; "I really believe that it was."

"And now he's the Right Rev. Arthur Dwinnells, Bishop of Arapago."

"I don't know," she said; "but how did you ever hear of him?"

"I happened to know him then; his people had a place near us one summer in the country."

"But I don't see anything amusing—" she began.

"He told me the story."

"Really?" she exclaimed breathlessly. "Really?"

"Of course confidentially," resumed Clarges, "and, as you say, without a name. I remember thinking—and, I think, saying loftily—that such young women were good enough fun, but that he was perfectly right, as no man ever did marry that kind."

"Cuthbert!" she exclaimed. "And you married that young woman yourself!"

"I'm not sure," responded Clarges. "You say that you're not the same."

"I'm the same person," she said.

"Are you?" he asked.

"Yes—no—I'm not sure," she replied;

"it's very perplexing. Honestly, I think I am beginning to wonder who I am, at all."

"You certainly would n't do now what you did then, nor anything like it."

"I should think not," she said decidedly, and again the color flushed across her face.

"I have n't been like that for years and years."

"And I have n't been the same for years and years."

"How do you mean?" she asked.

"It's a great many years since I should have considered such a thing seriously," he continued. "When we're very young everything means a great deal or nothing at all. Now at that time I was a good deal overborne with the sense of my own importance, and everything meant a great deal. It was *my* earlier manner. I rather fancy I must have been a good deal of a prig, and that's one reason among others that makes me say we should n't have suited each other."

"I can't believe it," she maintained stoutly.

"It would have been," he continued, "as it so often is when two people are very young. We would, as it were, have asserted our personalities too much, and never have agreed."

At that instant Miss Tiverton, clearly in a state of great excitement, appeared in the window.

"Oh!" she exclaimed quickly, "I've got such a scheme! See!" and, advancing along the veranda, she held up something in her hand. "See what I have got. I noticed a little boy with one yesterday. It's a sling made with a piece of rubber, and it works beautifully."

And in proof of the excellence of her contrivance Miss Tiverton descended to the walk, picked up a pebble, and, inserting it in her sling, shot with great accuracy and effect at the heavy head of a nodding rose.

"Gerty!" said Winifred, as the petals strewed the neat garden beds.

"I'll tell you what we'll do," Miss Tiverton went on, disregarding her hostess. "We'll each of us have one, and we'll get out the break, and go along the roads, and shoot at every dog that comes out to bark at us. It'll teach them not to frighten horses, and will be such fun!"

"An earlier manner," observed Clarges, turning to Winifred.

"What does he mean?" asked the girl, ascending to the veranda and seating herself.

"He means," said Winifred, "that you are very young."

"I may be in years," said Miss Tiverton, sharply; "but I know a lot. Why, otherwise, do all the old gentlemen want to talk to me?"

"I suppose they find your extreme infancy a refreshing change," answered Winifred.

"I don't care," continued Miss Tiverton.

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"They are not all patriarchs, either. I met a man only a little while ago—before I left town, and he was n't old in the least—was exactly right, and he said that he liked a girl with spirit and animation and brightness and—"

"Meaning you, of course," said Clarges.

"And if he did," replied Miss Tiverton, irritably. "He was very nice, and had a great deal of experience, and knew. He said there was a time when he should n't have understood me."

"Oh!" laughed Winifred.

"That's all right," agreed Clarges. "He meant that he knows enough to make allowances."

"I think you are extremely insulting," asserted the girl. "But I can tell you one thing. He said that he had once known a girl that was exactly like me, and that then he had thought her fearful, but that now he was n't sure but that he was in love with her."

"That seems tolerably direct," commented Clarges.

"You need not try to tease me," said the girl. "He did like me, and I don't pretend he did n't. He said that once he could have only thought me good fun, as he did the other, and nothing else—"

"And he thought that now you were something more?" demanded Clarges.

"I did n't say that," replied Miss Tiverton, modestly.

"It's another case of the same thing," he remarked thoughtfully.

"What?" asked the girl.

"We were saying," he answered, "that we are never the same."

"But I am, I'm sure," said the girl. "I don't change," she went on indignantly; "for with all her sportive proclivities, as is often the case with those so disposed, Miss Tiverton was exceedingly sentimental; 'I'm very constant.'"

"Constancy," said Clarges, "is adjustment."

Both Winifred and Miss Tiverton exclaimed together.

"It's true," he maintained; "and the only reason why you find any constancy in people is because they change together, make mental adjustments, like lovers who are really suitable, or people fortunately married."

"That is better," approved Winifred.

"This has all come," continued Clarges, turning to Miss Tiverton, "because Winifred has some one coming to see her for whom she once had a fancy."

"Oh," cried the girl, delightedly, "a romance!"

"Not at all," answered Winifred, severely.

"It's only a man that I liked very much when I was younger, and whom I have not seen for a long time."

"I should rather call that a romance," said Miss Tiverton, decidedly. "I know! You are wondering what he will think of you, and what you will think of him, and whether it is n't possible that you might, after all, have liked him better than Cuthbert."

"A rival!" ejaculated Clarges, melodramatically. "The inevitable 'other man' at last!"

"I wish you would n't say such things," exclaimed Winifred, hotly, and with rising color, as she turned to her friend. "It's absurd and outrageous, and I don't like it!"

"It's true; it's true!" crowed Miss Tiverton. "See how she's blushing!"

"No," contended Winifred, decidedly; "I know it is n't—that is, not exactly." She hesitated a moment, and then continued uncertainly; for she was an uncompromisingly truthful person, and was always anxious to convey exactly the idea she had in her mind. "Of course there could n't be any chance of that, really. But I was thinking it would seem changeable if, when I liked him so very much once, I did n't like him as much now. And as I really liked him a great deal—I believe I had a silly sort of girlish fancy about him—I thought it would be—strange now. I was just thinking along—theoretically."

"But," insisted Miss Tiverton, "if you thought about it at all, there must have been something in it, for a man is n't an abstract idea."

"I don't believe you are right," continued Winifred, earnestly. "It's nonsense, and—I wish he was n't coming."

"It is awfully inconsiderate," said Clarges. "The people who belong to another time don't know how awkward they make it when they intrude themselves upon the present. Everything is all settled, and they come, ghost-like, as a disturbing element. A *revenant* is always a very awkward quantity."

Although Miss Tiverton looked at him inquisitively, she was utterly unable to satisfy herself as to the spirit in which he spoke. She should have liked to consider that he was jealous, but there was nothing in his utterance or his manner to encourage her in such an attractive and exciting fancy.

"It is very trying," said Winifred, decidedly. "One ought not to change, you know; and yet if one does n't—"

Clarges laughed. "It would be very complicated," he suggested.

"I don't know what to think about it, at all," she said impatiently. "It is very humiliating and contemptible, and I wish I were sure—"

"That you did n't like the man?" asked Miss Tiverton, still bent upon some discovery.

"Gertrude," began the other, severely; but

before she could say more a servant appeared with a card, at which she glanced hurriedly. "I shall have to go," she continued, rising; "he is here."

"And my fate is to be decided," said Clarges.

"Don't you tremble?" said Miss Tiverton. "Think what it may mean!"

"I know," replied Clarges, shaking his head, "it is a critical moment. What will be the impression?"

"You may laugh," said Winifred, facing them; "but it is always a serious thing seeing a person whom you once knew very well, and on whom you have not set eyes for years."

"Especially when there has been a little romance in it," Miss Tiverton called, as her hostess retreated down the veranda.

The fox-terrier mounted the steps, but neither noticed him.

"Who is this man?" asked the girl.

"Winifred will tell you. It's her affair," replied Clarges.

The fox-terrier, standing in front of him, claimed his attention, and, bending over, he meditatively crumpled the soft ears.

NEITHER Clarges nor the young girl had spoken for some time, but both idly sat still, listening to the dull, hot summer sounds. Miss Tiverton was distinctly becoming bored.

"Do you think Winifred will be long?" she asked at length, realizing that such a long calm was becoming monotonous.

"That depends," replied Clarges.

"On whether she is interested," said the girl.

"Are n't you afraid? Just think—an early adorer! You ought to be very anxious."

"I am—" began Clarges, with a laugh.

He did not finish, for Winifred appeared at the door, and walked slowly toward them over the rugs scattered along the dark-stained floor.

"Here she is now!" cried Miss Tiverton, looking up delightedly. "Winifred, tell me at once about the interview. Did n't you find him all that your fancy painted?"

"He was exactly the same," replied the other, slowly; "if anything, a little better-looking—"

"Was he nice?" continued Miss Tiverton.

"He was charming," said her friend.

"You ought to be jealous!" exclaimed the girl, turning to Clarges.

"Rather," he answered. "Handsome—charming—"

"Gertrude," said Winifred, sharply, "don't be ridiculous! And I wish you would go to the drawing-room at once. I told Mr. Van Horn that you were staying with us, and he asked at once to see you."

"Mr. Van Horn!" exclaimed Miss Tiverton.

"Of course; and he seems to know you very well."

"Why," replied Miss Tiverton, springing up, "he is the man about whom I was telling you!"

"Who once did n't like the girl who was exactly like you," said Clarges, as he threw back his head with a shout.

"Yes," answered the girl. "But why are you amused?"

"Never mind," he answered. "Run along and see Van Horn, for he must be getting impatient; and be sure that you ask him to luncheon."

"I will," cried Miss Tiverton, as she speedily vanished. "Oh, I'm so glad he has come!"

The summer sounds continued with a slumberous monotony that was more lulling than complete silence. Winifred sat down in the chair which she had before occupied, and gazed out on the lawn with tightened lips, and with a thoughtful wrinkle across her forehead.

"It must have been me that he meant," she said at length.

"Undoubtedly," said her husband.

"And he thought I was only good fun! Well, really, I suppose he was right."

"You should be satisfied when he announced that he was not sure but that now he could be in love with you."

"As I was then," she said.

"Of course, as you were then," he assented.

"That is just it," said Winifred.

"What do you mean?" he said, perplexed and interested.

"Do you know," she replied slowly, "I think he has been troubled, after a fashion, in the same way that I have been—by a memory."

"Oh!" ejaculated Clarges.

"Yes," she went on; "I am not sure but that, remembering me, he has been afraid that he might like me more than Gerty, and he has been afraid."

"To ask her to marry him?" asked Clarges.

"Yes," she said.

Again he laughed.

"What troublesome things these memories and other selves are!" he said. "Here we have been all the morning bothered with them."

"Yes," she said, laughing with easy amusement. "Do you know, I really was bothered."

"I saw it," he answered.

"And did n't you care?"

"Of course I did," he replied.

"How foolish it was of you!" she said softly.

"Possibly," he said.

"Of course it was," she insisted.

"Of course it was," he agreed.

"You see, he did n't approve of me at all at the time," she continued. "Don't you think I ought to feel fearfully incensed and humiliated

to discover that really he did n't care about me, after all?"

"But since he has grown into seeing the error of his ways—"

"But they were n't errors," she said decidedly. "I think I'm nicer than I was then, just as Gerty will be nicer some day than she is now."

"Yes," he assented.

"And if that is so," she said, rising, "don't you see the difficulty?"

"No," he confessed.

"Why," she said excitedly, "the trouble is not so much that we change—the trouble really is that people who have known us at another time always think of us as we were at that time, and treat us accordingly. Oh, it is unbearable, and I dislike him, and I know he hated me!"

"What happened?" asked Clarges.

"Nothing," she answered.

"Really?" he said. "There is something else. I have n't heard the last word. There's still the answer to the enigma."

"It was unpardonable!" she exclaimed, walking to and fro, and speaking as if she had not denied there was anything further. "The very first thing, almost, that he did was to ask me, with a laugh, about the man to whom I proposed. I had forgotten that he knew about it. And—and he treated it just as if it were the most natural thing for me to do, and as if it were a tremendous joke. I told you I should hate you if you spoke of it, and you may imagine how I hated him. It seemed to take me back years, and put me on quite another plane. I don't want to see him. The sight of him only makes me think of myself as I was, and I don't want to think of that; and—one of the reasons I love you is because you take me for what I am now—what I have become—and because with you I can be my real self—my latter self, which is my real self—Cuthbert—do you understand?"

"I think I do," he said quietly.

"Oh," she exclaimed, with a slight shudder, "that horrid man! He only thinks of me in—what did you call it?—my earlier manner; and I hate—hate—hate that and him!"

Clarges rose, and put his hand on hers where it rested for a moment on the balustrade.

"Come!" he said. "Gerty will want Van Horn to stay for luncheon."

"Must we ask him?" she begged.

"Gerty will want it, and"—Clarges smiled—"since you have destroyed his ideal, he may want to stay on her account."

"Very well," she sighed. "But, oh, Cuthbert, I am so glad that we did n't know each other always!"

George A. Hibbard.

CASA BRACCIO.

BY F. MARION CRAWFORD,

Author of "Mr. Isaacs," "Saracinesca," "Katharine Lauderdale," etc.

WITH PICTURES BY A. CASTAIGNE.

XLV.



It was past midday when Paul Griggs reached the Palazzetto Borgia and inquired for Donna Francesca. He was told that she was out. It was her custom, the porter said, always to breakfast on Sundays with her relatives the Prince and Princess of Gerano. Griggs asked at what time she might be expected to return. The porter put on a vague look, and said that it was impossible to tell. Sometimes she went to St. Peter's on Sunday afternoon to hear vespers. Vespers began at twenty-two o'clock or half-past twenty-two—between half-past three and four by French time—at that season of the year.

Griggs turned away, and wandered about for half an hour in the vicinity of the palace, uncertain as to what he should do, and yet determined not to lose sight of the necessity for immediate action of some sort. At last he went back to the Piazza di Spagna, intending to write a word of warning to Lord Redin, though he knew that the latter would pay very little attention to anything of such a nature. Like most foreigners, he would laugh at the idea of being attacked in the streets. Even in an interview it would not be easy to persuade him of the truth which Griggs had discovered more by intuition and through his profound knowledge of the Roman character than by any chain of evidence.

Lord Redin had gone out, he was told. It was impossible to say with any certainty whether this was true or not, and Griggs wrote a few words on his card, sealed the latter in an envelop, and left it to be delivered to the Scotchman. Then he went back to the Via della Frezza, determined to renew his attempt to see Francesca Campodonico at a later hour.

At the door of the little wine-shop Stefanone was seated on one of the rush stools, his hat tilted over his eyes, and his white-stockinged legs crossed. He was smoking and looking down, but he recognized Griggs's step at some distance, and raised his eyes. Griggs nodded to him familiarly, passing along on the other side of the narrow street, and he saw Stefanone's expression. There was a look of cunning and amusement in the contraction of the

pale lids which the younger man did not like. Stefanone spoke to him across the street.

"You are well returned, Signore," he said, in the common phrase of greeting after an absence.

The words were civil enough, but there was something of mockery in the tone. Griggs might not have noticed it at any other time, but his thoughts had been occupied with Stefanone during the last two hours, and he resented what sounded like insolence. The tone implied that he had been on a fool's errand, and that Stefanone knew it. He said nothing, but stood still and scrutinized the man's face. There was an unwonted color about the cheek-bones, and the keen eyes sparkled under the brim of the soft hat. Stefanone had a solid head, and was not given to drinking, especially in the morning; but Griggs guessed that to-day he had drunk more than usual. The man's next words convinced him of the fact.

"Signore," he said, slowly rising, "will you favor us by tasting the wine I brought last week? There is no one in the shop yet, for it is early. If you will, we can drink a glass."

"Thank you," answered Griggs. "I have not eaten yet."

"Then Sor Angoscia did not ask you to breakfast!" laughed Stefanone, insolently. "At midday, too! It was just the hour! But perhaps he invited you to his supper, for it is ordered."

And he laughed again. Griggs glanced at him once more, and then went quietly on toward his own door. He saw that the man had drunk too much, and the idea of bandying words in the attempt to rebuke him was distasteful. Griggs had very rarely lost his temper so far as to strike a man even in former days, and it had seemed to him of late that he could never be really angry again. Nothing could ever again be of enough importance to make it worth while. If a man of his own class had insulted him he would have directed his double, as it were, to resent the offense, but he himself would have remained utterly indifferent.

The one-eyed cobbler was not in his place, as it was Sunday. If he had been there Griggs would very probably have told him to watch Stefanone, and to try and keep him in the wine-shop until he should grow heavy over his wine and fall asleep. In that state he would at least

be harmless. But the cobbler was not there. Griggs went up to his rooms to wait until a later hour, when he might hope to find Francesca.

Stefanone, being left alone, sat down again, pulled his hat over his eyes once more, and felt in his pocket for his clasp-knife. His mind was by no means clear; for he had eaten nothing, he had swallowed a good deal of strong wine, and he had made up his mind that he must kill his enemy on that day or never. The intention was well defined, but that was all. He had put off his vengeance too long. It was true that he had not yet caught Dalrymple alone in a quiet street at night—that is to say, under the most favorable circumstances imaginable; but more than once he might have fallen upon him suddenly from a doorway in a narrow lane, in which there had been only a few women and children to see the deed, if they saw it at all. He knew well enough that in Rome the fear of being in any way implicated in a murder, even as a witness, would have made women, and probably men too, run indoors or out of the way rather than interfere or pursue him. He told himself, therefore, that he had been unreasonably cautious, and that unless he acted quickly Lord Redin, being warned by Griggs, would take measures of self-defense which might put him beyond the reach of the clasp-knife forever. Stefanone's ideas about the power of an "English lord" were vague in the extreme.

He had not been exactly frightened by Griggs's sudden accusation that morning, but he had been made nervous and vicious by the certainty that his intentions had been discovered. Peasant-like, not being able to hit on a plan for immediate success, he had excited himself and stimulated his courage with drink. His eyes were already a little bloodshot, and the flush on his high cheek-bones showed that he was in the first stage of drunkenness, which under present circumstances was the most dangerous, and might last all day with a man of his age and constitution, provided that he did not drink too fast. And there was little fear of that, for the Roman is cautious in his cups, and drinks slowly, never wishing to lose his head, and indeed very much ashamed of ever being seen in a helpless condition.

By this time he was well acquainted with Lord Redin's habits; and though Griggs had been told that the Scotchman was out, Stefanone knew very well that he was at home, and would not leave the hotel for another hour or more.

Leaning back against the wall and tipping the stool, he swung his white-stockinged legs thoughtfully.

"One must eat," he remarked aloud to himself.

He held his head a little on one side, thought-

fully considering the question of food. Then he turned his face slowly toward the low door of the shop, and sniffed the air. Something was cooking in the back regions within. Stefanone nodded to himself, rose, pulled out a blue-and-red cotton handkerchief, and proceeded to dust his well-blackened low shoes and steel buckles with considerable care, setting first one foot and then the other upon the stool.

"Let us eat," he said aloud, folding his handkerchief again and returning it to his pocket.

He went in and sat down at one of the trestle-tables, a heavy board, black with age. The host was nodding on a chair in the corner, a fat man in a clean white apron, with a round, red face and fat, red prominences over his eyes, with thin eyebrows that were scarcely perceptible.

Stefanone rapped on the board with his knuckles; the host awoke, looked at him with a pleased smile, made an interrogatory gesture, and, having received an affirmative nod for an answer, retired into the dark kitchen. In a moment he returned with a huge earthenware plate of soup, in which a couple of large pieces of fat meat bobbed lazily as he set the dish on the table. Then he brought bread, a measure of wine, an iron spoon, and a two-pronged fork.

Stefanone ate the soup without a word, breaking great pieces of bread into it. Then he pulled out his clasp-knife and opened it; the long blade, as keen as a razor and slightly curved, but dark and dull in color, snapped to its place as the ring at the back fell into the corresponding sharp notch. With affected delicacy, Stefanone held it between his thumb and one finger, and drew the edge across the fat boiled meat, which fell into pieces almost at a touch, though it was tough and stringy. The host watched the operation approvingly. At that time it was forbidden to carry such knives in Rome unless the point were round and blunt. The Roman always stabs; he never cuts his man's throat in a fight or in a murder.

"It is a prohibited weapon," observed the fat man, smiling, "but it is very beautiful. Poor Christian, if he finds it between his ribs! He would soon be cold. It is a consolation at night to have such a toy."

"Truly, it is the consolation of my soul," answered Stefanone.

"Say a little, dear friend," said the fat man, sitting down, and resting his bare elbows upon the table; "that arm, has it ever sent any one to paradise?"

"And then I should tell you!" exclaimed Stefanone, laughing, and he sipped some wine and smacked his lips. "But, no," he added presently; "I am a pacific man. If they touch me—woe! But I, to touch any one? Not even a fly."

"Thus I like men," said the host: "serious,

full of scruples, people who drink well, quiet, quiet, and pay better."

"So we are at Subiaco," answered Stefanone.

He very carefully cleaned his knife on a piece of bread, laid it open beside him, and threw the crust to a lean dog that appeared suddenly from beneath the table, as though it had come up through a trap-door; the half-famished creature bolted the bread with a snap and a gulp and disappeared again as suddenly and silently, just in time to avoid the fat man's slow, heavy hand.

When he had finished eating, Stefanone produced his little piece of oilstone, which he carried wrapped in dingy paper, and having greased it, proceeded to draw the blade over it slowly and smoothly.

"Apoplexy!" ejaculated the host. "Are you not contented? Or perhaps you wish to shave with it?"

"Thus I keep it," answered the peasant, smiling. "A minute here, a minute there. The time costs nothing. What am I doing? Nothing. I digest. To pass time I sharpen the knife. I am like this. I say it is a sin to waste time."

Every now and then he sipped his wine, but there was no perceptible change in his manner, for he was careful to keep himself just at the same level of excitement, neither more nor less.

Half an hour later he was smoking his pipe in the Piazza di Spagna, lounging near the great fountain in the sunshine, his eyes generally turned toward the door of the hotel. He waited a long time, and replenished his pipe more than once.

"This would be the only thing wanting," he said impatiently and half aloud: "that just to-day he should not go out."

But Lord Redin appeared at last, dressed as though he were going to make a visit. He looked about the square, standing still on the threshold for a moment, and two small open cabs drove up. But he shook his head, consulted his watch, and strode away in the direction of the Propaganda.

Stefanone guessed that he was going to the Palazzetto Borgia, and followed him as usual at a safe distance, threading the winding ways toward the Piazza di Venezia. There used to be a small café then under the corner of that part of the Palazzo Torlonia which has now been pulled down. Lord Redin entered it, and Stefanone lingered on the other side of the street. A man passed him who sold acqua-vita and melon-seeds, and Stefanone drank a glass of the one and bought a measure of the other. The Romans are fond of the taste of the tiny dry kernel which is found inside the broad white shell of the seed. Presently Lord

Redin came out, wiping his mouth with his handkerchief, and went on. Stefanone followed him again, walking fast when his enemy had turned a corner, and slackening his speed as soon as he caught sight of him again.

Francesca was out. He saw Lord Redin's look of annoyance as the latter turned away after speaking with the porter, and he fell back into the shadow of a doorway, expecting that the Scotchman would take the street by which he had come. But Dalrymple turned down the narrow lane beside the palace, in the direction of the Tiber. Stefanone's bloodshot eyes opened suddenly as he sprang after him; with a quick movement he got his knife out, opened it, and thrust his hand, with it open, into the wide pocket of his jacket. Lord Redin had never gone down that lane before, to Stefanone's knowledge, and it was a hundred to one that at that hour no one would be about. Stefanone himself did not know the place.

Dalrymple must have heard the quick and heavy footsteps of the peasant behind him, but it would not have been at all like him to turn his head. With loose, swinging gait he strode along, and his heavy stick made high little echoes as it struck the dry cobblestones.

Stefanone was very near him. His eyes glared redly, and his hand with the knife in it was half out of his pocket. In ten steps more he would spring and strike upward, as Romans do. He chose the spot on the dark overcoat where his knife should go through, below the shoulder-blade, at the height of the small ribs on the left side. His lips were parted and dry.

There was a loud scream of anger, a tremendous clattering noise, and a sound of feet. Stefanone turned suddenly pale, and his hand went to the bottom of his pocket again.

On an open door-step lay a copper *conca* (the Roman water-jar), a wretched dog was rushing down the street with something in its mouth in front of Lord Redin, a woman was pursuing it with yells, swinging a small wooden stool in her right hand, to throw it at the dog, and in a moment the neighbors were on their door-steps. Stefanone slunk under the shadow of the wall, grinding his teeth. The chance was gone. The streets beyond were broader and more populous.

Lord Redin went steadily onward, evidently familiar with every turn of the way, down to the Tiber, across the bridge of Quattro Capi, and over the island of St. Bartholomew to Trastevere, turning then to the right through the straight Lungaretta, past Santa Maria and under the heights of San Pietro in Montorio, and so to the Lungara and by Santo Spirito to the Piazza of St. Peter's. He walked fast, and on the way Stefanone twice wiped the perspiration from his forehead, for he was ner-

vous from the tension and the disappointment, and felt suddenly weak.

The Scotchman never paused, but crossed the vast square and went up the steps of the basilica. He was evidently going to hear the vespers. Then Stefanone, instead of following him into the church, sat down outside the wine-shop on the right, just opposite the end of the Colonnade. He ordered a measure of wine and prepared to wait, for he guessed that Lord Redin would remain in the church at least an hour.

XLVI.

LORD REDIN lifted the heavy leathern curtain of the door on the right of the main entrance to the basilica, and went into the church. For some reason or other, the majority of people go in by that door rather than by the other. It may be that the reason is a very simple one, after all. Most people are right-handed, and of any two doors side by side leading into the same place will instinctively take the one on the right. The practice of passing to the left in the street, in almost all old countries, was for the sake of safety, in order that a man might have his sword hand toward any one he met.

The air of the church was warm, and had a faint odor of incense in it. The temperature of the vast building varies but little with the seasons: going into it in winter, it seems warm; in summer it is very cold. On that day there were not many people in the nave, though a soft sound of unceasing footsteps broke the stillness. Very far away an occasional strain of music floated on the air from the Chapel of the Choir, the last on the left before the transept is reached. Lord Redin walked leisurely in the direction of the sound.

The chapel was full, and the canons were intoning the psalms of the office. At the conclusion of each one the choir sang the "Gloria" from the great organ-loft on the right. It chanced that there were a number of foreigners on that day, and they had filled all the available space within the gate; and there was a small crowd outside, pressing as close as possible in order to hear the voices more distinctly. Lord Redin was taller than most men, and looking over the heads of the others he saw Francesca Campodonico's pale profile in the thick of the press. She evidently wished to extricate herself, and she seemed to be suffering from the closeness, for she pressed her handkerchief nervously to her lips, and her eyes were half closed. Lord Redin forced his way to her without much consideration for the people who hindered him. A few minutes later he brought her out on the side toward the transept.

"Thank you," said Francesca. "I should like

to sit down. I had almost fainted—there was a woman next to me who had musk about her."

They went round the pillar of the dome to the south transept, where there are almost always a number of benches set along the edges of a huge green baize carpet. They sat down together on the end of one of the seats.

"We can go back by and by, and hear the music, if you like," said Francesca. "The psalms will last some time longer."

"I would rather sit here and talk, since I have had the good luck to meet you," answered Lord Redin, resting his elbows on his knees, and idly poking the green carpet with the end of his stick. "I went to your house, and they told me that you would very probably be here."

"Yes; I often come. But you know that, for we have met here before. I only stay at home on Sundays when it rains."

"Oh! Is that the rule?"

"Yes; if you call it a rule," answered Francesca.

"I like to know about the things you do, and how you spend your life," said the Scotchman, thoughtfully.

"Do you? Why? There is nothing very interesting about my existence, it seems to me."

"It interests me. It makes me feel less lonely to know about some one else—some one I like very much."

Francesca looked at her companion with an expression of pity. She was lonely, too, but in a different way. The little drama of her life had run sadly and smoothly. She was willing to give the man her friendship, if it could help him, rather because he seemed to ask for it in a mute fashion than because she desired his.

"Lord Redin," she said, after a little pause, "do you always mean to live in this way?"

"Alone? Yes. It is the only way I can live at my age."

"At your age—would it make any difference if you were younger?" asked Francesca. She dropped her voice to a low key. "You would never marry again, even if you were much younger."

"Marry!" His shoulders moved with a sort of little start. "You do not know what you are saying!" he added, almost under his breath, though she heard the words distinctly.

She looked at him again, in silence, during several seconds, and she saw how the color sank away from his face, till the skin was like old parchment. The hand that held the heavy stick tightened round it, and grew yellow at the knuckles.

"Forgive me," she said gently. "I am very thoughtless—it is the second time."

He did not speak for some moments, but she understood his silence and waited. The air was very quiet, and the enormous pillar of the dome

almost completely shut off the echo of the distant music. The low afternoon sun streamed levelly through the great windows of the apse, for the basilica is built toward the west. There were very few people in the church that day. The sun made visible beams across the high shadows overhead.

Suddenly Lord Redin spoke again. There was something weak and tremulous in the tone of his rough voice.

"I am very much attached to you for two reasons," he said. "We have known each other long, but not intimately."

"That is true. Not very intimately."

Francesca did not know exactly what to say. But for his manner and for his behavior a few moments earlier, she might have fancied that he was about to offer himself to her; but such an idea was very far from her thoughts. Her woman's instinct told her that he was going to tell her something in the nature of a confidence.

"Precisely," he continued. "We have never been intimate. The reason why we have not been intimate is one of the reasons why I am more attached to you than you have ever guessed."

"That is complicated," said Francesca, with a smile. "Perhaps the other reason may be simpler."

"It is very simple, very simple indeed, though it will not seem natural to you. You are the only very good woman I ever knew who made me feel that she was good instead of making me see it. Perhaps you think it unnatural that I should be attracted by goodness at all. But I am not very bad, as men go."

"No; I do not believe you are. And I am not so good as you think." She sighed softly.

"You are much better than I once thought," answered Lord Redin. "Once upon a time—well, I should only offend you, and I know better now. Forgive me for thinking of it. I wish to tell you something else."

"If it is something which has been your secret, it is better not told," said Francesca, quietly. "One rarely makes a confidence that one does not regret it."

"You are a wise woman." He looked at her thoughtfully. "And yet you must be very young."

"No. But though I have had my own life apart, I have lived outwardly very much in the world, although I am still young. Most of the secrets which have been told me have been repeated to me by the people in whom others had confided."

"All that is true," he answered. "Nevertheless—" He paused. "I am desperate!" he exclaimed, with sudden energy. "I cannot bear this any longer—I am alone, always, always. Sometimes I think I shall go mad! You

do not know what a life I lead. I have not even a vice to comfort me!" He laughed low and savagely. "I tried to drink, but I am sick of it—it does no good! A man who has not even a vice is a very lonely man."

Francesca's clear eyes opened wide with a startled look, and gazed toward his averted face, trying to catch his glance. She felt that she was close to something very strong and dreadful which she could not understand.

"Do not speak like that!" she said. "No one is lonely who believes in God."

"God!" he exclaimed bitterly. "God has forgotten me, and the devil will not have me!" He looked at her at last, and saw her face. "Do not be shocked," he said, with a sorrowful smile. "If I were as bad as I seem to you just now, I should have cut my throat twenty years ago."

"Hush! Hush!" Francesca did not know what to say.

His manner changed a little, and he spoke more calmly.

"I am not eloquent," he said, looking into her eyes. "You may not understand; but I have suffered a great deal."

"Yes; I know that. I am very sorry for you."

"I think you are," he answered. "That is why I want to be honest and tell you the truth about myself. For that reason, and because I cannot bear it any longer. I cannot, I cannot!" he repeated in a low, despairing tone.

"If it will help you to tell me, then tell me," said Francesca, kindly. "But I do not ask you to. I do not see why we should not be the best of friends without my knowing this thing which weighs on your mind."

"You will understand when I have told you," answered Lord Redin. "Then you can judge whether you will have me for a friend or not. It will seem very bad to you. Perhaps it is. I never thought so. But you are a Roman Catholic, and that makes a difference."

"Not in a question of right and wrong."

"It makes the question what it is. You shall hear."

He paused a moment, and the lines and furrows deepened in his face. The sun was sinking fast, and the long beams had faded away out of the shadows. There was no one in sight now, but the music of the benediction service echoed faintly in the distance. Francesca felt her heart beating with a sort of excitement she could not understand; and though she did not look at her companion, her ears were strained to catch the first word he spoke.

"I married a nun," he said simply.

Francesca started.

"A Sister of Charity?" she asked, after a moment's dead silence. "They do not take vows—"

"No; a nun from the Carmelite Convent of Subiaco."

His words were very distinct. There was no mistaking what he said. Francesca shrank from him instinctively, and uttered a low exclamation of repugnance and horror.

"That is not all," continued Lord Redin, with a calm that seemed supernatural. "She was your kinswoman. She was Maria Braccio, whom every one believed was burned to death in her cell."

"But her body—they found it! It is impossible!" She thought he must be mad.

"No; they found another body. I put it into the bed and set fire to the mattress. It was burned beyond recognition, and they thought it was Maria. But it was the body of old Stefanone's daughter. I lived in his house. The girl poisoned herself with some of my chemicals—I was a young doctor in those days. Maria and I were married on board an English man-of-war, and we lived in Scotland after that. Gloria was the daughter of Maria Braccio, the Carmelite nun—your kinswoman."

Francesca pressed her handkerchief to her lips. She felt as though she were losing her senses. Minute after minute passed, and she could say nothing. From time to time Lord Redin glanced sideways at her. He breathed hard once or twice, and his hands strained upon his stick as though they would break it in two. "Then she died," he said. When he had spoken the three words, he shivered from head to foot, and was silent.

Still Francesca could not speak. The sacrifice of the deed was horrible in itself. To her, who had grown up to look upon Maria Braccio as a holy woman cut off in her youth by a frightful death, the truth was overwhelmingly awful. She strove within herself to find something upon which she could throw the merest shadow of an extenuation, but she could find nothing.

"You understand now why, as an honorable man, I wished to tell you the truth about myself," he said, speaking almost coldly in the effort he was making at self-control. "I could not ask for your friendship until I had told you."

Francesca turned her white face slowly toward him in the dusk, and her lips moved, but she did not speak. She could not in that first moment find the words she wanted. She felt that she shrank from him, that she never wished to touch his hand again. Doubtless, in time, she might get over the first impression. She wished that he would leave her to think about it.

"Can you ever be my friend now?" he asked gravely.

"Your friend—" She stopped, and shook

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her head sadly. "I—I am afraid—" She could not go on.

Lord Redin rose slowly to his feet.

"No; I am afraid not," he said.

He waited a moment, but there was no reply.

"May I take you to your carriage?" he asked gently.

"No, thank you. No—that is—I am going home in a cab. I would rather be alone—please."

"Then good-by."

The lonely man went away and left her there. His head was bent, and she thought that he walked unsteadily, as she watched him. Suddenly a great wave of pity filled her heart. He looked so very lonely. What right had she to judge him? Was she perfect, because he called her good? She called him before he turned the great pillar of the dome.

"Lord Redin! Lord Redin!"

But her voice was weak, and in the vast, dim place it did not reach him. He went on alone, past the high altar, round the pillar, down the nave. The benediction service was not quite over yet, but every one who was not listening to the music had left the church. He went toward the door by which he had entered. Before going out he paused, and looked toward the little chapel on the right of the entrance. He hesitated, and then went to it, and stood leaning with his hands upon the heavy marble balustrade, that was low for his great height as he stood on the step.

A single silver lamp sent a faint light upward that lingered upon the Pietà above the altar, upon the marble limbs of the dead Christ, upon the features of the Blessed Virgin, the Addolorata—the sorrowing mother.

Bending a little, as though very weary, the friendless, wifeless, childless man raised his furrowed face and looked up. There was no hope any more, and his despair was heavy upon him whose young love had blasted the lives of many.

His teeth were set—he could have bitten through iron. He trembled a little, and as he looked upward two dreadful tears—the tears of the strong, which are as blood—welled from his eyes and trickled down upon his cheeks.

"Maria Addolorata!" he whispered.

XLVII.

FRANCESCA had half risen from her seat when she had seen that Lord Redin did not hear her voice calling to him. Then she realized that she could not overtake him without running since he had got so far, and she kept her place, leaning back once more, and trying to collect her thoughts before going home. The music was still going on in the Chapel of the

Choir, and though it was dusk in the vast church, it would not be dark for some time. The vergers did not make their rounds to give warning of the hour of closing until sunset. Francesca sat still, and tried to understand what she had heard. She was nervous and shaken, and she wished that she were already at home. The great dimness of the lonely transept was strangely mysterious, and the tale of the dead girl, burned to take the place of the living, was gruesome, and made her shiver with disgust and horror. She started nervously at the sound of a distant footstep.

But the strongest impression she had was that of abhorrence for the unholy deeds of the man who had just left her. To a woman for whom religion, in its forms as well as in its meaning, was the mainstay of life on earth and the hope of life to come, the sacrilege of the crime seemed supernatural. She felt as though it must be in some way her duty to help in expiating it, lest the punishment of it should fall upon all her race. And as she thought it over, trying to look at it as simply as she could, she surveyed at a glance the whole chain of the fatal story, and saw how many terrible things had followed upon that one great sin, and how very nearly she herself had been touched by its consequences. She had been involved in it, and had become a part of it. She had felt it about her for years in her friendship for Reanda. It had contributed to the causes of his death, if it had not actually caused it. She, in helping to bring about his marriage with the daughter of her sinning kinswoman, had unconsciously made a link in the chain. Her friendship for the artist no longer looked as innocent as formerly. Gloria had accused him of loving her, Francesca. Had she not loved him? Whether she had or not, she had done things which had wounded his innocent young wife. In a sudden and painful illumination of the past she saw that she herself had not been sinless; that she had been selfish, if nothing worse; that she had craved Reanda's presence and devoted friendship, if nothing more; that death had taken from her more than a friend. She saw all at once the vanity of her own belief in her own innocence, and she accused herself very bitterly of many things which had been quite hidden from her until then.

She was roused by a footstep behind her, and she started at the sound of a voice she knew, but which had changed oddly since she had last heard it. It was stern, deep, and clear still, but the life was gone out of it. It had an automatic sound.

"I beg your pardon, princess," said Paul Griggs, stopping close to her behind the bench. "May I speak to you for a moment?"

She turned her head. As the sun went down

the church grew lighter for a little while, as it often does. Yet she could hardly see the man's eyes at all as she looked into his face. They were all in the shadow and had no light in them.

"Sit down," she said mechanically.

She could not refuse to speak to him, and, indeed, she would not have refused to receive him had she been at home when he had called that day. Society gave her no right to treat him rudely because she disapproved of his past life. For the rest, she had liked him in former times, and she believed that there was much more good in him than at first appeared.

She was almost glad that he had disturbed her solitude just then, for a nervous sense of loneliness was creeping upon her; and though there had been nothing to prevent her from rising and going away, she had felt that something was holding her in her seat—a shadowy something that was oppressive and not natural, that descended upon her out of the gloomy heights, and that rose around her from the secret depths below, where the great dead lay side by side in their leaden coffins.

"Sit down," she repeated, as Griggs came round the bench.

He sat down beside her. There was a little distance between them, and he sat rather stiffly, holding his hat on his knees.

"I should apologize for disturbing you," he began. "I have been twice to your house to-day, but you were out. What I wish to speak of is rather urgent. I heard that you might be here, and so I came."

"Yes," she said, and waited for him to say more.

"What is it?" she asked presently, as he did not speak at once.

"It is about Dalrymple—about Lord Redin," he said at last. "You used to know him. Do you ever see him now?"

Francesca looked at him with a little surprise, but she answered quietly, as though the question were a natural one.

"He was here five minutes ago. Yes; I often see him."

"Would you do him a service?" asked Griggs, in his calm and indifferent tone.

He was forcing himself to do what was plainly his duty, but he was utterly incapable of taking any interest in the matter. Francesca hesitated before she answered. An hour earlier she would have assented readily enough, but now the idea of doing anything which could tend to bring her into closer relations with Lord Redin was disagreeable.

"I do not think you will refuse," said Griggs, as she did not speak. "His life is in danger."

She turned quickly, and scrutinized the expressionless features. In the glow of the sun-

set the church was quite light. The total unconcern of the man's manner contrasted strangely with the importance of what he said. Francesca felt that something must be wrong.

"You say that very coolly," she observed, and her tone showed that she was incredulous.

"And you do not believe me," answered Griggs, quite unmoved. "It is natural, I suppose. I will try to explain."

"Please do. I do not understand at all."

Nevertheless, she was startled, though she concealed her nervousness. She had not spoken with Griggs for a long time, and as he talked, she saw what a great change had taken place. He was very quiet, as he had always been, but he was almost too quiet. She could not make out his eyes. She knew of his superhuman strength, and his stillness seemed unnatural. What he said did not sound rational. An impression got hold of her that he had gone mad, and she was physically afraid of him. He began to explain. She felt a singing in her ears, and she could not follow what he said. It was like an evil dream, and it grew upon her second by second.

He talked on in the same even, monotonous tone. The words meant nothing to her. She crossed her feet nervously, and tried to get a soothing sensation by stroking her sable muff. She made a great effort at concentration, and failed to understand anything.

All at once it grew dark, as the sunset light faded out of the sky. Again she felt the desire to rise, and the certainty that she could not if she tried. He ceased speaking, and seemed to expect her to say something, but she had not understood a word of his long explanation. He sat patiently waiting. She could hardly distinguish his face in the gloom.

The sound of irregular, shuffling footsteps and low voices moved the stillness. The vergers were making their last round in a hurried, perfunctory way. They passed across the transept to the high altar. It was so dark that Francesca could only just see their shadows moving in the blackness. She did not realize what they were doing, and her imagination made ghosts of them, rushing through the silence of the deserted place, from one tomb to another, waking the dead for the night. They did not even glance across, as they skirted the wall of the church. Even if they had looked, they might not have seen two persons in black, against the blackness, sitting silently side by side on the dark bench. They saw nothing, and passed on, out of sight and out of hearing.

"May I ask whether you will give him the message?" inquired Griggs at last, moving in his seat, for he knew that it was time to be going.

Francesca started at the sound of his voice.

"I—I am afraid—I have not understood," she said. "I beg your pardon—I was not paying attention. I am nervous."

"It is growing late," said Griggs. "We had better be going—I will tell you again as we walk to the door."

"Yes—no—just a moment!" She made a strong effort over herself. "Tell me in three words," she said. "Who is it that threatens Lord Redin's life?"

"A peasant of Subiaco called Stefanone. Really, princess, we must be going; it is quite dark—"

"Stefanone!" exclaimed Francesca, while he was speaking the last words, which she did not hear. "Stefanone of Subiaco—of course!"

"We must really be going," said Griggs, rising to his feet, and wondering indifferently why it was so hard to make her understand.

She rose to her feet slowly. Lord Redin's story was intricately confused in her mind with the few words which she had retained of what Griggs had said.

"Yes—yes—Stefanone," she said in a low voice, as though to herself, and she stood still, comprehending the whole situation in a flash, and imagining that Griggs knew the whole truth and had been telling it to her as though she had not known it. "But how did you know that Lord Redin took the girl's body and burned it?" she asked, quite certain that he had mentioned the fact.

"What girl?" asked Griggs in wonder.

"Why, the body of Stefanone's daughter, which he managed to burn in the convent when he carried off my cousin! How did you know about it?"

"I did not know about it," said Griggs. "Your cousin? I do not understand."

"My cousin—yes—Maria Braccio—Gloria's mother! You have just been talking about her—"

"I?" asked Griggs, bewildered.

Francesca stepped back from him, suddenly guessing that she had revealed Lord Redin's secret.

"Is it possible?" she asked in a low voice.

"Oh, it is all a mistake!" she cried suddenly. "I have told you his story—oh, I am losing my head!"

"Come," said Griggs, authoritatively. "We must get out of the church, at all events, or we shall be locked in."

"Oh, no," answered Francesca. "There is always somebody here—"

"There is not. You must really come."

"Yes—but there is no danger of being locked in. Yes—let us walk down the nave. There is more light."

They walked slowly, for she was too much confused to hasten her steps. Her inexplica-

ble mistake troubled her terribly. She remembered how she had warned Lord Redin not to tell her any secrets, and how seriously she, the most discreet of women, had resolved never to reveal what he had said. But the impression of his story had been so much more direct and strong than even the first words Griggs had spoken, that so soon as she had realized that the latter was speaking approximately of the same subject, she had lost the thread of what he was saying and had seemed to hear Lord Redin's dreadful tale all over again. She thought that she was losing her head.

It was almost quite dark when they reached the other side of the high altar. Griggs walked beside her in silence, trying to understand the meaning of what she had said.

The gloom was terrible. The enormous statues loomed faintly like vast ghosts, high up between the floor and the roof, their whiteness glimmering where there seemed to be nothing else but darkness below them and above them. A low, far sound that was a voice but not a word trembled in the air. Francesca shuddered.

"They have not gone yet," said Griggs. "They are still talking. But we must hurry."

"No," said Francesca; "that was not any one talking." Her teeth chattered. "Give me your arm, please—I am frightened."

He held out his arm till she could feel it in the dark, and she took it. He pressed her hand to his side and drew her along, for he feared that the doors might be already shut.

"Not so fast! Oh, not so fast, please!" she cried. "I shall fall. They do not shut the doors—"

"Yes, they do. Let me carry you. I can run with you in the dark—there is no time to be lost!"

"No, no! I can walk faster—but there is really no danger—"

It is a very long way from the high altar to the main entrance of the church. Francesca was breathless when they reached the door, and Griggs lifted the heavy leathern curtain. If the door had been still open he would have seen the twilight from the porch at once. Instead, all was black and close and smelled of leather. Francesca was holding his sleeve, afraid of losing him.

"It is too late," he said quietly. "We are probably locked in. We will try the door of the sacristy."

He seized her arm and hurried her along into the south aisle. He struck his shoulder violently against the base of the pillar he passed in the darkness, but he did not stop. Almost instinctively he found the door, for he could not see it. Even the hideous skeleton which supports a black marble drapery above it was

not visible in the gloom. He found the beveled edge of the smoothly polished panel and pushed. But it would not yield.

"We are locked in," he said, in the same quiet tone as before.

Francesca uttered a low cry of terror, and then was silent.

"Cannot you break the door?" she asked suddenly.

"No," he answered. "Nothing short of a battering-ram could move it."

"Try," she said. "You are so strong—the lock might give way."

To satisfy her he braced himself and heaved against the panel with all his gigantic strength. In the dark she could hear his breath drawn through his nostrils.

"It will not move," he said, desisting. "We shall have to spend the night here. I am very sorry."

For some moments Francesca said nothing, overcome by her terror of the situation. Griggs stood still, with his back to the polished door, trying to see her in the gloom. Then he felt her closer to him, and heard her small feet moving on the pavement.

"We must make the best of it," he said at last. "It is never quite dark near the high altar. I dare say, too, that there is still a little twilight where we were sitting. At least there is a carpet there, and there are benches. We can sit there until it is later. Then you can lie down upon the bench. I will make a pillow for you with my overcoat. It is warm and I shall not need it."

He made a step forward, and she heard him moving.

"Do not leave me!" she cried, in sudden terror.

He felt her grasp his arm convulsively in the dark, and he felt her hands shaking.

"Do not be frightened," he said, in his quiet voice. "Dead people do no harm, you know. It is only imagination."

She shuddered as he groped his way with her toward the nave. They passed the pillar, and saw the soft light of the ninety little flames of the huge golden lamps around the central shrine below the high altar. Far beyond, the great windows showed faintly in the height of the blackness. They walked more freely, keeping in the middle of the church. In the distant chapels on each side a few little lamps glimmered like fireflies. Before the last chapel on the right, the Chapel of the Sacrament, Francesca paused, instinctively holding fast to Griggs's arm, and they both bent one knee, as all Catholics do who pass before it. But when they reached the shrine Francesca loosed her hold and sank upon her knees, resting her arms upon the broad marble of the balustrade. Griggs

knelt a moment beside her, by force of habit, then rose and waited, looking about him into the depths of blackness, and reflecting upon the best spot in which to pass the night.

She remained kneeling a long time, praying more or less consciously, but aware that it was a relief to be near a little light after passing through the darkness. Her mind was as terribly confused as her companion's was utterly calm and indifferent. If he had been alone he would have sat down upon a step until he was sleepy, and then he would have stretched himself upon one of the benches in the transept. But to Francesca it was unspeakably dreadful.

The strangeness of the whole situation forced itself upon her more and more when she thought of rising from her knees and going back to the bench. She felt a womanly shyness about keeping close to her companion, her hand on his arm, for hours together; but she knew that the terror she should feel of being left alone, even for an instant, or of merely thinking that she was to be left alone, would more than overcome that if she went away from the lights. She would grasp his arm and hold it tightly.

Then she felt ashamed of herself. She had always been told that she came of a brave race. She had never been in danger, and there was really no danger now. It was absurd to remain on her knees for the sake of the lamps. She rose to her feet and turned. Griggs was not looking at her, but at the ornaments on the altar. The soft glimmer lighted up his dark face. A moment after she had risen he came forward. She meant to propose that they should go back to the transept, but just then she shuddered again.

"Let us sit down here, on the step," she said suddenly.

"If you like," he answered. "Wait a minute," he added, and pulled off his overcoat.

He spread a part of it on the step, and rolled the rest into a pillow against which she could lean, and held it in place while she sat down. She thanked him, and he sat down beside her. At first, as she turned from the lamps, the nave was like a fathomless black wall. Neither spoke for some time. Griggs broke the silence when he supposed that she was sufficiently recovered to talk quietly, for he had been thinking of what she had said, and it was almost clear to him at last.

"I should like to speak to you quite frankly, if you will allow me," he said gravely. "May I?"

"Certainly."

"The few words you said about Lord Redin's story have explained a great many things which I never understood," said Griggs. "Is it too much to ask that you should tell me everything you know?"

"I would rather not say anything more," answered Francesca. "I am very much ashamed of having betrayed my secret. Besides, what is to be gained by your knowing a few more details? It is bad enough as it is."

"It is more or less the story of my life," he said almost indifferently.

She turned her head slowly and tried to see his face. She could just distinguish the features, cold and impassive.

"I came to you to ask you to warn Dalrymple of a danger," he continued, as she did not speak. "I knew that fact, but not the reason why his life was and is threatened. Unless I have mistaken what you said, I understand it now. It is a much stronger one than I should ever have guessed. Lord Redin ran away with your cousin, and made it appear that he had carried off Stefanone's daughter. Stefanone has waited patiently for nearly a quarter of a century. He has found Dalrymple at last, and means to kill him. He will succeed unless you can make Dalrymple understand that the danger is real. I have no evidence on which I could have the man arrested, and I have no personal influence in Rome. You have. You would find no difficulty in having Stefanone kept out of the city. And you can make Dalrymple see the truth, since he has confided in you. Will you do that? He will not believe me, and you can save him. Besides, he will not see me. I have tried twice to-day. He has made up his mind that he will not see me."

"I will do my best," said Francesca, leaning her head back against the marble rail, and half closing her eyes. "How terrible it all is!"

"Yes. I suppose that is the word," said Griggs, indifferently. "Sacrilege, suicide, and probably murder to come."

She was shocked by the perfectly emotionless way in which he spoke of Gloria's death—so much shocked that she drew a short, quick breath between her teeth, as though she had hurt herself. Griggs heard it.

"What is the matter?"

"Nothing," she said.

"I thought something hurt you."

"No—nothing."

She was silent again.

"Yes," he continued, in a tone of cold speculation; "I suppose that any one would call it terrible. At all events, it is curious, as a sequence of cause and effect, from one tragedy to another."

"Please—please do not speak of it all like that—" Francesca felt herself growing angry with him.

"How should I speak of it?" he asked. "It is an extraordinary concatenation of events. I look upon the whole thing as very curious,

especially since you have given me the key to it all."

Francesca was moved to anger, taking the defense of the dead Gloria as almost any woman would have done. At the moment Paul Griggs repelled her even more than Lord Redin. It seemed to her that there was something dastardly in his indifference.

"Have you no heart?" she asked suddenly. "No; I am dead," he answered in his clear, lifeless voice, that might have been a ghost's.

The words made her shiver, and she felt as though her hair were moving. From his face, as she had last seen it, and from his voice, he might almost have been dead, as he said he was, like the thousands of silent ones in the labyrinths under her feet, and she alone alive in the midst of so much death.

"What do you mean?" she asked, and her own voice trembled in spite of herself.

"It is very like being dead," he answered thoughtfully. "I cannot feel anything. I cannot understand why any one else should. Everything is the same to me. The world is a white blank to me, and one place is exactly like any other place."

"But why? What has happened to you?" asked Francesca.

"You know. You sent me those letters."

"What letters?"

"The package Reanda gave you before he died."

"Yes. What was in it? I told you that I did not know when I wrote to you. I remember every word I wrote."

"I know. But I thought that you at least guessed. They were Gloria's letters to her husband."

"Her old letters, before —" Francesca stopped short.

"No," he answered, with the same unnatural quiet; "all the letters she wrote him afterward — when we were together."

"All those letters?" cried Francesca, suddenly understanding. "Oh, no — no! It is not possible! He could not, he would not, have done anything so horrible!"

"He did," said Griggs, calmly. "I had supposed that she loved me. He had his vengeance. He proved to me that she did not. I hope he is satisfied with the result. Yes," he continued, after a moment's pause, "it was the cruellest thing that ever one man did to another. I spent a bad night, I remember. On the top of the package was the last letter she wrote him, just before she killed herself. She loathed me, she said; she hated me, she shivered at my touch. She feared me so that she acted a comedy of love, in terror of her life, after she had discovered that she hated me. She need not have been afraid. Why should I have hurt

her? In that last letter she put her wedding-ring, with a lock of her hair wound in and out of it. Reanda knew what he was doing when he sent it to me. Do you wonder that it has deadened me to everything?"

"Oh, how could he do it! How could he!" Francesca repeated, for the worst of it all to her was the unutterable cruelty of the man she had believed so gentle.

"I suppose it was natural," said Griggs. "I loved the woman, and he knew it. I fancy few men have loved much more sincerely than I loved her, even after she was dead. I was not always saying so. I am not that kind of man. Besides, men who live by stringing words together for money do not value them much in their own lives. But I worked for her. I did the best I could. Even she must have known that I loved her."

"I know you did. I cannot understand how you can speak of her at all." Francesca wondered at the man.

"She? She is no more to me than Queen Christina, over there in her tomb in the dark. For that matter, nothing else has any meaning either."

For a long time Francesca said nothing. She sat quite still, resting the back of her head against the marble, in the awful silence under the faint lights that glimmered above the great tomb.

"You have told me the most dreadful thing I ever heard," she said at last in a low tone. "Is she nothing to you — really nothing? Can you never think kindly of her again?"

"No. Why should I? That is —" he hesitated. "I could not explain it," he said, and was silent.

"It does not seem human," said Francesca. "You would have a memory of her — something — some touch of sadness. I wonder whether you really loved her as much as you thought you did?"

Griggs turned upon Francesca slowly, his hands clasped upon one knee.

"You do not know what such love means," he said slowly. "It is God — faith — goodness — everything. It is heaven on earth, and earth in heaven, in one heart. When it is gone there is nothing left. It went hard. It will not come back now. The heart itself is gone. There is nothing for it to come to. You think me cold, you are shocked because I speak indifferently of her. She lied to me. She lied and acted in every word and deed of her life with me. She deceived herself a little at first, and she deceived me mortally afterward. It was all an immense, loathsome, deadly lie. I lived through the truth. Why should I wish to go back to the lie again? She died, telling me that she died for me. She died, having written to Reanda

that she died for him. I do not judge her. God will. But God himself could not make me love the smallest shadow of her memory. It is impossible. I am beyond life. I am outside it. My eternity has begun."

"Is it not a little for her sake that you wish to save her father?" asked Francesca.

"No. It is a matter of honor, and nothing else, since I injured him, as the world would say, by taking his daughter from her husband. Do you understand? Can you put yourself a little in my position. It is not because I care whether he lives or dies, or dies a natural death, or is stabbed in the back by a peasant. It is because I ought to care. I do many things because I ought to care to do them, though the things and their consequences are all one to me now."

"It cannot last," said Francesca, sadly. "You will change as you grow older."

"No. That is a thing you can never understand," he answered. "I am two individuals. The one is what you see, a man more or less like other men, growing older — a man who has a certain mortal, earthly memory of that dead woman, when the real man is unconscious. But the real man is beyond growing old, because he is beyond feeling anything. He is stationary, outside of life. The world is a blank to him and always will be."

His voice grew more and more expressionless as he spoke. Francesca felt that she could not pity him as she had pitied poor Lord Redin when she had seen him going away alone. The man beside her was in earnest, and was as far beyond woman's pity as he was beyond woman's love. Yet she no longer felt repelled by him since she had understood what he had suffered. Perhaps she herself, suffering still in her heart, wished that she might be even as he was, beyond the possibility of pain, even though beyond the hope of happiness. He wanted nothing, he asked for nothing, and he was not afraid to be alone with his own soul, as she was sometimes. The other man had asked for her friendship. It could mean nothing to Paul Griggs. If love were nothing, what could friendship be?

Yet there was something lofty and grand about such loneliness as his. She could not but feel that, now that she knew all. She thought of him as she sat beside him in the monumental silence of the enormous sepulcher, and she guessed of depths in his soul like the deepness of the shadows above her and before her and around her.

"My suffering seems very small, compared with yours," she said softly, almost to herself.

Somehow she knew that he would understand her, though perhaps her knowledge was only hope.

"Why should you suffer at all?" he asked. "You have never done anything wrong. Nothing of all this is your fault. It was all fatal, from the first, and you cannot blame yourself for anything that has happened."

"I do," she answered in a low voice. "Indeed I do."

"You are wrong. You are not to blame. Dalrymple was — Maria Braccio — I — Gloria — we four. But you! What have you done? Compared with us, you are a saint on earth."

She hesitated a moment before she spoke. Then her voice came in a broken way:

"I loved Angelo Reanda. I know it now that I have lost him."

Griggs barely heard the last words, but he bent his head gravely, and said nothing in answer.

XLVIII.

THE stillness was all around them and seemed to fold them together as they sat side by side. A deep sigh quivered and paused and was drawn again almost with a gasp that stirred the air. Suddenly Francesca's face was hidden in her hands, and her head was bowed almost to her knees. A moment more and she sobbed aloud, wordless, as though her soul were breaking from her heart.

In the great gloom there was something unearthly in the sound of her weeping. The man who could neither suffer any more himself nor feel human pity for another's suffering turned and looked at her with shadowy eyes. He understood, though he could not feel, and he knew that she had borne more than any one had guessed.

She shed many tears, and it was long before her sobbing ceased to call down pitiful, heart-breaking echoes from the unseen heights of darkness. Her head was bent down upon her knees as she sat there striving with herself.

He could do nothing, and there was nothing that he could say. He could not comfort her, he could not deny her grief. He only knew that there was one more being still alive and bearing the pain of sins done long ago. Truly the judgment upon that man by whom the offense had come should be heavy and relentless and enduring.

At last all was still again. Francesca did not move, but sat bowed together, her hands pressing her face. Very softly Griggs rose to his feet, and she did not see that he was no longer seated beside her. He stood up, and leaned upon the broad marble of the balustrade. When she at last raised her head she thought that he was gone.

"Where are you?" she asked in a startled voice.

Then, looking round, she saw him standing by the rail. She understood why he had moved — that she might not feel that he was watching her and seeing her tears.

"I am not ashamed," she said. "At least you know me now."

"Yes; I know."

She also stood up, and leaned upon the balustrade, and looked into his face.

"I am glad you know," she said, and he saw how pale she was, and that her cheeks were wet. "Now that it is over, I am glad that you know," she said again. "You are beyond sympathy, and beyond pitying any one, though you are not unkind. I am glad that if any one was to know my secret, it should be you. I could not bear pity. It would hurt me. But you are not unkind."

"Nor kind — nor anything," he said.

"No. It is as though I had spoken to the grave — or to eternity. It is safe with you."

"Yes; quite safe. Safer than with the dead."

"He never knew it! Thank God! He never knew it! To me he was always the same faithful friend. To you he was an enemy and cruel. I thought him above cruelty, but he was human, after all. Was it not human that he should be cruel to you?"

"Yes," answered Griggs, wondering a little at her speech and tone; "it was very human."

"And you forgive him for it?"

"I?" There was surprise in his tone.

"Yes," she answered. "I want your forgiveness for him. He died without your forgiveness. It is the only thing I ask of you. I have not the right to ask anything, I know, but is it so very much?"

"It is nothing," said Griggs. "There is no such thing as forgiveness in my world. How could there be? I resent nothing."

"But then, if you do not resent what he did, you have forgiven him. Have you not?"

"I suppose so." He was puzzled.

"Will you not say it?" she pleaded.

"Willingly," he answered. "I forgive him. I remember nothing against him."

"Thank you. You are a good man."

He shook his head gravely, but he took her outstretched hand and pressed it gently.

"Thank you," she repeated, withdrawing hers. "Do not think it strange that I should ask such a thing. It means a great deal to me. I could not bear to think that he had left an enemy in the world, and was gone where he could not ask forgiveness for what he had done. So I asked it of you for him. I know that he would have wished me to. Do you understand?"

"Yes," said Griggs, thoughtfully. "I understand."

Again there was silence for a long time as they stood there. The tears dried upon the woman's sweet, pale face, and a soft light came where the tears had been.

"Will you come with me?" she asked at last, looking up.

He did not guess what she meant to do, but he left the step on which he was standing and stood ready.

"It must be late," he said. "Should you like to try and rest? I will arrange a place for you as well as I can."

"Not yet," she answered. "If you will come with me —" she hesitated.

"Yes?"

"I will say a prayer for the dead," she said in a low voice. "I always do every night since he died."

Griggs bent his head, and she came down from the step. He walked beside her down the silent nave into the darkness. Before the Chapel of the Sacrament they both paused and bent the knee. Then she hesitated.

"I should like to go to the Pietà," she said timidly. "It seems so far. Do you mind?"

He held out his arm silently. She felt it, and laid her hand upon it, and they went on. It was very dark. They knew that they were passing the pillars when they could not see the little lights from the chapels in the distance on their left. Then by the echo of their own footsteps they knew that they were near the great door, and at last they saw the single tiny flame in the silver lamp hanging above the altar they sought.

Guided by it, they went forward, and the solitary ray showed them the marble rail. They knelt down side by side.

"Let us pray for them all," said Francesca, very softly.

She looked up to the marble face of Christ's mother, the Addolorata, the mother of sorrows, and she thought of that sinning nun, dead long ago, who had been called Addolorata.

"Let us pray for them all," she repeated. "For Maria Braccio, for Gloria — for Angelo Reanda."

She lowered her head upon her hands. Then presently she looked up again, and Griggs heard her sweet voice in the darkness repeating the ancient Commemoration for the Dead, from the canon of the mass.

"Remember also, O Lord, thy servants who are gone before us with the sign of faith, and sleep the sleep of peace. Give them, O Lord, and to all who rest in Christ, a place of refreshment, light, and peace, for that Christ's sake, who liveth and reigneth with Thee in the unity of the Holy Spirit. Amen."

Once more she bent her head and was silent for a time. Then, as she knelt, her hands moved silently along the marble and pressed



DRAWN BY A. CASTAIGNE.

"AS HE STOOD THERE REPEATING THE NAME,"

the two folded hands of the man beside her, and she looked at him.

"Let us be friends," she said simply.

"Such as I am, I am yours."

Then their hands clasped. They both started and looked down, for the fingers were cold and wet and dark.

It was the blood of Angus Dalrymple that had sealed their friendship.

The swift, sure blade had struck him as he stood there repeating the name of his dead wife. There had been no one near the door,

and none to see the quick, black deed. Strong hands had thrown his falling body within the marble balustrade, that was still wet with his heart's blood.

There Paul Griggs found him, lying on his back, stretched to his length in the dim shadow between the rail and the altar. He had paid the price at last—a loving, sinning, suffering, faithful, faultful man.

But the friendship that was so grimly consecrated on that night was the truest that ever was between man and woman.

THE END.

F. Marion Crawford.

KEATS IN HAMPSTEAD.

He hath quaffed
Glory and Death in one immortal draught;
Surely among the undying men of old
Numbered art thou, great Heart.

—*Aubrey de Vere.*



PHOTOGRAPHED FROM THE ELECTROTYPED MASK IN THE NATIONAL PORTRAIT GALLERY, LONDON, FOR KENYON WEST, BY SPECIAL PERMISSION.

FRONT VIEW OF THE LIFE-MASK OF KEATS, BY HAYDON.

THE 29th of October, 1895, marks the centenary of the birth of John Keats, and affords a fitting occasion for lovers of his poetry to pay tribute to his fame.

In 1820, when Keats went to Rome to find a grave beside the old Aurelian Wall, he left behind in England scarcely a dozen people who be-

lieved in his genius, and who felt that he would be, according to his own wish and prophecy, "among the English poets after his death." Moreover, these few people were personal friends who had felt the charm of his magnetic sincerity, and whose sympathies had been stirred by the many attractive as well as pathetic phases in his career. But, as the years passed, the name of Keats began to be heard more and more; the poetry he had written began to interest and charm an ever-widening circle of readers, appealing with special power to minds of the highest order. Not only was admiration shown for the rare product of Keats's genius, but the personal tradition of the poet began to excite attention. Lord Houghton, having met Charles Armitage Brown in 1833 at Walter Savage Landor's villa at Fiesole, and received from him the invaluable records which Brown had cherished in the hope of sometime being himself the biographer of Keats, felt not only inspired to write his famous "Life of Keats," published in 1848, but was convinced that his book, containing as it did so many of the poet's remarkable letters, would receive a warm welcome. He had his wish. Every student of literature welcomed it for its authentic records of a poet every day growing dearer, and every lover of Keats welcomed it, as it corrected many current misconceptions, and showed Keats to be—what he truly was—not only a rare poet, but a man of strenuous character, clear judgment, dignity and power.

Since 1848 the story of Keats's life has been told over and over again, and as a rule in a



ENGRAVED BY T. JOHNSON, AFTER A PHOTOGRAPH FROM A CAST.

REPRINTED FROM "THE CENTURY" FOR FEBRUARY, 1894.

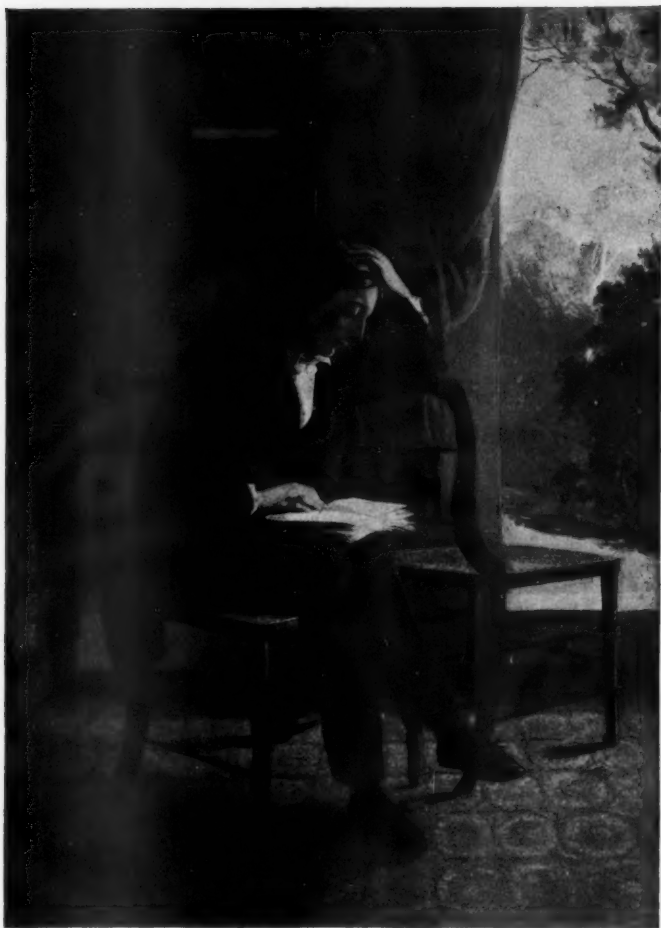
PROFILE VIEW OF THE LIFE-MASK OF JOHN KEATS, BY HAYDON.

spirit of sympathetic justice; and following in the footsteps of Leigh Hunt, John Hamilton Reynolds, and other friends of Keats, the poet's works have been edited or interpreted by such eminent men as Matthew Arnold, David Masson, Aubrey de Vere, Buxton Forman, Sidney Colvin, William T. Arnold (the first, I believe, to analyze thoroughly the peculiarities of Keats's style), Mrs. F. M. Owen (whose book is of rare value), William Michael Rossetti, and James Russell Lowell.

In 1867, Lord Houghton brought out a "new and revised" edition of his book. From it he omitted his former forcible preface, and also the sympathetic tribute to Jeffrey embodied in the dedication. This in my opinion is a distinct loss. Some very fine letters of Keats were also omitted.

In 1817, when Keats had such enthusiasm of life, and his vision took in with such eagerness the beauty and the glory of the outward

world, he seemed to be haunted by a conviction that he must crowd his days full, that he would never have time for all his glowing thoughts to find expression. The "ten years" he prayed for were not granted, but how full he did make his few months of health is proved by his work. When the glorious vision which had irradiated and gladdened him became dimmed by disease and passionate pain, he felt that that work would be as perishable as his own hopes; and yet he never became wholly unaware of his own power and the possibilities of his genius. "Let me have another opportunity of years before me," he wrote, "and I will not die without being remembered." He little knew how vividly he would be remembered, how near he would come to the hearts of those who grasp the full beauty and scope of his matchless verse, and who are capable of feeling the sincerity, the singleness of purpose, and the honest strength, as well as the pathos, of his brief, arrested life.



JOHN KEATS AT WENTWORTH PLACE, HAMPSTEAD.

Painted in Rome from memory, by his friend Joseph Severn, 1821-23. Now in the National Portrait Gallery. Photographed for Kenyon West by Henry Dixon & Son, photographers to the Society for Photographing Relics of Old London, by special permission of Sir George Scharf, C. B. (Permission countersigned by the Secretary of the Department of Arts and Sciences, August, 1894.)

Every student of Keats associates Hampstead with him even more than the place of his birth, or the distant city where he found a quiet grave. The time when Keats lived in Hampstead (from 1817 to 1820) was that in which his genius took its most glorious flight, and it marked also the beginning of that ill health and mental unrest which finally took away his gladness in his art, and obscured for him the brightness of the sun.

Keats first visited Hampstead in 1816. He was then living in London. Leigh Hunt had a pretty cottage in the Vale of Health, and Charles Cowden Clarke took to him some of Keats's verses, which excited his surprise and admiration. In Keats's visits to Hunt's cottage

he sometimes slept on a bed in the library, and one of his most important poems, "Sleep and Poetry," published in 1817, mentions some of the objects which first met his eyes on awaking in the morning. Many other poems are connected with these pleasant visits to the Vale of Health. Keats loved Hampstead for its many beauties of woods and lanes and fields, for its inspiring views, and also for the many friendships there formed. It was not surprising, then, that after different visits to the Isle of Wight, to Margate, and to Canterbury, he should decide to live for a time in Hampstead. Early in the summer of 1817 he and his brothers, George and Tom, the former of whom went the next year to America, found rooms with

Bentley, the postman, who had a pleasant house in Well Walk. Here Keats worked at "Endymion." Haydon and Severn never forgot the charm of listening to his recitals of certain passages in the poem which pleased him best. It is easy for us, even at this distance of time, to see in imagination the joyous, impetuous youth as he was when Haydon and Severn first knew him. As the three take their way across the heath, or toward the woods near Highgate, we can see the erect figure of the poet, the backward toss of his fine head, the intensity of his glance, that peculiar expression of rapture which shines in every feature and reveals the ardent lover of nature's manifold and changing forms. He sees everything; he hears the note of every bird, even the "undernote of response from covert or hedge"; he watches the passing of every cloud and its shadow on the path. The stirring of the grasses or the grain in the softly flowing air about him, or the swaying of the foliage in the swift-coming wind from the forest, has for him a special charm. Oh, that it

might last, this vision of this glorious youth, with his thronging thoughts of "verse and fame and beauty intense indeed," when life has for him such richness, such full delight and joy!

Near the lower end of Hampstead Heath, at the foot of what is now known as John street, lived Brown and Dilke, two other friends of Keats. Their house, called Wentworth Place, was a double one, Brown living in one half and Dilke in the other. Later Dilke rented his house to Mrs. Brawne, to whose daughter Keats was engaged to be married. Keats's sojourn in Hampstead was interrupted by frequent visits elsewhere, the most important journey being the walking-tour in Scotland with Brown. He returned in time to nurse his brother Tom, after whose death, Brown, knowing how lonely Keats would be, insisted on his leaving Well Walk and coming to live with him at Wentworth Place. This was Keats's Hampstead home till his departure for Italy.

There have been many striking changes in Hampstead since Keats's time, and many cherished landmarks have been swept away. In



DRAWN BY HARRY FENN.

LAWN BANK, FORMERLY WENTWORTH PLACE, HAMPSTEAD.

Photograph made for Kenyon West by Henry Dixon & Son, by special permission of the present owners, August, 1894.



PHOTOGRAPHED FOR KENYON WEST BY HENRY DIXON & SON, BY SPECIAL PERMISSION, AUGUST, 1894.

BUST OF JOHN KEATS, BY ANNE WHITNEY, IN THE PARISH CHURCH OF ST. JOHN'S, HAMPSTEAD.
THE INSCRIPTION READS:

"TO THE EVERLASTING MEMORY OF JOHN KEATS THIS MONUMENT IS ERECTED BY AMERICANS, MDCCCXCIV."

August, 1894, wishing to gain information in regard to the present condition of some of these places associated with Keats, I asked my friend Mr. M—— of New York, who was going to England, to visit Hampstead. His investigations proved to be of interest.

He first went to the parish church of St. John's, in which has been recently placed the first memorial to Keats on English ground. "By nothing," said Matthew Arnold, "is England so glorious as by her poetry." Is it not a significant proof of our country's sincere love for the higher forms of poetry and art that this memorial should have been bestowed on England by Americans?

In one of his most charming letters, full of gaiety and humor, Keats wrote to his brother in America, "If I had a prayer to make, it should be that one of your children should be the first American poet." The prayer has not been granted; but, as Mr. Edmund Gosse says, "the prophecies of great poets are fulfilled in divers ways, and in a broader sense all the recent poets of America are of Keats's kith and kin."

As my friend found his way up the quiet, shadowy aisles of the quaint little church, and stood before this latest representation of the poet's visible form, he realized in some degree what an attraction for his friends must have

been Keats's lovable, magnetic personality. Miss Whitney's work is noble and impressive, though the poet's expression is somewhat idealized, with something, also, austere and stern, which is more a prophecy of what Keats might perhaps have become than what he really was. The laurel wreaths which on the dedication day were suspended from the bracket beneath the bust were still clinging to it, and also some sweet peas, withered indeed, but retaining much of their fragrance, and bringing vividly to mind Keats's own inimitable line:

Here are sweet peas, on tiptoe for a flight.

The pictures of Miss Whitney's work which we have seen in America are all of the full face. Feeling that the profile would be more like Keats, more like the eager, sensitive face of Severn's portraits, I had asked that a photograph of the profile be taken for me. The sexton opened a window somewhere in the roof, and a flood of light poured down upon the bust, bringing out into relief the massive, intellectual brow, the strong, yet tender mouth.

The effect of this light from above was most

beautiful, as will be seen in the reproduction of the photograph. A comparison of this profile of the Hampstead bust with the famous life-mask of Keats by Haydon will reveal many interesting points of resemblance and difference. It will prove also how conscientious a sculptor our countrywoman is. The mask has in a marked degree an expression of humor about the mouth. Only a faint suggestion of this appears in the bust. Both show "a sensitiveness, a sweetness, and a hint of eloquence"; but in the bust there is more the appearance of health, the mask being the truer to nature in rendering faithfully the prominence of the cheek-bones and the hollowness of the cheeks.

As the sexton shut the church door he said to my friend, with a good-natured laugh: "Well, sir, it's beyond me what you Americans see in that Keats to admire so. I don't believe we English think much of him now; we never thought it worth while to put up a bust of him." He was evidently ignorant of the feeling which men and women of culture all over England have for the poetry of Keats.



STEPS TO SANTA TRINITÀ DEI MONTI, ROME, SHOWING THE HOUSE, AT THE RIGHT, WHERE KEATS DIED. ON THE WALL IS A TABLET TO THE POET'S MEMORY.



FROM A WATER COLOR BY WALTER SEVERN.

REPRINTED FROM "THE CENTURY" FOR FEBRUARY, 1884.

THE GRAVES OF KEATS AND SEVERN, IN THE PROTESTANT CEMETERY IN ROME.

Mr. M—— could not help asking if on the dedication day he had not heard the glowing tributes paid to Keats by Mr. Gosse, Mr. Palgrave, and Lord Houghton. "Oh, yes, sir, I did; but they had to say some pretty things, you know, to Mr. Day when he gave us the bust. We Englishmen know how to take a gift kindly, you know, sir."¹

Hampstead Heath was found to be still beautiful and picturesque, with its undulations of ground, its paths leading hither and thither, its patches of furze all one gleam of yellow in the sunshine, its clumps of trees in the branches of which the birds were singing gloriously. Leading from the heath are still many typical English lanes, but many of the paths in which Keats once loved to walk, dreaming his beautiful dreams, are now obliterated by brick and mortar.

"Winding south from the Lower Heath," wrote William Howitt, years ago, "there is a charming little grove in Well Walk, with a bench at the end, whereon I last saw poor Keats, the poet of the 'Pot of Basil,' sitting and sobbing his dying breath into a handkerchief, glancing parting looks toward the quiet landscape he had delighted in so much, and musing, as in his 'Ode to the Nightingale.'"

The bench on which Keats so often sat to

rest as his strength grew daily less was preserved until a short time ago. Why it was ever allowed to be taken away is not easy to answer.

In Mr. M——'s search for the house in Well Walk where Keats lodged with his brother Tom, he was impressed by the fact that although it may be true that by nothing is England so glorious as by her poetry, the common people of England are very blind to that glory. The majority of the people who were asked about Well Walk had not even heard of Keats. At last Mr. M—— entered a tavern, and inquired of the landlord. He was a pompous, self-satisfied man who seemed delighted to have an opportunity to reveal his knowledge of Keats.

"The 'ouse in Well Walk yer want ter know about, eh? My woman in 'ere knows all about it; 'er kitchen is just over the place where the 'ouse once was. The 'ouse was torn down only a short time ago. We was glad ter get the property; our business is prosperin'. . . There's an old chap wot often comes in 'ere, and 'e says 'e sold papers ter Keats an' a lot of 'is friends. 'E's most ninety year old if 'e's a day, an' 'u'd be about nine or ten year old when 'e saw Keats wanderin' round Wentworth Place and over the 'eath. Ef yer want ter find out more about these liter'y gents of 'Ampstead than

¹ Within this parish church there is a tablet to the memory of Joanna Baillie, and in the churchyard outside is her grave. Near her rest all that is mortal of Sir James Mackintosh and of Constable.

There is a pleasure in knowing that the bust of Keats has been placed near the resting-place of a man who felt such thorough sympathy with him as did Sir

James Mackintosh. He openly protested against the infamous attacks upon Keats's "Endymion," and said that they would interest every liberal mind in the author's success. He then wrote to Keats's publishers: "Have you any other novelties in verse? I very much admire your young poet, with all his singularities. Where is he, and what high design does he meditate?"

what I know, go an' find this chap what lives on the way ter the Vale o' 'Ealth 'otel. Tha' 's a public-'ouse, yer know, over a place where another liter'y gent named Leigh 'Unt 'ad 'is 'ouse. 'E 'll tell yer a pile about Keats, an' tell yer 'e never amounted to much till 'e went ter furrin shores an' 'ad got some verses printed, more 's the pity."

Acting on the landlord's suggestion, Mr. M—— went to look up the old man who had known Keats so long ago. On the way he passed through the Vale of Health. It is now a bustling, noisy place, with tea-gardens, merry-go-rounds, and troops of holiday-seekers, and the Vale of Health hotel now stands where Hunt's cottage once stood.

The old man was found living in a neat little cottage in the midst of a pretty garden. He was working in the garden as his visitor opened the gate, and after giving him a cordial greeting, seemed glad to sit in the shade and talk. He was about eighty-six years old, he said, though he looked younger. He spoke with few traces of the dialect prevalent among the common people of Hampstead; indeed, he seemed to be a man of some education and considerable experience. He evidently liked to talk, and showed much of the garrulity of age. At first he gave the impression that many trivial things to which he would never have attached importance took on significance and value after he once found that the obscure youth whom he had known had become one of the great poets of modern times, and it seemed possible that he might remember more than he actually saw and heard; but on second thought this suspicion was dismissed, because of the fact that age remembers with peculiar vividness things that have happened in childhood, while often intermediate events are forgotten. His talk, as recorded in Mr. M——'s notes, is given for what it may be worth. It ran like this:

"Why, certainly, sir, I remember John Keats very well. To be sure, I was pretty young, but I have always had a good memory. I sold papers to him and his friends as well as to most of the people in the village. I often used to meet him as the evening would be falling as I went my rounds. He and his friends would be coming through the village after a long tramp over the Kilburn meadows, or through the woods beyond the heath. There's nothing to be seen of those meadows now, and the woods are pretty scanty; but in those days—well, sir, you can imagine it well, I fancy. We used to have many a highwayman around, and a little chap like me used to suffer a good bit, being out so often after dark; but I always got a cheery greeting from Mr. Keats, and when he'd buy a paper he'd often

stalk on without waiting for his change. When I first knew Mr. Keats he was terrible fond of tramping over the fields; and once I saw him coming across a stubble field long after sundown. I believe he had been there all day. After a while I did n't see him around so much, on account of his illness. When I first saw him his face was bright and cheery as the sun, but he was a melancholy-looking chap at last. He seemed to see all that was stirring, acted cleverish, and was very sociable, though none of us thought he amounted to much; the tradespeople around thought him idle—a fellow that had n't much to do but look at the clouds and the flowers. Of course none of us thought he'd be so famous some day. Us boys thought a pile of him after we saw him pitch into a cruel, mean-souled man who was teasing a little boy. He gave him a good drubbing, I can tell you. It was a fight that lasted an hour or so, and the fellow went home feeling pretty cheap to be beaten by such a little man as Mr. Keats. But I've been told Mr. Keats had always been fond of fighting at school; he'd fight any one morning, noon, and night; it was meat and drink to him.

"A newsboy in those days did n't have as much to do as he would have now, and I had often to pick up odd jobs around the village to keep body and soul together. I sometimes



DRAWN BY HARRY FENN FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.

THE GRAVE OF KEATS

not know how you are going on. I'm very much worried as this is one
 by the way, I shall send you the Oct. of Bore. It agrees w.e. and if I should
 have finished it a little thing called the eve of St. Mark, you see what
 for a mother Blackiff means I have - it is not my fault. I did
 not search for them - I have not gone on with the paper - for to
 tell the truth I have not been in great care for writing lately - I must
 wait for the spring to come me up a letter. - The only time I must

FACSIMILE FROM A LETTER OF KEATS TO HIS BROTHER, GEORGE KEATS, LOUISVILLE, KY. FROM THE ORIGINAL, IN POSSESSION OF MR. WILLIAM H. ARNOLD.

did errands for Mr. Brown and Mr. Dilke, who lived at Wentworth Place, and once in a while I would see the poet wandering in the garden even after he got so ill. Mr. Dilke would often go away, and he'd let his house, and Mrs. Brawne lived in it, you know. She had a daughter that Mr. Keats wanted to marry, you

know. Beautiful, was she, do you ask? Well, I can't say as I remember much about how she looked. She was very young. She wore mourning for the poet, but she married, and I fancy she forgot her lover soon enough. Her mother lived at Wentworth Place many years, and finally was burned to death right at her own door. Nobody knew how it came about, but she was all aflame before any help could come. Miss Fanny never paid any attention to a little chap like me, and of course I was too shy to look at her much, and after Mr. Keats went away I did n't have occasion to go to the house often. Mr. Keats and Mr. Dilke thought me a likely little chap, and once Mr. Keats took me home with him, and gave me a jolly hot tea in his sitting-room. Mr. Brown came in a few times as I was there, and would put his hand on Mr. Keats's shoulder, and laugh in his hearty, jovial way. He seemed terrible fond of Mr. Keats. I don't wonder at it, either, now. Mr. Keats was a fine-looking young man, his face was so bright, his eyes wonderful, so piercing and yet so full of laughter. I would n't have dared to tell a lie to him, for he'd find it out by simply looking at me.

"After a while any one with half an eye could see Mr. Keats was n't long for this world. One evening, after a busy day, I was going home. I saw I was just near Wentworth Place. I could n't resist going around to the kitchen door to ask after Mr. Keats, for I had n't seen him for a long time tramping around. It was September, and the back door was half open, and just inside was Miss Brawne herself talking to one of the maids. I stammered out my words, not feeling sure of my welcome, somehow. Her answer was curt enough, but I have always fancied she'd been crying. She said that Mr. Keats had that very morning gone to London to sail for Italy."

This quaint old man spoke of the present with visible effort; indeed, seemed to have little comprehension or knowledge of it. Fearing to tax his patience, Mr. M—— took his leave.

Every student of Keats knows of Mr. Forman's investigations of the locality of Wentworth Place, and that they resulted in an identification of it with the house now known in Hampstead as Lawn Bank. It may, however, be of interest to state that my friend's study of the locality and of the proofs adduced by Mr. Forman brought forth the same result: in Lawn Bank we have the immortalized Wentworth Place from which Keats set out for Italy. The house then was divided into two parts, Keats and Brown living in one and Mrs. Brawne and her daughter in the other. A number of years ago the house was altered, and the two parts were united. There is a thick growth of trees directly in front, and the only way that Mr.



FACSIMILE OF A PAGE OF HAYDON'S JOURNAL, SHOWING PROFILE SKETCHES OF JOHN KEATS BY B. R. HAYDON. ALSO A NOTE IN HAYDON'S HANDWRITING BELOW THE PICTURES. SKETCHES DATED NOVEMBER, 1816. FROM VOL. III OF H. BUXTON FORMAN'S "LIFE OF KEATS," PUBLISHED BY REEVES AND TURNER, 1883. (REPRINTED BY PERMISSION.)

M—— could get a photograph of the house was to have the camera placed between these trees and the house. He had asked all over the village if a picture of Lawn Bank could be obtained, but he could not learn that any had ever been taken.

How quiet and serene was the air that memorable afternoon spent in the garden of Wentworth Place! The sunshine flickered down through the branches of the trees, making strange, fantastic shadows on the lawn; the birds were singing joyously overhead; the poet's presence seemed to haunt the place

'great divorcer forever' from all he held most dear."

Among the thronging memories of Wentworth Place are many connected with Keats's friends: the genial Charles Armitage Brown, who showed such faith in his genius, and while cherishing him faithfully was one of his best advisers; John Hamilton Reynolds and B. R. Haydon, who came out occasionally from London; Joseph Severn, who was destined to render him the greatest and most sacred service of all; Fanny Brawne, the girl whom the poet loved. Was she as beautiful as Keats believed

These are the living pleasures of the Bard;
But richer, far, Posterity's award.
What does he murmur with his latest breath,
While his proud eye looks through the film of death?
"What, though I leave this dull, and earthly mould,
Yet, shall my spirit, lofty converse hold
With after times — the Patriarch shall feel
My stern alarm, and unsheath his steel:
"Or in the senate, thunder out my numbers,
To startle Princes from their easy slumbers.
"The Sage will mingle with each moral theme
My happy thoughts, sententious: he will turn
With lofty Periods, when my Verses fire him,
And then I'll stoop from Heaven, to inspire him —
"Lays have I left, of such a dear delight,
That Maids will sing them on their bridal night.

FACSIMILE OF PART OF KEATS'S "EPISTLE TO MY BROTHER GEORGE." FROM THE ORIGINAL, IN POSSESSION OF MR. WILLIAM H. ARNOLD.

like a visitant from a near and vivid past. "I fancied," says Mr. M——, "I could identify the very tree under which he placed his breakfast chair to listen entranced to the song of the nightingale, and write his imperishable ode. Then would come a vision of the last sad days spent in this sheltered garden, when the poet was waging such a desperate fight with his swift, inevitable fate, and looking forward to that death which he had called 'soft names in many a musèd rhyme,' but which in his agony of soul he now felt to be the

her to be? Not if she looked like the only sketch of her extant, the silhouette by Édouart; beautiful, indeed, if she was like the draped figure in Titian's "Sacred and Profane Love," which Severn thought she resembled.¹

Two years after Keats's death Severn finished a portrait of him, which is now in the National Portrait Gallery, London, and which is here reproduced, it is believed, for the first time.² The coloring of the original is very pleasing, with its contrasts of light and shade. The hair is a deep, rich auburn,—yellow-brown, as the

¹ Readers may be interested to know that an engraving by Mr. Cole of this beautiful figure will be printed in the November number of THE CENTURY.—EDITOR.

² In August, 1894, when permission was granted to

photograph this portrait for me, Sir George Scharf appeared to be strong and well, but in April of this year came news of his death. An authority in matters of art, his loss will be keenly felt.

That you first taught me all the secrets of song:
 The grand the sweet, the True, the free the Fine;
 What swell'd with Pathos, and what right divine;
 Spenserian novels, that clope with ease,
 And float along like Buds for summer Seas;
 Miltonian Glories, and more, Miltonian tenderness;
 Michael in Arms, and more, melt e'en fair slenderess.
 Who read for me the Sonnet, swelling loudly
 Up to its Climax, and then dying proudly?
 Who found for me the Grandeur of the Ode,
 Growing, like Atlas, stronger from its load?
 Who let me taste that more than cordial draw,
 The shock, the rafter pointed Epigram?
 Show'd me that Epic was of all the King,
 Round, vast, and spanning all, like Saturn's Ring?

FACSIMILE OF PART OF KEATS'S EPISTLE "TO CHARLES COWDEN CLARKE." FROM THE ORIGINAL, IN POSSESSION OF MR. WILLIAM H. ARNOLD.

catalogue has it,—the expression of the face thoughtful and intent. The view through the open window is into the garden of Wentworth Place. Severn asserted that the room, the open window, the carpet, the chairs, were all portraits, even to the mezzotint portrait of Shakspeare hanging on the wall. "On the morning of my visit to Hampstead in 1819 I found Keats sitting with the two chairs as I have painted him. After this time he lost his cheerfulness, and I never saw him like himself again."

The book open upon Keats's knee is probably Shakspeare. About two years before he had written to Haydon: "I never quite despair, and I read Shakspeare. Indeed I shall, I think, never read any other book more. . . . I am very near agreeing with Hazlitt that Shakspeare is enough for us."

Before I end these rambling notes of this Hampstead visit, it may be of interest to mention that once I had the pleasure of meeting a gentleman who had known Leigh Hunt in his later years, and had often heard him speak of Keats and that "heart of hearts," Shelley. "I loved them both," Hunt would say in his tender, sympathetic way, "Keats not so well as Shelley, but he was very dear to me. I can

never forget the manner in which his genius first impressed me. Of all men I have met, he had most of the true poetic spirit. Shelley was largely a politician and a reformer, Wordsworth a philosopher and teacher, but Keats was pure poet. In the midst of London streets he was in the thick of the wild-woods; in the woods he never looked at an oak-tree without seeing the dryad. He lived with all those beautiful fancies and dreams which made the earth once so divine a place to the old Greeks. . . . In character he was strong and manly, had a masterful and earnest spirit. I respected him as well as loved him. . . . At the last, when he was so sensitive, so suspicious, so miserably restless, we all knew it was not a revelation of his real character, but a manifestation of his disease."

My informant told me that once he was with Hunt when Mary Shelley, accompanied by her son, visited him. In the midst of their tender reminiscences, he remembered that Hunt spoke of Keats, and regretted that he had not more strenuously taken his part against his infamous reviewers. "He did not need my help," Hunt would say, "for he bore the shafts from those cowardly hunters with smiling cour-

age; and indeed my defense would have hurt his cause far more than it would have helped. . . . A few years more, after I am gone, people all over England will be speaking of Keats, and doing homage to his rare intellectual qualities. They will acknowledge that I was right in my prophecy, published some time ago, that he was

as true a man of genius as these latter times have seen, one of those who are too genuine and original to be properly appreciated at first, but whose time for applause will infallibly arrive with the many." And then Hunt would relapse into silence, his eyes gazing into the distance, as though he saw unutterable visions.

Kenyon West.

THE INFLUENCE OF KEATS.



ONE of the things that surprised and bewildered dear old Colonel Newcome when he gathered his boy's friends around the mahogany tree in the dull, respectable dining-room at 12 Fitzroy Square, was to hear George Warrington deliver, between huge puffs of tobacco smoke, the opinion "that young Keats was a genius to be estimated in future days with young Raphael." At this Charles Honeyman would sagely nod his ambrosial head, while Clive Newcome assented with sparkling eyes. But to the Colonel, sitting kindly grave and silent at the head of the table, and recalling (somewhat dimly) the wigged and powdered poetry of the age of Queen Anne, such a critical sentiment seemed radical and revolutionary, almost ungente-lymanly.

But how astonished he would have been sixty years later if he had taken up Mr. Sidney Colvin's "Life of Keats," and read in the concluding chapter of that vivacious work the deliberate and remarkable judgment that "by power, as well as by temperament and aim, he was the most Shaksperian spirit that has lived since Shakspeare!"

In truth, from the beginning the poetry of Keats has been visited too much by thunderstorms of praise. It was the indiscriminate enthusiasm of his friends that drew out the equally indiscriminate ridicule of his enemies. It was the premature salutation offered to him as a supreme master of the most difficult of all arts that gave point and sting to the criticism of evident defects in his work. "The Examiner" nailed him, before his first volume had been printed, as one who was destined to revive the early vigor of English poetry. "Blackwood's Magazine" retorted by quoting his feeblest lines and calling him "Johnny Keats." The suspicion of log-rolling led to its usual result in a volley of stone-throwing.

Happily, the fame and influence of a true poet are not determined by the partizan conflicts which are waged about his name. He may suffer some personal loss by having to breathe, at times, a perturbed atmosphere of mingled flattery and abuse instead of the still air of delightful studies. He may be robbed of some days of a life already far too short, by the pestilent noise and confusion arising from that scramble for notoriety which is often unduly honored with the name of "literary activity." And there are some men whose days of real inspiration are so few, and whose poetic gift is so slender, that this loss proves fatal to them. They are completely carried away and absorbed by the speculations and strifes of the market-place. They spend their time in the intrigues of rival poetic enterprises, and learn to regard current quotations in the trade journals as the only standard of value. Minor poets at the outset, they are tempted to risk their little all on the stock exchange of literature, and, losing their last title to the noun, retire to bankruptcy on the adjective.

But Keats did not belong to this frail and foolish race. His lot was cast in a world of petty conflict and ungenerous rivalry, but he was not of that world. It hurt him a little, but it did not ruin him. His spiritual capital was too large, and he regarded it as too sacred to be imperiled by vain speculations. He had in Chaucer and Spenser, Shakspeare and Chapman, Milton and Petrarch, older and wiser friends than Leigh Hunt. For him

The blue
Bared its eternal bosom, and the dew
Of summer nights collected still to make
The morning precious: beauty was awake!

He perceived, by that light which comes only to high-souled and noble-hearted poets,

The great end
Of poesy, that it should be a friend
To soothe the cares and lift the thoughts of man.

He gave to that end the best that he had to give, freely, generously, joyously pouring himself into the ministry of his art. He did not dream for a moment that the gift was perfect. Flattery could not blind him to the limitations and defects of his early work. He was his own best and clearest critic. But he knew that so far as it went his poetic inspiration was true. He had faithfully followed the light of a pure and elevating joy in the opulent, manifold beauty of nature, and in the eloquent significance of old-world legends, and he believed that it had already led him to a place among the poets whose verse would bring delight, in far-off years, to the sons and daughters of mankind. He believed also that if he kept alive his faith in the truth of beauty and the beauty of truth it would lead him on yet further, into a nobler life and closer to those immortal bards whose

Souls still speak
To mortals of their little week;
Of their sorrows and delights;
Of their passions and their spites;
Of their glory and their shame;
What doth strengthen and what maim.

He expressed this faith very clearly in the early and unequal poem called "Sleep and Poetry," in a passage which begins

Oh, for ten years, that I may overwhelm
Myself in poesy! so I may do the deed
That my own soul has to itself decreed.

And then, before four years had followed that brave wish, his voice fell silent under a wasting agony of pain and love, and the daisies were growing upon his Roman grave.

The pathos of his frustrated hope, his early death, has sometimes blinded men a little, it seems to me, to the real character of his work and the true quality of his influence in poetry. He has been lamented in the golden verse of Shelley's "Adonais," and in the prose of a hundred writers who have shared Shelley's errors without partaking of his genius, as the loveliest innocent ever martyred by the cruelty of hostile critics. But, in fact, the vituperations of Gifford and his crew were no more responsible for the death of Keats than the stings of insects for the death of a man who has perished of fever on the coast of Africa. They added to his sufferings, no doubt, but they did not take away his life. Keats had far too much virtue in the old Roman sense—far too much courage, to be killed by a criticism. He died of consumption, as he clearly and sadly knew that he was fated to do when he first saw the drop of arterial blood upon his pillow. Nor is it just, although it may seem generous, to estimate his fame chiefly by the anticipation of what he

might have accomplished if he had lived longer; to praise him for his promise at the expense of his performance; and to rest his claim to a place among the English poets upon an uncertain prophecy of rivalry with Shakspeare. I hear a far sounder note in Lowell's manly essay, when he says: "No doubt there is something tropical and of strange overgrowth in his sudden maturity, but it *was* maturity nevertheless." I hear the accent of a wiser and saner criticism in the sonnet of one of our living American poets:

Touch not with dark regret his perfect fame,
Sighing, "Had he but lived he had done so";
Or, "Were his heart not eaten out with woe
John Keats had won a prouder, mightier
name!"
Take him for what he was and did—nor blame
Blind fate for all he suffered. Thou shouldst
know
Souls such as his escape no mortal blow—
No agony of joy, or sorrow, or shame.

"Take him for what he was and did"—that should be the key-note of our thought of Keats as a poet. The exquisite harmony of his actual work with his actual character; the truth of what he wrote to what his young heart saw and felt and enjoyed; the simplicity of his very exuberance of ornament, and the naturalness of his artifice; the sincerity of his love of beauty and the beauty of his sincerity—these are the qualities which give an individual and lasting charm to his poetry, and make his gift to the world complete in itself and very precious, although—or perhaps we should even say because—it was imperfect and unfinished.

Youth itself is imperfect: it is impulsive, visionary, and unrestrained; full of tremulous delight in its sensations, but not yet thoroughly awake to the deeper meanings of the world; avid of novelty and mystery, but not yet fully capable of hearing or interpreting the still, small voice of divine significance which breathes from the simple and familiar elements of life. And yet youth has its own completeness as a season of man's existence. It is justified and indispensable. Alfred de Musset's

We old men of yesterday

are simply monstrous. And the poetry which expresses and represents youth, the poetry of sensation and sentiment, has its own place in the literature of the world. This is the order to which the poetry of Keats belongs.

He is not a feminine poet, as Mr. Coventry Patmore calls him, any more than Theocritus or Tennyson is feminine; for the quality of extreme sensitiveness to outward beauty is not an exclusive mark of femininity: it is found in men

as often as in women, but it is always most keen and joyous and overmastering in the morning of the soul. Keats is not a virile poet, like Dante or Shakspeare or Milton; and that he would have become one if he had lived is only a happy and loving guess. He is certainly not a member of the senile school of poetry, which celebrates the impotent and morbid passions of decay, with a *café chantant* for its temple, and the smoke of cigarettes for incense, and cups of wormwood for its libations, and for its goddess not the immortal Venus rising from the sea, but the weary, painted, and decrepit Venus sinking into the gutter.

He is in the highest and best sense of the word a juvenile poet—"mature," as Lowell says, but mature, as genius always is, within the boundaries and in the spirit of his own season of life. The very sadness of his lovely odes, "To a Nightingale," "On a Grecian Urn," "To Autumn," "To Psyche," is the pleasant melancholy of the springtime of the heart. "The Eve of St. Agnes," pure and passionate, surprising by its fine excess of color and melody, sensuous in every line, yet free from the slightest taint of sensuality, is unforgettable and unsurpassable as the dream of first love. The poetry of Keats, small in bulk and slight in body as it seems at first sight to be, endures, and will endure, in English literature, because it is the embodiment of the spirit of immortal youth.

Here, I think, we touch its secret as an influence upon other poets. For that it has been an influence—in the older sense of the word, which carries with it a reference to the guiding and controlling force supposed to flow from the stars to the earth—is beyond all doubt. The "History of English Literature," with which Taine amused us some twenty-five years ago, nowhere displays its narrowness of vision more egregiously than in its failure to take account of Gray, Collins, and Keats as fashioners of English poetry. Our American critic, Mr. Stedman, shows a far broader and more intelligent understanding of the subject when he says that "Wordsworth begot the mind, and Keats the body, of the idyllic Victorian School." We can trace the influence of Keats not merely in the conscious or unconscious imitations of his manner, like those which are so evident in the early poems of Tennyson and Procter, in Hood's "Plea of the Midsummer Fairies" and "Lycus the Centaur," in Rossetti's "Ballads and Sonnets," and William Morris's "Earthly Paradise," but also in the youthful spirit of delight in the retelling of old tales of mythology and chivalry; in the quickened sense of pleasure in the luxuriance and abundance of natural beauty; in the freedom of overflowing cadences transmitting ancient

forms of verse into new and flexible measures; in the large liberty of imaginative diction, making all nature sympathize with the joy and sorrow of man,—in brief, in many of the finest marks of a renaissance, a renewed youth, which characterize the poetry of the Victorian era. I do not mean to say that Keats alone, or chiefly, was responsible for this renaissance. He never set up to lead a movement or to found a school. His genius is not to be compared with that of a commanding artist like Giotto or Leonardo or Michelangelo, but rather with that of a painter like Botticelli, whose personal and expressive charm makes itself felt in the work of many painters who learned secrets of grace and beauty from him, though they were not his professed disciples or followers.

Take for example Matthew Arnold. He called himself, and no doubt rightly, a Wordsworthian. But it was not from Wordsworth that he caught the strange and searching melody of "The Forsaken Merman," or learned to embroider the laments for "Thyrsis" and "The Scholar-Gypsy" with opulence of such varied bloom as makes death itself seem lovely. It was from John Keats. Or read the description of the tapestry on the castle walls in "Tristram and Iseult." How perfectly that repeats the spirit of Keats's descriptions in "The Eve of St. Agnes"! It is picturesque poetry.

Indeed, we shall fail to do justice to the influence of Keats unless we recognize also that it has produced direct and distinct effects in the art of painting. The English Preraphaelites owed much to his inspiration. Holman Hunt found two of his earliest subjects for pictures in "The Eve of St. Agnes" and "The Pot of Basil." Millais painted "Lorenzo and Isabella," and Rossetti "La Belle Dame sans Merci." There is an evident sympathy between their art, which insisted that every detail in a picture is precious, and should be painted with truthful care for its beauty, and the poetry of Keats, which is filled, and even overfilled, with minute and loving touches of exquisite elaboration.

But it must be remembered that in poetry, as well as in painting, the spirit of picturesqueness has its dangers. The details may be multiplied until the original design is lost. The harmony and lucidity of a poem may be destroyed by innumerable digressions and descriptions. In some of his poems—in "Endymion" and in "Lamia"—Keats fell very deep into this fault, and no one knew it better than himself. But when he was at his best he had the power of blending a hundred delicate details with his central vision, and making every touch heighten and enhance the general effect. How wonderful in its unity is the "Ode on a

Grecian Urn"! How complete and magical the opening lines of "Hyperion":

Deep in the shady sadness of a vale
Far sunken from the healthy breath of morn,
Far from the fiery Noon, and eve's one star,
Sat gray-hair'd Saturn, quiet as a stone,
Still as the silence round about his lair;
Forest on forest hung about his head
Like cloud on cloud.

How large and splendid is the imagery of the sonnet "On First Looking into Chapman's Homer"! And who that has any sense of poetry does not recognize the voice of a master in the two superb lines of the last poem that Keats wrote? — the sonnet in which he speaks of the bright star

watching, with eternal lids apart,
Like Nature's patient, sleepless Eremite,
The moving waters at their priestlike task
Of pure ablation round earth's human shores.

The poets of America have not been slow to recognize the charm and power of Keats. Holmes and Longfellow and Lowell paid homage to him in their verse. Lanier inscribed to his memory a poem called "Clover." Mr. R. W. Gilder has two sonnets which celebrate his "perfect fame." And there are many of our younger poets who would join with Mr. Frank Dempster Sherman in twining a garland for Keats among

The poets nine
Whose verse
I love best to rehearse.

But I seem to find an even deeper and larger tribute to his influence in the features of resemblance to his manner and spirit which flash out here and there, unexpectedly and unconsciously, in the poetry of our New World. Emerson was so unlike Keats in his intellectual constitution as to make all contact between them appear improbable, if not impossible. And yet no one can read Emerson's "May-Day," and Keats's exquisitely truthful and imaginative lines on "Fancy," one after the other, without feeling that the two poems are very near of kin. Lowell's "Legend of Brittany" has caught, not only the measure, but also the tone and the diction of "Isabella"; the famous introduction to "The Vision of Sir Launfal," with its often quoted line,

What is so rare as a day in June?

finds a parallel in the opening verses of "Sleep and Poetry"—

What is more gentle than a wind in summer?

and Lowell's "Endymion," which he calls "a mystical comment on Titian's 'Sacred and Profane Love,'" is full of echoes from Keats, like this:

My day began not till the twilight fell
And lo! in ether from heaven's sweetest well
The new moon swam, divinely isolate
In maiden silence, she that makes my fate
Haply not knowing it, or only so
As I the secrets of my sheep may know.

In Sidney Lanier's luxuriant and melodious "Hymns of the Marshes" there are innumerable touches in the style of Keats; for example, his apostrophe to the

Reverend marsh, low-couched along the sea,
Old chemist, wrapped in alchemy,
Distilling silence,—

or his praise of the

Beautiful glooms, soft dusks in the noon-day
fire,
Wildwood privacies, closets of lone desire,
Chamber from chamber parted with wavering
arras of leaves.

One of the richest and most sustained pieces of elegiac verse that have yet been produced in America, Mr. George E. Woodberry's noble poem called "The North Shore Watch," has many passages that recall the young poet who wrote

A thing of beauty is a joy forever.

Indeed, we hear the very spirit of Endymion speaking in Mr. Woodberry's lines:

Beauty abides, nor suffers mortal change,
Eternal refuge of the orphaned mind.

And now one more poet—and I think a true one—comes to add his name to those who have seen the bright star of immortal youth in the poetry of Keats. Father Tabb, in one of his delicately finished little poems, imagines Sappho, amid the Olympian throng, listening to the "Ode to a Nightingale," and hearing in it

The pantings of her heart.

Yes; the memory and influence of Keats endure, and will endure, because his poetry expresses something in the heart that will not die so long as there are young men and maidens to see and feel the beauty of the world and the thrill of love. It is complete, it is true, it is justified, because it is the fitting utterance of one of those periods of mental life which Keats himself has called "the human seasons."

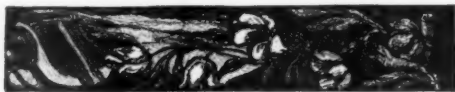
But its completeness and its truth depend

upon its relation, in itself and in the poet's mind, to the larger world of poetry, the fuller life, the rounded year of man. After all, we find it impossible truly to understand the performance of Keats without considering his promise; we cannot appreciate what he did without remembering that it was only part of what he hoped to do. He was not one of those who believe that the ultimate aim of poetry is loveliness, and that there is no higher law above the law of "art for art's sake." The poets of arrested development, the artificers of mere melody and

form, who say that art must always play and never teach, the musicians who are content to remain forever

The idle singers of an empty day, are not his true followers. He held that "beauty is truth," but he held also another article that has been too often left out in the repetition of his poetic creed: he held "truth beauty," and he hoped one day to give a clear, full utterance to that higher, holier vision. Perhaps he has, but not to mortal ears.

Henry van Dyke.



HAROLD.

UP from the trodden sand lift his red plume;
Shoot his maimed stallion, and sheathe his red sword:
Bury him there where the cliffs make a gloom
And the cedars hang desolate over the ford.

Helmet and cuirass and scabbard of steel,
Gauntlets and top-boots and clatter of spur,—
Dumb now the clashing from thigh-bone to heel,
And harmless as dragon-fly mocking them there.

Such a great fight there will never be more:
Harold alone there, with pistols and sword,
Shooting them down when they rode to the shore,
Cutting them down when they rode from the ford;

Twenty long minutes he held it, and then
Shouting came down from the pass overhead;
He turned in his saddle to cheer on his men,
And the gray rocks that saw it were splattered with red.

Bury him there where the waters swing by,
And the gloom of the mountain hangs over the ford;
With his feet to the rock and his face to the sky,
And the grip of his hand on the hilt of his sword.

Bury him there where the winds in the pass
Will cry him the dirges the sere cedars know.
No tear will awake him of comrade or lass,
Where we leave him to dream in the grass and the snow.

Only the flare of his surging red plume
Like the flag of a hero will challenge the ford,
Till the last great "To horse!" will blare over his tomb,
And he'll lead us again with his hand on his sword.

G. E. Theodore Roberts.

LIFE IN THE TUILERIES UNDER THE SECOND EMPIRE.¹

BY AN INMATE OF THE PALACE.



NE of the most remarkable men of the court of Napoleon III. was the Duc de Morny, who was known to be a son of the Emperor's mother, Queen Hortense: a very questionable honor, which, however, he put forward on every possible occasion in a manner showing a complete absence of all innate delicacy of feeling. His gentlemanlike demeanor and perfect courtly grace were unsurpassed; but nevertheless he placed significantly on the panels of his carriage the flower of the hydrangea, called by the French "Hortensia," and in general omitted nothing that could recall his birth.

After his special embassy to Russia, on the occasion of the coronation of Alexander II., he married a young Princess Troubetskoi, to whom public rumor ascribed an origin of the same kind as his own (attributed to the Emperor Nicholas); on which Morny said cynically: "I am the son of a queen, the brother of an emperor, the son-in-law of an emperor—*et c'est tout naturel.*"

Even at the court of Napoleon III., where there was not much austerity of principle, the effrontery of this speech caused disgust. Morny was very like Napoleon III., but much better looking, of taller and finer figure, with more elegance and charm of manner. He was guided only by self-interest, and was esteemed by no one, but his natural cleverness, his determined spirit, and his wonderful power of attracting the most unwilling, made him a valuable auxiliary to the Emperor, to whom his loss was an irreparable misfortune.

His wife was one of those strange beings—of whom there were several in the society of that day—whose tempers, whims, and caprices would have required energetic repression in the case of children of six years old, and were absolutely astonishing in women supposed to have reached years of discretion. Mme. de Morny was very pretty, but her figure was little, fragile, and thin. Her features were delicate, and her pale complexion was of dazzling fairness; her tiny nose was sharp, and her dark eyes had a fierce expression, the reverse of attractive, and were in startling contrast to

her flaxen hair, so light as to be almost silvery—so that she was called "La Souris Blanche" (the white mouse).

At the Empress's fancy ball she figured in a dance of sixteen ladies representing the four elements, and of course was one of those personifying air, being dressed with floating streamers of gauzy blue and white. When the dance was over, it was followed by another representing the characters of the fairy-tales of our childhood, and Mme. de Morny sat down by the Comtesse de Tascher and myself to see the dance. But the Duc de Dino, who had chosen the extraordinary disguise of the "stump of a tree," swathed like a mummy in bands of dark-brown linen, with all the supposed young shoots standing out like a bush round his head, brought his unwelcome figure just before us, and, being a small man, was just on our level, his bushy head forming a complete screen. We were all annoyed, though naturally silent; but Mme. de Morny, addressing him in a haughty, imperious tone, cried, "*Ôtez-vous de là!*" (Go away from here!) He turned, looked at her from head to foot with ineffable disdain, and did not move. She uttered a fierce growl, and, like a small tigress, flew at him, seizing him by the branches about his head, and trying to pull him forcibly aside. He took no notice, and, failing in her attempt, she was forced to sit down, in a state of fury.

Such an exhibition of temper in a court ball-room may give some idea of the home delights which she provided for her husband. I remember a large official dinner-party where the de Tascher family were among the guests, and where the Duc de Morny was obliged to do the honors alone, because in a fit of temper and caprice his wife refused to appear. He was quite equal to the occasion, and to others of the same kind, playing his part of host with his usual charming grace and apparently unruffled equanimity.

A great contrast to Morny was found in Comte Walewski, another of the celebrated men who figured at the court and councils of Napoleon III. Here, too, was a "bend sinister," sufficiently revealed by his striking likeness to Napoleon I., but a more agreeable version of the well-known face than that of Prince Napoleon. The Comte de Tascher

¹ See THE CENTURY for September, page 709.

had, among many others, a small portrait of the great Emperor which, he told me, was the best likeness he had seen. This portrait seemed reproduced in Comte Walewski: the features, the peculiar pallor, the shade of the gray-blue eyes, and their expression, were strikingly similar. But, unlike Morny, he had the good taste to keep the explanation in the background. At a court reception he happened to hear a lady say to another, "How wonderfully like his father!" He turned, and with that stiff, rather haughty demeanor which made him in some degree unpopular, gravely remarked: "I was not aware, madame, that Comte Walewski had the honor of being personally known to you."

He was not considered agreeable, showing too much of the statesman even in private life; but he was a gentleman and more esteemed than Morny, although not so much liked. His wife, however, by her particularly graceful and amiable manners, greatly assisted him in retaining some popularity. Every one was attracted by the Comtesse Walewska, who never lost an opportunity of doing a kind act, or of obliging others in those small things of daily life which are so pleasing and so valuable. She was also quiet and ladylike. Her beauty was much extolled; but this seemed more due to a general impression of a very charming and most agreeable woman than to beauty taken in a literal sense.

The Princesse Clotilde, whom every one watched with pitying interest, had now settled down into her regular life, and it soon became evident to all that it would have been impossible to choose anywhere a wife more utterly uncongenial to Prince Napoleon. She was, and is still, a princess of medieval times, a Saint Elizabeth of Hungary, neither very highly educated nor very clever, caring only for her religious practices and her works of charity. She soon ceased to pay much attention to her toilet, reaching even the point of carelessness, which greatly annoyed her husband. It must be acknowledged that the devotion of the Princesse Clotilde went perhaps beyond what was quite judicious, but no one had any influence over her, and what she considered her duty was performed with a sort of gentle, placid stubbornness which allowed of no expostulation.

At first she showed particular graciousness to my elder pupil, the future Princess Thurn und Taxis, who was about her own age, and whose manners evidently pleased her. Had this first sympathetic intercourse been encouraged, they might have reached friendly intimacy, but the de Tascher de la Pageries, being on the Beauharnais side of the imperial family, were never on very cordial terms with the

Bonapartes, and the Princes Napoleon and Jerome were particularly disliked by the Duc de Tascher; consequently the intercourse with the Palais Royal was limited to strict courtly etiquette and politeness.

The ladies who had been first appointed to attend the Princesse Clotilde were treated with such rudeness by Prince Napoleon that one after another sent in her resignation, so that finally the princess had about her only ladies chosen out of the circle composed of his friends and their wives, whose ways and opinions were in opposition to all her own. The style and language of her sister-in-law, the Princesse Mathilde, could only shock her feelings, and she was not attracted by the gay doings of the imperial court, where she appeared only on necessary occasions. Being accustomed to traditional etiquette, she combined the pride of rank, which she considered proper dignity, with Christian humility. "She is a true princess," was commonly said of her. At the present time she attends the poor, like a hospital sister, wearing a hospital apron, and shrinking from no act of charity, however repulsive; and although upon rising, she dresses without assistance, her attendants are required to be within reach and in readiness to give their services, because it is proper that such should be the case. No usage of etiquette is overlooked, because it is right that she should be treated as a royal princess.

During the Empire, even in her early youth, no one dared to show the least familiarity in the presence of the Princesse Clotilde; but the stiff decorum of her circle did not make home life agreeable. During the day her ladies accompanied her to the churches, where they unwillingly awaited her pleasure for hours. In the evening they were seated about a table with their work, while the princess herself diligently plied her needle, speaking very little, and not encouraging any one else to talk. Some ladies, accustomed more to the "brusque" ways of the master of the house than to the tact required in the presence of a king's daughter, tried to speak of public affairs, wondering, for instance, how matters would end between Victor Emmanuel and Pope Pius IX., which must evidently have been most displeasing to the Princesse Clotilde. Scarcely looking up, she replied very gently, but so as to silence effectually the indiscreet talkers: "The intentions are good; matters are in God's hands, and what is his will must happen." But never to any one did she express her private opinions, or utter anything more definite than such truisms. She lived alone, and had no confidential friends. That such a home should have been unutterably wearisome to Prince Napoleon is not surprising, though it is doubtful

whether any wife, however gifted, could have retained a hold upon his affections.

At the time of the marriage the Empress Eugénie had hoped to find a friend in the young and interesting bride; but she soon discovered that intimacy would be impossible. The princess was cold, dignified, and not devoid of a perceptible shade of haughtiness, and withal intensely devout; while the Empress, notwithstanding all that has been said of her "clerical" tendencies, was at that time only moderately religious, a victim to ennui, and ready for anything that could diversify the monotony of her life.

One of the chamberlains told me that as he preceded the Emperor and Empress on one occasion he heard the Emperor remonstrating on her love of pleasure, and the fatigue which it often caused her. She answered that she could not help it, as she was dying of ennui, and concluded with an earnest entreaty to be taken with him to the camp at Châlons. The Emperor strongly objected: a camp of soldiery would be no place for her, and she would be very uncomfortable; besides, what possible attraction could she find there?

As usual, the Empress had her own way. She went to the camp, and slept in a tent with an umbrella over her bed because the rain came through; she walked about among the troops with mud up to her ankles, protected by gaiters, and was delighted. Anything for a change. But such a proceeding had no precedent in former reigns, and was much criticized. The lofty enmity of the aristocrats of the Faubourg St. Germain, who looked down contemptuously upon everything said or done by "Mlle. de Montijo" (for they did not even vouchsafe to call her "Mme. Bonaparte"), especially stung her to the quick; and after shrinking at first from their criticism, she became irritated even to recklessness. "Those people all seem to despise me, and to look down upon me as an inferior," she said bitterly; "and yet surely the 'blue blood' of Spain is worth something!"

"High life below stairs!" was the remark made to me, in English, by a leader of fashion in the dreaded Faubourg, where I had retained friends and family connections, many of whom would not at first visit me in my new abode at the Tuileries. "Why do you keep bad company?" was their answer when I expostulated.

The arrival of ambassadors extraordinary from Oriental lands brought some diversion to the monotony of the imperial court, which the Empress welcomed with delight. In those days a sultan or a shah did not show his sacred person in giaour regions, and but little was known of their distant countries, which seemed to belong to the world of the "Arabian Nights."

When the arrival of an ambassador from Persia was officially announced the Empress Eugénie had but one thought — that of dazzling his Oriental mind by a wonderful display of European magnificence. Usually a queen-consort never appeared officially on such occasions; but the Empress decided that she would be present in state, with all her ladies about her in full court dress, which she herself would also wear, with a profusion of jewels. Everything was settled according to her wishes: she was present at the reception of the embassy, seated in imperial state, and looking very beautiful. When the Persian ambassador retired, one of the French gentlemen who had escorted him into the imperial presence asked what he thought of the Empress.

"The Empress!" he exclaimed, with contemptuous astonishment. "I did not look at her. It is beneath my dignity to look at a woman. I saw only the Emperor."

This result of so much trouble was rather disconcerting for those concerned, and there was a good deal of suppressed laughter among the officials who had witnessed the ceremony.

Next came the embassy of Siam, described to us by the Bavarian minister as "a set of fellows in long silk dressing-gowns, looking as if they had been molded in greenish chocolate," and who were to bring to the Emperor the presents sent by the King of Siam, which they were to offer on their hands and knees. The Emperor, who had decided to receive them in the gallery of Henry II. at the palace of Fontainebleau, earnestly wished to dispense with this part of the ceremony; but he was told that he would only lose all majesty in their appreciation, and all claim to their respect.

The Empress was also present in full imperial state, with her ladies about her. The latter had been particularly requested not to yield to any temptation to laugh during the performance; indeed, the sight of human beings crawling on the floor like animals was so painful that no one felt any inclination even to smile. The unfortunate ambassador carried above his head a large gold cup or bowl containing the presents, and was consequently obliged to use his elbows to work his way forward on his knees. When he reached the throne, panting and gasping, the Emperor could bear the sight no longer, and stepped down to save him the ascent, taking the presents from him, and raising him to his feet.

I remember seeing the Siamese, who were the great "lions" of the day, at the opera, and thinking the description of the Bavarian minister graphic and accurate. The opera represented was Félicien David's "Herculeanum," and the alarm of the Siamese at the final conflagration was amusing to witness. They were,

not unnaturally, convinced that the theater was on fire, and insisted on leaving the building, pointing to the stage with the greatest terror, rushing to the door of the box, and most reluctantly returning with the French who escorted them. They were evidently much relieved when the curtain fell and they were allowed to retire.

On official occasions, such as the preceding and others, an important part in the preparations fell to the share of a functionary who, though unnoticed, was not unknown—the hair-dresser of the Empress, named Leroy. Of course all fashionable ladies wished to have their hair dressed by Leroy; but on great occasions only those of high rank or prominent positions could aspire to the care of the great man himself. All others had to be satisfied with the skill of his assistants. He was a stout, middle-aged man, who came in his carriage at the hour he pleased, and who rushed in like a conqueror, waving his comb, dressed in a brown linen over-suit, ordering the servants about, and desiring the presence of their mistress immediately, for he could not be kept waiting. Duchesses and princesses who had spent the day in white wrappers to be ready for his offices then flew to their dressing-rooms with all due submission and alacrity. In two minutes their hair was disheveled on their shoulders, and with marvelous rapidity gathered up and arranged according to his taste and fancy, while he talked incessantly, principally of the Empress, lauding her to the skies; then, reverting to Marie Antoinette and *her* hair-dresser, he would say that if *he* had filled that post she would never have been guillotined. Oh, no; he would have found means to prevent that! He would guarantee that nothing could happen to the Empress Eugénie!—and so forth. Meanwhile the hair in his hands would become really beautifully adorned, and as he put in the jewels he would say proudly: “No fear of their coming out. No lady ever lost a diamond that *I* had fastened!”

And truly they were wonderfully secure. The result of his rapid manipulation was always perfect, but it was dearly paid for by hours of waiting. I have seen the Duchesse de Tascher with her hair dressed for a ball at eleven o'clock in the morning, and sitting motionless during the whole day that nothing should be disturbed in her head-dress.

When the King of Prussia¹ visited Napoleon III. at Compiègne, the Empress of course considered the presence of Leroy indispensable, and he was summoned to Compiègne for the whole of the king's visit. But it so happened that some important wedding festivities at Ber-

lin had caused lucrative offers to be addressed to Leroy, who explained the case to the Empress, imploring her to dispense with his services. Too kind to refuse, yet considerably vexed, and engrossed by that one thought, the Empress came to the Emperor's private room, where he was deeply engaged in political cogitations, caused by the visit of the king and the matters to be discussed.

“Can you imagine anything more tiresome?” she said to the Emperor. “Here is Leroy, who has been apologizing and entreating my forgiveness because he has been summoned to Berlin and must go immediately!”

The Emperor, to whom the sound “Leroy” could mean only *‘le roi’* (the king), and who thought only of the King of Prussia, exclaimed in great alarm: “Le roi summoned to Berlin! But this is most serious! How is it that I have not been informed? You say he is going immediately! What can have happened?”

The Empress, surprised at the extreme interest shown by the Emperor in the proceedings of Leroy, continued her lamentations till at last the Emperor discovered that the important departure was that—of her hair-dresser!

The fourth year of my residence at the palace was marked by a family event—the “golden wedding,” or fiftieth anniversary of the marriage of the Comte and Comtesse de Tascher de la Pagerie, which was celebrated at Baden-Baden in the presence of all their children and grandchildren.

A curious circumstance occurred on this occasion which is worthy of mention. The (Princesse) Comtesse de Tascher had lost, many years before, her wedding-ring, to her great distress, and it had never been found. Shortly before the festivities of the golden wedding, the Duchess of Hamilton, on looking over the jewels left by her mother, the Grand Duchess of Baden, whose death had occurred during the preceding winter, found a small packet labeled, “The wedding-ring of Amélie von der Leyen, sold by a Jew peddler as having belonged to the Empress Josephine. To be returned.” It was evident that the grand duchess, who was the most forgetful of women, had put this away carefully and entirely forgotten it. The Duchess of Hamilton, seeing the inscription engraved inside, “Louis de Tascher de la Pagerie—Amélie von der Leyen,” with the date of their marriage, sent it to the count with the above explanation. He kept the matter secret till the “golden wedding,” when the ring which had been lost for so long was again placed on the finger of the Princess Amélie von der Leyen on the fiftieth anniversary of the marriage which had taken place under the sad circumstances already related.²

¹ Afterward William I., Emperor of Germany.

² See *THE CENTURY* for September, page 709.

I was much moved on this occasion by the kindness of the old count, who called me to him, saying, "My dear, in commemoration of my fiftieth wedding-day I have had rings made for all my children, and here is yours." I have always worn it since as a precious memorial.

The golden wedding was closely followed by the marriage of my elder pupil, Eugénie de Tascher de la Pagerie, to Prince Maximilian von Thurn und Taxis; and, alas! a few months later, by the death of her dear grandfather, for whom I mourned as if I had indeed been one of his children.

The Emperor and Empress visited him constantly during his illness, the Empress herself undertaking various small cares of the sick-room, as a daughter might have done. The Emperor was deeply moved when he saw that the end was at hand; the tears, which he could not repress, were running down his face as he stood by the bed of his old and faithful friend. I was much struck by the gentleness of his manner and the softness of his voice, in great contrast with the somewhat harsh tones of the Empress. Napoleon III. retained his hat, according to royal privilege, but it seemed strange under such circumstances; the Empress Eugénie wore nothing on her hair, and was in home toilet of mourning for her sister, the Duchess of Alva.

The death of the venerable Comte de Tascher de la Pagerie was that of a sincere and fervent Christian, leaving memories of peace and religious hope to all who were present. The duke, his son, replaced him in his court duties, but his title of "grand master" remained in abeyance.

The Emperor and Empress came together to visit his widow, and here a painful scene took place. The body of the count was laid out in state, and, according to German custom, all visitors were at once shown into his room. This was quite unexpected by the Empress, who was so startled and shocked that she fell into violent hysterics. She was carried immediately into a room belonging to one of the ladies of the family, who hastened to offer their assistance, while the Emperor stood by helpless, like most men on such occasions, repeating, "My poor Eugénie!" in tones of consternation. But the annoyance caused by the consequences of such an unfortunate mistake left a painful impression on the mind of the Empress, and in some measure chilled her kind sympathy.

The death of her sister, the Duchess of Alva, had thrown the Empress into a very nervous and excitable state. At the same time she had serious domestic sorrows, into the cause of which the world was only too completely initiated, but which she could not discuss with her ladies, while her sister was a natural confidante

in the terrible moral isolation of her high position. The Duchess of Alva, calmer, perhaps more reasonable, than the Empress Eugénie, had a soothing influence over her violent feelings and impulsive resolutions, to which she yielded without resistance after the death of her sister. Every one knew that her violent grief, her incessant weeping, had other causes besides her recent loss, although officially it was supposed to be the only one. The Emperor was as gentle and kind as ever in his intercourse with her, but never seemed to understand the real motive of her persistent affliction, to which he attached no importance. He loved the wife he had chosen in spite of all the opposition shown by his best friends; but he was attentive to others, and very unscrupulously indulged his many fancies, as all knew; and to this his wife could never be resigned. She had not to endure the public insults which his predecessors inflicted on their consorts, but what took place in private was not the less known by the world, for monarchs live in a glass case, observed by all.

At this time the Empress began to take an interest in political matters, and it was thought advisable to humor her in this new fancy as a means of diverting her mind from other problems of a more inconvenient kind. She had held the nominal office of regent during the Italian war of 1859, and as she might be called upon to do so again, she was now allowed to be present at the councils, and she began to interfere in matters concerning affairs of state. This again was most unwelcome to the nation, always averse to female influence, and by no means willing to be governed by "Mlle. de Montijo." The nature of the Empress was particularly unfitted for political interference. She was essentially impulsive, vehement in the expression of her preferences or views, and easily worked upon by those who contrived to win her confidence. She was too sincere and straightforward to understand diplomatic intrigues or to suspect secret motives, and thus she was unknowingly induced to favor the various private interests of those by whom France and Napoleon III. were drawn into the Mexican war, with its miserable results — the beginning of the Emperor's downward career. Unhappily, the Empress Eugénie continued to interfere in political questions, and ended by taking a passionate interest in public affairs. She was surrounded by flatterers, who made her their tool for the advantage of their own views, while she mistook her own high spirit and her visions of romantic heroism for the genius of a Maria Theresa or a Catherine. At first the Emperor resisted, and while assisted by his first supporters — Morny, Walewski, even Persigny,

who, though erratic, was at least energetic and devoted—he had his own way in what was essential; but as these counselors died off, and his own health became seriously affected, he yielded more and more to an ever-increasing yearning for domestic peace.

After the Italian war there were necessarily diplomatic changes, and Baron von Hübnér, best known to the general public by his interesting travels, which show great acuteness of observation, was replaced by Prince Richard Metternich. A great name is often an inconvenient inheritance, and the agreeable, well-bred Austrian gentleman who bore this one at the court of Napoleon III. was scarcely equal to the expectations which it awakened. His wife, who was in every respect too young for such a position as that of ambassadress, soon attracted much notice of an unfavorable kind by her strange ways and fancies, which at first astonished Parisian society, and then provoked severe criticism, but finally produced bad results in the court circle.

She was merely a wayward, spoiled child, who imagined that her high rank authorized her to defy all rules of decorum, and that, so long as she abstained from what was absolutely wicked, she could do anything she pleased.

At that time there was a sort of intoxication in the very atmosphere of Paris—a fever of enjoyment, a passion for constant amusement, for constant excitement, and, among women, for extravagance of dress. This was encouraged by the court, with the intention of giving an impetus to trade and of gaining popularity by favoring constant festivities, and consequently constant expense. In the days of Louis Philippe there had been great moderation in all matters of luxury. The king and queen were aged, sensible, and economical; the princesses were kept within rigid bounds by the example above them. But when the Emperor came to the throne, after a period of revolution and consequent commercial stagnation, he wished to revive trade and also to give the prestige of splendor to a court which so many did not seem to take in earnest. His beautiful wife, suddenly raised to a supreme position for which nothing in her previous life had prepared her, finding what seemed unlimited means within her reach, keenly enjoyed the possibility of procuring everything that pleased her, and enhanced her remarkable personal attractions by all the advantages of exquisite "toilette," without consideration of cost. Everything that she wore suited her admirably; others tried to imitate her, and the general tone was raised. She had the art of constantly choosing something new and unusual which attracted attention, so that, instead of being satisfied with conventional types of silks

and satins, which formerly had been considered sufficient for all occasions, every one tried to invent something different from others, and to improve upon what had been seen before. Consequently, in all matters of taste and luxury there was an eager struggle to outvie others, to reach a higher degree of splendor, and extravagance became universal. Paris was a sort of fairyland where every one lived only for amusement, and where every one seemed rich and happy. What lay underneath all this would not bear close examination—the dishonorable acts of all kinds which too often were needed to produce the glamour deceiving superficial observers.

Into this hotbed of "poms and vanities" came the young and thoughtless Princess Metternich, with all the pride characterizing the high aristocracy of her native land, and fully disposed both to enjoy and to despise what awaited her. She had been accustomed to the restricted society of Vienna, composed of distinct circles, wheels within wheels, according to rank and social privileges; each circle keeping aloof from all others, marrying only among their equals, and associating exclusively together. As a natural consequence the quintessence of the aristocracy, forming the most limited among these circles, becomes a sort of large family: all are more or less related to one another, all are intimate from childhood. In such society the hoidenish ways of "Pauline" were only smiled at, and were not of much consequence. But when she came to a cosmopolitan city like Paris, full of observant enemies who did not care in the least for her quarterings or her faultless pedigree, and did not admit any superiority, the case was very different. Her husband ought to have understood this, and to have interposed his authority; but he was indolently indifferent, and when his wife exceeded all social limits the strongest reproof was a languid "Aber, Pauline!" which in no way acted as a check.

In the Princess Metternich was an inexplicable mixture of innate high breeding and acquired tastes of lower degree. When she appeared in society, at her very entrance there could be no mistake: from head to foot she was the high-born lady—the "grande dame." Yet she had an extraordinary inclination for walking on the edges of moral quagmires, and peeping into them, with a proud conviction that her foot could never slip. There are stories of her imprudent adventures; but she escaped unscathed, and had no other motive in seeking them than curiosity—foolish, morbid curiosity—as to people and matters which should never have been even mentioned in her presence. She acted with a degree of rashness and folly which would have ruined most women,



FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY GEORGE SPINDLER.

EMPERESS EUGÉNIE IN 1863.

yet no one ever really attacked her reputation: all allowed that, according to the expression of a lady of the court, "she had never crossed the Rubicon."

Notwithstanding all her follies, the Princess Metternich was far from being silly; on the contrary, she had considerable wit and great sharpness of repartee. As she did not care for anything she said, her retorts were often very clever and amusing, but too free to be easily repeated. She delighted in singing songs from music-halls and inferior theaters. Haughty as she was, she invited to her dinner-table a singer of equivocal celebrity at that time, whom no one else would have dared to receive; and even took lessons from her, so as to sing her songs with duly pointed emphasis.

The mischief done by the example of the

Princess Metternich is indescribable. She threw down the barrier which hitherto had separated respectable women from those who were not, and led the way to a liberty of speech and liberty of action which were unknown before. She was much attached to her husband, and, in essentials, was a good wife; others less favorably situated may not have escaped as she did from the natural consequences of looking too closely over the frontier of the Debatable Land. It is not unlikely that the excessive pride of the Princess Metternich may have led her to imagine that in Paris she might do anything without compromising her dignity. For instance, she was intimate with a lady who, although received everywhere in Parisian society, did not seem to be sufficiently her equal in rank to become her friend. To a remark on the subject she carelessly answered: "Oh, it is all very well here; of course I could not see her in Vienna."

She is reported to have made a more impertinent speech while on a visit at Compiègne. The short, looped-up skirts were just beginning to be worn; the Empress had not yet adopted them, and the Princess Metternich had been urging her to do so, against the opinion of her ladies. When the Empress left the room one of the ladies in waiting said to the princess, "Would you give the same advice to *your* Empress?"

"Oh, no," replied the princess; "but the case is quite different—the Empress Elizabeth is a *real* Empress."

I have no positive information as to the absolute reliability of this report; but it is not unlike the style of the Princess Metternich, and was currently repeated.

On another occasion at Compiègne, in the presence of the Empress, on a rainy day which had brought some dullness into the circle, the Princess Metternich, by way of diversion, suddenly seized one of the ladies in waiting, tripped her up in school-boy fashion, and laid her flat on her back, prostrate on the floor. This was told to me by an eye-witness of the scene, which shocked every one present, and the more so because the victim chosen (the Comtesse de M——) was particularly ladylike, quiet, and unoffending.

The Empress, however, liked the Princess Metternich, whose oddities amused her, and



FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY BRAUN CLÉMENT & CO.
DUC DE MORNÿ.

whose talents were of great resource in all the entertainments prepared by the court. She sang and acted cleverly, she danced as if she had been trained for the ballet, she arranged charades, plays, tableaux vivants,—in short, anything that was required,—with a spirit and animation which never flagged, but with a degree of freedom which produced a bad effect and a bad influence as regards conventional propriety. Besides, matters did not always go on smoothly, and then she became much excited. On one occasion of this kind there was a memorable dispute with Mme. de Persigny, wife of the well-known statesman, who was equally well known for her caprices of temper. Though by no means sufficiently witty to be a match for the sharp tongue of the Princess Metternich, she was quite able by her unreasoning obstinacy to destroy the effect of all the arrangements planned by her opponent. The princess, though by nature far more good-humored, at last, having completely lost patience, appealed to the Empress, who, much annoyed at the dispute, was trying in vain to restore peace.

"Pray, pray, my dear princess, let the matter rest. Spare her—remember that her mother is mad."

"So her mother is mad? Well, madame, my father is mad, so why should I give in to her?"

The argument was irresistible, and the Empress could not help laughing; but the man-

ner in which the princess had honored her father's peculiarities was received in general with more amusement than approbation.

Count Sandor, the father of the Princess Metternich, was noted for his eccentricities and wonderful adventures. He was a remarkable horseman, and performed all sorts of seemingly impossible feats on horseback, risking his life at each one, and escaping by what seemed a miracle, or rather a succession of miracles, though not without serious injuries, some of which, according to public rumor, had affected his brain.

A collection of drawings representing these strange performances had been engraved, and bound in a volume. I had an opportunity of examining this series of crack-brained exploits and hair-breadth escapes. One of the most amusing, though really the most pitiable, represented his housekeeper, a fat old woman, with an agonized expression of fright on her upturned face, held horizontally by two men, while her master leaped his horse backward and forward over her. The poor creature was evidently terrified out of her senses, and no wonder!

The Princess Metternich had no beauty; her face was absolutely of simian type, but redeemed by fine, intelligent eyes. Even her figure was more than slender, and devoid of all beauty of form; but owing to her remarkably high-bred elegance of demeanor, her richly fashionable dress, and her animated expres-



FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY LADREY-DIDREY.
DUCHESSÉ DE MORNÿ.



FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY LADREY-OSIEDER.
COMTE DE WALEWSKI.

sion, she was considered attractive notwithstanding her physical disadvantages.

She was passionately fond of dress, and led the fashions regardless of expense. At the Austrian Embassy her rooms, her receptions, her carriages, her horses, were surpassed only by the Emperor's, and her example had a pernicious influence on the general mania for extravagance of all kinds, both at the court and in general society.

The "turnout" of the court carriages, horses, and liveries under the direction of General Fleury, who was more remarkable in this respect than as a military commander, was unsurpassed in Europe. In fact, Fleury would probably never have reached such high promotion had he not been the friend of the Emperor, and his auxiliary in the *coup d'état* when he was only Captain Fleury at the Elysée. He was neither liked nor esteemed in general, but he certainly performed admirably his duties as "Grand Écuyer," or what at the English court would be termed "Master of the Horse."

Nothing could be more magnificent than the appearance of everything appertaining to the court on all public occasions. The balls, especially, in the various splendid rooms, particularly in the immense "Salle des Maréchaux," were a sight not to be forgotten, from the first entrance, and ascent by the great staircase, adorned with flowers and shrubs, where on each step stood two of the "Cent-gardes" (the Emperor's body-guard) as motionless as

statues. Nothing was more remarkable than the drill which enabled these men, on all occasions when on duty at the palace, to remain without moving a muscle. The fatigue of this immobility is said to be so great that it could not be endured beyond a certain time; but it was so complete, that to come suddenly on one of these guards in the palace was positively startling. It was scarcely possible to believe that they were alive. They were all remarkably fine men, sub-officers chosen out of various regiments; and when the war came they proved that they were not merely parade soldiers, for they figured among the best and bravest troops.

One day the little prince, when a young child, in the hope of making the sentinel move, poured a whole bag of sweets into his boot, but without eliciting any sign of life from the military statue before him. This play of the child being mentioned in the presence of Colonel Verly, who commanded the regiment, he declared that nothing could make one of his men move when on duty. The Empress would not believe this assertion, and finally laid a wager that she would contrive to make one of the guards move. Colonel Verly having accepted the wager, the Empress went with him into the neighboring gallery, where they walked backward and forward before the sentinel, the Empress trying by every means to attract his attention. The guard stood as if turned into stone. Colonel Verly



FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY LADREY-OSIEDER.
PRINCE NAPOLEON.



FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.

RUINS OF THE TUILERIES. THE HALL OF THE MARSHALS (SALLE DES MARÉCHAUX).
(THE CARYATIDES OF THE THRONE ARE SEEN ON THE RIGHT.)



FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY BRAUN CLÉMENT & CO.
DUC DE MALAKOFF.

smiled. The Empress, with her characteristic impetuosity, then went straight up to the soldier, and, according to familiar speech, "boxed his ears." Not a muscle moved. The Empress then acknowledged that Colonel Verly had won the day, and sent a handsome compensation to the soldier, who proudly refused it, saying that he was sufficiently compensated by having had his sovereign lady's hand on his cheek!

After the death of the Comte de Tascher, and the period of mourning which followed, the family resumed with some modifications the life previously described. The (princess) countess, however, now left social duties more exclusively to her daughter-in-law, the duchess, and went out only to the theaters and operas, still her favorite diversion, where I usually accompanied her. On other evenings visitors came: about nine o'clock a tea-table was brought in, at which I presided, assisted by Mlle. de Tascher de la Pagerie, and often by Mlles. de Bassano, who handed the cups with the sugar-basin and cream-jug — a graceful French

custom modified only for large parties, when servants perform the offices usually left to the daughters of the house and their young friends. These quiet evenings were made particularly agreeable by the animated conversation of the distinguished visitors, the *causerie* in which the French excel, and which here had full play. Once a week the duchess held a large reception, to which all the fashionable society of the Empire came, and where first-rate amateurs and budding artistic celebrities played and sang without the formality of a regular concert. These evenings were much enjoyed, for liberty reigned supreme. As several rooms were thrown open, the guests could walk about and converse freely, no one who did not care for it being obliged to listen to the music.

Among the "heroes of the Crimea" who attracted great attention in the society of the court, the most prominent were Pélissier¹ and Canrobert, both marshals of France, both having had supreme command during the war, and each one having his own zealous partisans. Those of Pélissier extolled his energy



FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY LAUREY-SYDENH.
DUCHESS DE MALAKOFF.

¹ Aimable- (or Amable-) Jean-Jacques Pélissier was born in November, 1794, and died in May, 1864. He was the son of a family of peasants in comparatively comfortable circumstances; was brought up at the preparatory military school of La Flèche; then went to St. Cyr; and served afterward as sub-lieutenant in the Artillery of the Guard under Louis XVIII. He served in Algeria, and as lieutenant-colonel distinguished himself by his determined intrepidity; he became colonel in 1842, and performed an exploit in 1845 which

caused great indignation in the civilized world — the well-known affair of Ouled Rhia, where the Arabs, having taken refuge in caves, were suffocated with smoke from fires at the entrance, so that they all perished. He was promoted to the rank of general of brigade in 1848, and general of division in 1850; he approved and supported the coup d'état, was sent to the Crimea to supersede Canrobert, and was made marshal of France and Duc de Malakoff after the taking of Sebastopol.



ALICE C. KEMPSON.

RUINS OF THE TUILERIES. THE HALL OF THE MARSHALS (SALLE DES MARÉCHAUX).
(THE LAST REMAINS OF THE CHURCH ARE SEEN ON THE RIGHT.)



FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY BRAUN CLAMET & CO.

DUC DE MALAKOFF.

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FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY LEBREY-DIGNEL.

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FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY LADREY-DISDERL.
DUCHESS OF ALVA.

and military spirit, criticizing the slowness and indecision of Canrobert; the admirers of the latter dwelt on the inhumanity of Pélissier, and his reckless sacrifice of life to reach his end, attributing the indecision of Canrobert to his repugnance for unnecessary bloodshed. However, as his personal bravery was well known, all acknowledged that Canrobert had behaved nobly, and in a true soldierly spirit, when he was called upon to resign his command into the hands of Pélissier, which he did without showing a thought of selfishness or the least hesitation in his obedience; while the reckless brutality of Pélissier could not be denied, although his military energy was successful.

When the marriage of this rough soldier of fortune was officially announced, every one was astonished; for the bride was a young and beautiful Spaniard, Mlle. Sofia Valera de la Pañega, a distant relative of the Empress Eugénie, under whose patronage this ill-assorted union had been arranged. The Empress was fond of match-making, but she was not usually fortunate in the results of those which she suggested, for her impetuous nature did not allow her to examine both sides of the question, or to weigh objections. In this case, Mlle. de la Pañega was a poor relative who lived with the Comtesse de Montijo as a protégée. By marrying Pélissier she would become a *maréchale*, and Duchesse de Malakoff. What could be better? As to the life which she would lead

when married to a man whose ways and manners were those of a common soldier,—with, besides, a violent temper,—no one stopped to consider. And so poor Mlle. de la Pañega, gentle, submissive, and fearing to offend, became the wife of Pélissier. She complained to no one, and always behaved with great propriety and dignity; but her face was sufficiently eloquent, and when she became a widow—which occurred a few years after her marriage—every one felt inclined to congratulate rather than condole.

The characteristic behavior of Pélissier, notably on the very day of his wedding, as he left the church, cannot be related in these pages. One instance, however, I may mention, which, though trifling, will give some idea of his uncivilized ways and manners. The Countess B—— related in my presence that while on a visit to her sister, the Duchess of Manchester, Pélissier, who was then ambassador in England, and among the guests, met her one day as she was going down-stairs.

"Stop, countess," said Pélissier; "you have a black mark on your forehead." Then, wetting his finger in his mouth, he obligingly rubbed the place, and removed the stain.

Canrobert was at that time a short, square-built man, with a large head out of proportion to his figure, proverbially ill-favored and ungainly; but though rather predisposed to gasconading and flourish, he was of a quite different stamp and education from Pélissier.



FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY LADREY-DISDERL.
MARSHAL CASTELLANE.



FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.

RUINS OF THE TUILERIES. THE GALLERY OF PEACE (GALERIE DE LA PAIX).

He married a very pretty and very distinguished Scotch lady,—a Miss Macdonald, of the great Scotch clan of that name,—whom he absolutely worshiped, and who was devoted to him, ill-assorted as they seemed to be. They were known in society as "Caliban and Ariel," but they were a most united couple and very happy together. The poor old marshal was absolutely heartbroken when his wife was taken from him in 1890. He died in the beginning of the present year (1895), having reached a great age,¹ universally respected as a most honorable and excellent man, apart from his military talents, which were very remarkable.

Mme. Canrobert was as intelligent as she was elegant and refined; she had a perfect appreciation of the duties which her high position involved, and during the disastrous war, as during the Empire, she performed them admirably. Soon after their marriage the marshal held the important command of the army corps at Lyons, and his exaggerated view of what was due to her as his wife, with his tendency to ostentation, caused at first some ill feeling among the military aristocracy and their wives, which became so marked as to oblige

the Emperor himself to limit the privileges which the marshal claimed for Mme. Canrobert, and which encroached too much on those reserved for the Empress.² But this was only a passing cloud.

MacMahon had not attracted much notice before the Italian war, although his noble conduct at the taking of the Malakoff tower at Sebastopol deserved more fame. He was loaded with honors after Magenta, but he was not much seen in the society of the court, as he belonged to the Faubourg St. Germain by his own family ties, and especially by those of his wife, a daughter of the Duc de Castries. MacMahon was in all things strictly honorable and faithful in his duty to the Emperor, but he did not seek to do more, and made no demonstrations.

The other marshals were remarkable only for their military achievements, except Castellane, a distinguished man in every respect, noted for his energy, his determination, and his high military spirit, who commanded at Lyons in almost viceregal fashion. His daughter, the Countess Hatzfeldt, had married the Prussian minister, and was extremely popular. She afterward married the Duc de Valençay, of the Talleyrand-Périgord family.

¹ Canrobert was born in 1809, and was the son of an officer of the "émigré" army of Condé. He was a pupil of the military school of St. Cyr; and was made colonel in 1849, general in 1853, and marshal of France in 1855. He and MacMahon were not friends.

² Marshal Canrobert insisted on his wife having a military escort when she went out in her carriage, which the Empress did not have habitually, and he would not allow any one but himself to take her in to dinner.



FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.

RUINS OF THE VESTIBULE OF THE TUILERIES.

THE WALL BACK OF THE STATUE OF MINERVA BELONGED TO THE HALL OF THE MARSHALS.

Marshal Magnan had helped in the coup d'état, and was consequently much favored by the Emperor; but there was a strong feeling against him because he belonged to the Freemasons, and was antagonistic to the clergy.

Marshal Vaillant was a man of low origin, betrayed by his manners. He boasted of being the son of a cobbler. Such a rise in life is certainly very honorable, but it was unnecessary to prove the assertion so continually and so evidently. He was at the head of the household, which he governed officially, and had apartments in the palace next to those of the Comte de Tascher. He was a very ordinary-looking man, and enormously stout.

Marshal Randon was considered very estimable in private life, but he played only a secondary part. He was looked upon as rather too prudent in military tactics. There were many jests on the inappropriate Christian names of the three marshals — Canrobert, Randon, and Péliissier. The "prudent" Randon's name was "César"; Canrobert, noted for his indecision, was called "Certain"; and Péliissier, whose rough brutality was proverbial, was christened "Aimable."¹

M. Thouvenel, who was minister for foreign affairs after the Italian war, was an old and intimate friend of the de Tascher family, and I well remember his intense pride and delight when the great question of the annexation of Savoy and Nice was finally settled, and he had the satisfaction — which he desired beyond any other — of signing his name to the treaty which gave both to France.

"If I can only write 'Thouvenel' below that treaty, I shall die happy," he exclaimed in my presence.

When I first saw M. Thouvenel he was ambassador at Constantinople, and being in Paris on a diplomatic "congé," he came to dine at the Tuileries with the de Taschers. He had much to relate, for which we were in some degree prepared by the graphic account of a friend who had described a visit of M. Thouvenel to some aga or pasha, when, after having dined principally on a variety of luscious sweetmeats, he was obliged to spend the night in a magnificent apartment lighted brilliantly by an immense chandelier, with negro slaves lying before his door to guard his person, and snoring so loudly that sleep was impossible, while his rest was still further disturbed by the discomfort of his splendid bed, where white satin sheets set his teeth on edge, and a pillow covered with cloth-of-gold scratched his face and tore his hair.

My young charges had particularly enjoyed this picture of Oriental luxury, so that the presence of M. Thouvenel, with his animated con-

versation and all that he had to relate, was extremely welcome. He was a tall, powerful man, with rather a pompous demeanor, but a great talker; and as he unbent with the de Taschers more than usual, he was really very agreeable. Every one was listening with great interest to his graphic descriptions when, to his own astonishment and the intense amusement of the younger members of the family, his eloquence was suddenly cut short by the energetic protestations of a favorite parrot, which, being disturbed in his slumbers, vociferated, "Tais-toi, Édouard!" (shut up, Edward!)

The Christian name of the narrator being Édouard, the remark was decidedly personal, and no one could help laughing; while M. Thouvenel, utterly amazed, repeated, "Why, he is actually attacking *me*!"

The parrot had been brought from Pernambuco by a Spanish priest as a present to the Empress Eugénie, and had been taught pretty speeches in her honor. The Empress, having no fondness for parrots, gave this one, a particularly fine specimen, to the Duc de Tascher. But the family being absent from home, the duke did not know what to do with it, and put it to board with an old woman at St. Cloud, who took great care of the bird, but established it on her window-sill, where the street gamins held conversations with her charge, by no means to the improvement of its vocabulary. When the family returned to the Tuileries the parrot had learned French, but swore in most disreputable fashion, and held such language that he was not considered fit to be introduced into society. Gradually, however, new words blotted out the old ones, and the duke's daughters then delighted in teaching him sentences, which he picked up with the greatest facility. Every morning he began the day with energetic protestations of "Vive l'Empereur!" at the same time drilling imaginary squads in sonorous, officer-like tones which were indescribably ludicrous. He was a great favorite in the family, but after his attack on M. Thouvenel was banished from the drawing-room in the evening.

When M. Thouvenel became minister of foreign affairs he took the anti-papal side so warmly that the de Tascher family no longer approved of him; for they were sincere Catholics, and consequently averse to the spoliation of the Pope, which the Emperor at that time sincerely wished to avoid, while the Empress, with her usual ardor, strongly opposed it. This was the origin of the so-called "clerical views" attributed to the Empress, which, in fact, were limited to this sole point.

Finally M. Thouvenel went so far beyond the Emperor, and displeased the Empress to such a degree, that he was forced to send in

¹ These were their baptismal names.

his resignation, which, as he was an ambitious man, caused him great bitterness of spirit.

Shortly afterward the Emperor one morning was walking in the Bois de Boulogne with his aide-de-camp (*officier d'ordonnance*), when a young child ran his hoop against him. The Emperor caught the hoop and gave it back to the child, at the same time, with his usual kindness, stooping to kiss him. The boy pushed him away roughly, and the aide-de-camp exclaimed: "But the Emperor wishes to kiss you! You must kiss the Emperor!"

"No," cried the child; "I won't kiss him! He is a very bad man. My papa says so, and he hates him."

"What is your father's business?" asked the Emperor, quietly.

"Business! My papa has no business. He does nothing at all — he is a senator."

The senators being especially appointed by the Emperor himself from among those supposed to be most faithful to him, the revelation was startling. The aide-de-camp indignantly inquired:

"What is your father's name?" But the Emperor laid his hand on his arm:

"Hush! *La recherche de la paternité est interdite*" (Inquiry as to the father's name is forbidden). And he turned away without hearing the name so nearly betrayed.

But the story was repeated, and curiosity was awakened, the age of the child causing suspicion to point strongly toward Thouvenel, the senators being mostly old men. But the fact was never positively elucidated.

The generosity shown by the Emperor on this occasion was highly characteristic. I remember an instance of a different kind which came to my personal knowledge. A lady who was a friend of some of my cousins, having a favor to solicit, obtained a private audience of the Emperor. She was shown into his private cabinet, where he received her with the cold, calm courtesy which marked his habitual manner. She began with what seemed great boldness, but was in reality excellent diplomacy, by telling him that although she came to proffer a petition, she must first make a confession that all the members of her family were his political adversaries, being zealous Legitimists and devoted to that cause. The Emperor listened calmly, in silence. She then explained the favor that she had come to ask, and pleaded her cause. Still the Emperor listened with grave attention, asking a few questions, but without giving any indication of his feelings or of his decision. When she had finished her statement she looked anxiously toward him, but he simply made the usual motion indicating that she might retire. She moved toward the door, courteously followed by the Em-

peror, and then, suddenly turning to him, she said:

"Sire, may I take some hope with me?"

"Take certainty, madame," answered the Emperor, with that peculiarly charming smile which at rare intervals lighted up his grave face.

The appeal to the noble side of his nature was never made in vain. In general, it was said that when a favor was asked and the Emperor listened in silence, twirling his mustache, the petition might be looked upon as granted; but when he stroked his chin downward, and said seriously, "*C'est bien difficile*" (It is a difficult matter), then it was a case where hope must be given up.

Such were the variations of the court barometer, which everybody studied carefully.

My younger pupil, Hortense de Tascher de la Pagerie, was now gradually introduced into society, and finally, at the age of eighteen, she was admitted to the court balls and invited to the festivities of Compiègne and Fontainebleau — expensive and fatiguing pleasures, more dreaded than welcomed by those honored with invitations, the toilets being a formidable consideration. For a week's stay fifteen dresses were usually taken, and of these at least seven were evening toilets of the most expensive kind, the emulation among the visitors reaching the highest degree of extravagance.

The Emperor and Empress were exceedingly hospitable and kind hosts, anxious to amuse their guests; but for this purpose, unfortunately, romping games were often chosen, which, though certainly undignified and ill suited to those beyond school years, had not however, the character attributed to them by public report, nor the licentious freedom believed in by the Faubourg St. Germain, and contemptuously sneered at by its aristocratic inhabitants. The mistake lay in doing on a large scale what ought to be tolerated only among intimate friends and very young people. But the mean ingratitude of those who enjoyed all the generous kindness lavished on their guests by the imperial hosts, and then disfigured the truth to sneer at them with their enemies, was too contemptible to be even mentioned with patience.

I remained for two more years with my dear pupil Hortense de Tascher de la Pagerie, one of the sweetest beings I have ever met in the whole course of my life, to whom I was most deeply attached, and whose untimely death, which so soon followed her happy marriage with the Comte de l'Espine, was mourned as a sort of public calamity by all who knew her, even if only by name.¹

My own health had suffered severely from

¹ Her daughter is now the Princesse Louis de Croy.

the consequences of a very serious carriage accident, and at the time of the marriage I left the palace, where I had spent nine years, still remaining on terms of the closest intimacy with all the family, and their guest whenever I returned to Paris from the health resorts where I had been undergoing medical treatment. My last visit was in the spring of the fatal year 1870, and I was then told by the ladies of the family that the Emperor caused them the greatest anxiety; that he had sunk into a state of mental and physical exhaustion, causing a strange apathy from which it seemed impossible to rouse him, and which indicated serious evils.

I left the palace with sorrowful forebodings; a sort of threatening cloud seemed to hang over it—nay, over Paris itself. As I saw it recede in the distance, on the day of my departure, I thought of the doomed cities in Scripture, and even expressed my fears in a letter to a near relative in America, who was

greatly struck when events so terribly verified what now seem almost prophetic views.

The next time that I stood before the palace of the Tuileries it was in ruins. I could still discover the remains of my old apartments, which I longed to visit, but was told that the danger would be too great. I could discern what was left of the Salle des Maréchaux, where I had witnessed such splendid scenes of festivity. I could still see the place which had been my habitual seat in that chapel where my beloved Hortense had been married in the presence of Napoleon III. and the Empress. The Archbishop of Paris, who had officiated, had been foully murdered; the duke, her father, who had led her to the altar, was no more; the Emperor and Empress were exiles; the fair young bride was in her grave; and the very chapel where she had knelt at the altar was in ruins!

Who could wonder at the tears which I could not repress?

Anna L. Bicknell.

SONNY'S SCHOOLIN'.

A MONOLOGUE.

WELL, sir, we 're tryin' to edjercate him—good ez we can. Th' ain't never been a edjercational advantage come in reach of us but we 've give it to him. Of co'se he 's all we 've got, that one boy is, an' wife an' me, why, we feel the same way about it.

They 's three schools in the county, not countin' the niggers', an' we send him to all three.

Sir? Oh, yas, sir; he b'longs to all three schools—to *fo'*, for that matter, countin' the home school.

You see, Sonny he 's purty ticklish to handle, an' a person has to know thess how to tackle him. Even wife an' me, thet 's been knowin' him f'om the beginnin', not only knowin' his traits, but how he *come* by 'em,—though some is hard to trace to their so'ces,—why, sir, even we have to study sometimes to keep in with him, an' of co'se a teacher—why, it 's thess hit an' miss whether he 'll take the right tack with him or not; an' sometimes one teacher 'll strike it one day, an' another nex' day; so by payin' schoolin' for him right along in all three, why, of co'se, ef he don't feel like goin' to one, why, he 'll go to another.

Once-t in a while he 'll git out with the whole of 'em, an' that was how wife come to open the home school for him. She was determined his edjercation should n't be interrupted ef she could help it. She don't encour'ge him much to go to her school, though, 'cause it interrupts her in her housekeepin' consider'ble, an' she 's had extry quilt-patchin' on hand ever since he come. She 's patchin' him a set 'ginst the time he 'll marry.

An' then I reckon he frets her a good deal in school. Somehow, seems like he thess picks up enough in the other schools to be able to conterdic' her ways o' teachin'.

F' instance, in addin' up a colume o' figgers, ef she comes to a aught—which some calls 'em naughts—she 'll say, "Aught 's a aught," an' Sonny ain't been learned to say it that a-way; an' so maybe when she says, "Aught 's a aught," he 'll say, "Who said it was n't?" an' that puts her out in countin'.

He 's been learned to thess pass over aughts an' not call their names; and once-t or twice-t, when wife called 'em out that a-way, why, he got so fretted he thess gathered up his things an' went to another school. But seem like she 's added aughts that a-way so long she can't think to add 'em no other way.

I notice nights after she 's kept school for Sonny all day she talks consider'ble in her sleep, an' she says "aught 's a aught" about ez often ez she says anything else.

Oh, yas, sir; he 's had consider'ble fusses with his teachers, one way an' another, but they ever' one declare they think a heap of 'im.

Sir? Oh, yas, sir; of co'se they all draw their reg'lar pay whether he 's a day in school du'in' the month or not. That 's right enough, 'cause you see they don't know what day he 's li'ble to drop in on 'em, an' it 's worth the money thess a-keepin' their nerves strung for 'im.

Well, yas, sir; 't is toler'ble expensive, lookin' at it one way, but lookin' another, it don't cost no mo' 'n what it would to edjercate three child'en, which many poor families have to do — an' more, which in our united mind Sonny 's wuth 'em all.

Yas, sir; 't is confusin' to him in some ways, goin' to all three schools at once-t.

F' instance, Miss Bettie Mitchell, which she 's a single-handed maiden lady 'bout wife's age, why, of co'se, she teaches accordin' to the old rules; an' in learnin' the child'en subtraction, f' instance, she 'll tell 'em, ef they run short to borry one f'om the nex' lef' han' top figur', an' pay it back to the feller underneath him.

Well, this did n't suit Sonny's sense o' jestic *no way*, borryin' from one an' payin' back to somebody else; so he thess up an' argued about it — told her thet fellers thet borried nickels f'om one another could n't pay back that a-way; an' of co'se she told him they was heap o' difference 'twix' money and 'rithmetic — which I wish't they was more in my experience; an' so they had it hot and heavy for a while, till at last she explained to him thet that way o' doin' subtraction *fetched the answer*, which, of co'se, ought to satisfy any school-boy; an' I reckon Sonny would soon 'a' settled into that way 'ceptin' thet he got out o' patience with that school in sev'al ways, an' he left an' went out to Sandy Crik school, and it thess happened thet he struck a subtraction class there the day he got in, an' they was workin' it the *other way* — borry one from the top figur' an' never pay it back at all, thess count it off (that 's the *way* I 've worked my lifelong subtraction, though wife does hers payin' back), an' of co'se Sonny was ready to dispute this way, an' he did n't have no mo' tac' than to th'ow up Miss Betty's way to the teacher, which of co'se he would n't stand, particular ez Miss Betty 's got the biggest school. So they broke up in a row immejate, and Sonny went right along to Miss Clark's school down here at the cross-roads.

She 's a sort o' reformed teacher, I take it; an' she teaches her subtraction by a new route altogether — like ez ef the first feller thet had any surplus went sort o' security for them that

was short, an' passed the loan down the line. But I noticed he never got his money back, for when they come to him, why, they docked him. I reckon goin' security is purty much the same in an' out o' books. She passes the borryin' along some way till it gits to headquarters, an' writes a new row o' figur's over the heads o' the others. Well, my old brain got so addled watchin' Sonny work it thet I did n't seem to know one figur' f'om another 'fo' he got thoo; but when I see the answer come, why, I was satisfied. Ef a man can thess git his answers right all his life, why nobody ain't a-goin' to pester him about how he worked his figur's.

I did try to git Sonny to stick to one school for each rule in 'rithmetic, an' havin' thess fo' schools, why he could learn the fo' rules by one settled plan. But he won't promise nothin'. He 'll quit for lessons one week, an' maybe next week somethin' else 'll decide him. (He 's quit ever' one of 'em in turn when they come to long division.) He went thoo a whole week o' disagreeable lessons once-t at one school 'cause he was watchin' a bird-nest on the way to that school. He was determined them young birds was to be allowed to leave that nest without bein' pestered, an' they stayed so long they purty near run him into long division 'fo' they did fly. Ef he 'd 'a' missed school one day he knowed two sneaky chaps thet would 'a' robbed that nest.

Of co'se Sonny goes to the exhibitions an' picnics of all the schools. Last summer we had a time of it when it come picnic season. Two schools set the same day for theirs, which of co'se was n't no ways fair to Sonny. He payin' right along in all the schools, of co'se he was entitled to all the picnics; so I put on my Sunday clo'es, an' I went down an' had it fixed right. They all wanted Sonny, too, come down to the truth, 'cause besides bein' fond of him, they know thet Sonny always fetches a big basket.

Trouble with Sonny is thet he don't take nothin' on nobody's say-so, don't keer who it is. He even commenced to dispute Moses one Sunday when wife was readin' the Holy Scriptures to him, tell of co'se she made him understand thet that would n't do. Moses did n't intend to *be* conterdicted.

An' ez to secular lessons, he ain't got no respect for 'em whatsoever. F' instance, when the teacher learned him thet the world was round, why he up an' told him 't *war n't so*, less'n we was on the inside an' it was blue-lined, which of co'se teacher he insisted thet we was *on the outside*, walkin' over it, all feet todes the center — a thing I 've always thought myself was mo' easy said than proved.

Well, sir, Sonny did n't hesitate to deny it, an' of co'se teacher he commenced by givin' him a check — which is a bad mark — for conter-

dictin'. An' then Sonny he 'lowed thet he did n't conterdic' to *be* a-conterdictin', but he *knowed* 't war n't so. He had walked the whole len'th of the road 'twix' the farm an' the school-house, an' they war n't *no bulge in it*; an' besides, he had n't never saw over the edges of it.

An' with that teacher he give him another check for speakin' out o' turn. An' then Sonny, says he, "Ef a man was tall enough he could see around the edges, could n't he?" "No," says the teacher; "a man could n't grow that tall," says he; "he 'd be deformed."

An' Sonny, why, he spoke up again, an' says he, "But I 'm thess a-sayin' *ef*," says he. An' teacher, says he, "We ain't a-studyin' *efs*; we 're studyin' geoger'phy." And then Sonny they say he kep' still a minute, an' then he says, says he, "Oh, maybe he could n't see over the edges, teacher, 'cause ef he was tall enough his head might reach up into the flo' o' heaven." And with that teacher he give him another check, an' told him not to dare to mix up geoger'phy an' religion, which was a sacerlege to both studies; an' with that Sonny gethered up his books an' set out to another school.

I think myself it 'u'd be thess ez well ef Sonny was n't quite so quick to conterdic'; but it 's thess his way of holdin' his p'int.

Why, one day he faced one o' the teachers down thet two an' two did n't *have* to make *fo'*, wh'er or no.

This seemed to tickle the teacher mightily, an' so he laughed an' told him he was goin' to give him rope enough to hang hisself now, an' then he dared him to show him any two an' two thet did n't make *fo'*, and Sonny says, says he, "Heap o' two an' twos don't make four, 'cause they 're kep' *seprate*," says he.

"An' then," says he, "I don't want my two billy-goats harnessed up with nobody else's two billys to make *fo'* billys."

"But," says the teacher, "suppose I *was* to harness up yo' two goats with Tom Deems's two, there 'd be *fo'* goats, I reckon, whether you wanted 'em there or not."

"No they would n't," says Sonny. "They would n't be but two. 'T would n't take my team more 'n half a minute to butt the life out o' Tom's team."

An' with that little Tommy Deems, why, he commenced to cry, an' 'stid o' punishin' him for bein' sech a cry-baby, what did the teacher do but give Sonny another check, for castin' slurs on Tommy's animals, an' gettin' Tommy's feelin's hurt! Which I ain't a-sayin' it on account o' Sonny bein' my boy, but it seems to me was a mighty unfair advantage.

Sonny's pets an' beasts has made a heap o' commotion in school one way an' another, somehow. Ef 't ain't his goats it 's somethin' else.

Sir? Sonny's pets? Oh, they 're all sorts. He ain't no ways partic'lar thess so a thing is po' an' miser'ble enough. That 's about all he seems to require of anything.

He don't never go to school hardly 'thout a garter-snake or two or a lizard or toad-frog somewheres about him. He 's got some o' the little girls at school that nervous thet if he thess shakes his little sleeve at 'em they 'll squeal, not knowin' what sort o' live critter 'll jump out of it.

Most of his pets is things he 's got by their bein' hurted some way.

One of his toad-frogs is blind of a eye. Sonny rescued him from the old red rooster one day after he had nearly pecked him to death, an' he had him hoppin' round the kitchen for about a week with one eye bandaged up.

When a hurted critter gits good an' strong he gen'ally turns it loose ag'in; but ef it stays puny, why he reg'lar 'dopts it an' names it Jones. That 's thess a little notion o' his, namin' his pets the family name.

The most outlandish thing he ever 'dopted, to my mind, is that old yaller cat. That was a miser'ble low-down stray cat thet hung round the place a whole season, an' Sonny used to vow he was goin' to kill it, 'cause it kep' a-ketchin' the birds.

Well, one day he happened to see him thess runnin' off with a young mockin'-bird in his mouth, an' he took a brickbat an' he let him have it, an' of co'se he dropped the bird an' tumbled over—stunned. The bird it got well, and Sonny turned him loose after a few days; but that cat was hurted fatal. He could n't ever no mo' 'n drag hisself around from that day to this; an' I reckon ef Sonny was called on to give up every pet he 's got, that cat would be 'bout the last thing he 'd surrender. He named him Tommy Jones, an' he never goes to school of a mornin', rain or shine, tell Tommy Jones is fed f'om his own plate with somethin' he 's left for him special.

Of co'se Sonny he 's got his faults, which anybody 'll tell you; but th' ain't a dumb brute on the farm but 'll foller him around—an' the nigger Dicey, why, she thinks they never was such another boy born into the world—that is, not no human child.

An' wife an' me—but of co'se he 's ours, an' we look at him diff'rent from other folks.

I don't doubt thet he ain't constructed thess exac'ly ez the school-teachers would have him, ef they had their way. Sometimes I have thought I 'd like his disposition eased up a little when he takes a stand against my judgment or wife's.

Takin' 'im all round, though, the teachers has been mighty patient with him.

At one school the teacher did take him out be-

hind the school-house one day to whup him; an' although teacher is a big strong man, Sonny's mighty wiry an' quick, an' some way he slipped his holt, an' 'fo' teacher could ketch him ag'in he had clumb up the lightnin'-rod on to the roof thess like a cat. An' teacher he felt purty sho of him then, 'cause he 'lowed they was n't no other way to git down (which they was n't, the school bein' a steep-sided buildin'), an' he 'd wait for him.

So teacher he set down close-t to the lightnin'-rod to wait. He would n't go back in school without him, 'cause he did n't want the child'en to know he 'd got away. So down he set; but he had n't no mo' 'n took his seat sca'cely when he heerd the child'en in school roa'in' out loud, laughin' fit to kill thei'selves.

He 'lowed at first thet like ez not the monitor was cuttin' up some sort o' didoes, the way monitors does gen'ally, so he waited a-while; but it kep' a-gittin' worse, so d'rec'ly he got up, an' he went in to see what the excitement was; an' lo and behold! Sonny had slipped down the open chimbley right in amongst 'em — come out a-grinnin', with his face all sooted over, an', says he, "Say, fellers," says he, "I run up the lightnin'-rod, an' he 's a-waitin' for me to come down." An' with that he went an' gethered up his books, deliberate, an' fetched his hat, an' picked up a nest o' little chimbley-swallows he dislodged in comin' down (all this here it happened thess las' June), an' he went out an' harnessed up his goat-wagon, an' got in. An' thess ez he driv' out the school-yard into the road the teacher come in, an' he see how things was.

Of co'se sech conduct ez that is worrisome, but I don't see no, to say, bad principle in it. Sonny ain't got a bad habit on earth, not a-one. They 'll ever' one o' the teachers tell you that. He ain't never been knowed to lie, an' ez for improper language, why he would n't know how to select it. An' as to tattlin' at home about what goes on in school, why he never does it. The only way we knowed about him comin' down the school-house chimbley was wife went to fetch his dinner to him, an' she found it out.

She knowed he had went to that school in the mornin', an' when she got there at twelve o'clock, why he was n't there, an' of co'se she questioned the teacher, an' he thess told her thet Sonny had been present at the mornin' session, but that he was now absent. An' the rest of it she picked out o' the child'en.

Oh, no, sir; she don't take his dinner to him reg'lar — only some days when she happens to have somethin' extry good, or maybe when she 'magines he did n't eat hearty at breakfast. The school-child'en they always likes to see her come, because she gen'ally takes a extry

lot o' fried chicken thess for him to give away. He don't keer much for nothin' but livers an' gizzards, so we have to kill a good many to get enough for him; an' of co'se the fryin' o' the rest of it is mighty little trouble.

Sonny is a bothersome child one way: he don't never want to take his dinner to school with him. Of co'se thess after eatin' breakfas' he don't feel hungry, an' when wife does coax him to take it, he 'll seem to git up a appetite walkin' to school, an' he 'll eat it up 'fo' he gits there.

Sonny 's got a mighty noble disposition, though, take him all round.

Now, the day he slipped down that chimbley an' run away he was n't a bit flustered, an' he did n't play hookey the balance of the day neither. He thess went down to the crick, an' washed the soot off his face, though they say he did n't no mo' 'n smear it round, an' then he went down to Miss Blanche's school, an' stayed there tell it was out. An' she took him out to the well, an' washed his face good for him. But nex' day he up an' went back to Mr. Clark's school — walked in thess ez pleasant an' kind, an' taken his seat an' said his lessons — never th'owed it up to teacher at all. Now, some child'en, after playin' off on a teacher that a-way would 'a' took advantage; but he never. It was a fair fight, an' Sonny whupped, an' that 's all there was to it; an' he never put on no air about it.

Wife did threaten to go herself an' make the teacher apologize for gittin' the little feller all sooted up an' sp'illin' his clo'es; but she thought it over, an' she decided thet she would n't disturb things ez long ez they was peaceful. An' after all, he did n't exac'ly send him down the chimbley nohow, though he provoked him to it.

Ef Sonny had 'a'felled an' hurted hisself, though, in that chimbley, I 'd 'a' helt that teacher responsible, sho.

Sonny says hisself thet the only thing he feels bad about in that chimbley business is thet one o' the little swallers' wings was broke by the fall. Sonny 's got him yet, an' he 's li'ble to keep him, cause he 'll never fly. Named him Swally Jones, an' reg'lar 'dopted him soon ez he see how his wing was.

Sonny 's the only child I ever see in my life thet could take young chimbley-swallows after their fall an' make 'em live. But he does it reg'lar. They ain't a week passes sca'cely but he fetches in some hurted critter an' works with it. Dicey says thet half the time she 's afeard to step around her cook-stove less'n she 'll step on some critter thet 's crawled back to life where he 's put it under the stove to hatch or thaw out, which she bein' bare-footed, I don't wonder at.

An' he has did the same way at school purty

much. It got so for a while at one school thet not a child in school could be hired to put his hand in the wood-box, not knowin' ef any piece o' bark or old wood in it would turn out to be a young alligator or toad-frog thawin' out. Teacher hisself picked up a chip, reckless, one day, an' it hopped up, and knocked off his spectacles.

It was on account o' her takin' a interest in all his little beasts an' varmints thet he first took sech a notion to Miss Blanche Clark's school. Where any other teacher would scold about sech things ez he 'd fetch in, why, she 'd encourage him to bring 'em to her; an' she 'd fix a place for 'em, an' maybe get out some book tellin' all about 'em, an' showin' pictures of 'em.

She 's had squirl-books, an' bird-books, an' books on nearly every sort o' wild critter you 'd think too mean to *put* into a book, at that school, an' give the child'en readin'-lessons on 'em an' drawin'-lessons an' clay-moldin' lessons.

Why, Sonny has did his alligator so nach'l in clay thet you 'd most expect to see it creep away. An' you 'd think mo' of alligators forever afterward, too. An' as to readin', he never did take no interest in learnin' how to read out 'n them school-readers, which he declares don't no more 'n git a person interested in one thing befo' they start on another, an' maybe start *that* in the middle.

The other teachers, they makes a heap o' fun o' Miss Clark's way o' school-teachin', 'cause she lets the child'en ask all sorts of outlandish questions, an' make pictures in school hours, an' she don't requi' 'em to fold their arms in school neither.

Maybe she is foolin' their time away. I can't say ez I exac'ly see how she 's a-workin' it to edjercate 'em that a-way. I had to set with my arms folded seven hours a day in school when I was a boy, to learn the little I know, an' wife she got her edjercation the same way. An' we went clean thoo f'om the a-b abs an' e-b ebs clair to the end o' the blue-back speller.

An' we learned to purnounce a heap mo' words than either one of us has ever needed to know, though there has been times, sech ez when my wife's mother took the phthisic an' I had the asthma, thet I was obligated to write to the

doctor about it, thet I was thankful for my experience in the blue-back speller. Them was our brag-words, phthisic and asthma was. They 's a few other words I 've always hoped to have a chance to spell in the reg'lar co'se of life, sech ez y-a-c-h-t yacht, but I suppose, livin' in a little inland town, which a yacht is a boat, a person could n't be expected to need sech a word—less'n he went travelin'.

I 've often thought thet ef at the Jedgment the good Lord would only examine me an' all them thet went to school in my day in the old blue-back speller 'stid o' tacklin' us on the weak p'int of our pore mortal lives, why, we 'd stand about ez good a chance o' gettin' to heaven ez anybody else. An' maybe he will—who knows?

But as for book-readin', wife an' me ain't never felt called on to read no book save an' exceptin' the Holy Scriptures an' the seed catalogues.

An' here Sonny, not quite twelve year old, has read five books thoo, an' some o' 'em twice-t an' three times over. His "Robinson Crusoe" shows mo' wear 'n what my Testament does, I'm ashamed to say. I 've done give Miss Clark free license to buy him any book she wants him to have, an' he 's got 'em all 'ranged in a row on the end o' the mantel-shelf.

Quick ez he 'd git thoo readin' a book, of co'se wife she 'd be for dustin' it off and puttin' up on the top closet shelf where belongs a book, nach'ally; but seem like Sonny he wants to keep 'em in sight. So wife she 's worked a little lace shelf-cover to lay under 'em, an' we 've hung our framed marriage-c'tificate above 'em, an' the corner looks right purty, come to see it fixed up.

Sir? Oh, no; we ain't took him from none o' the other schools yet. He 's been goin' to Miss Clark's reg'lar now—all but the exhibition an' picnic days in the other schools—for nearly five months, not countin' off-an-on days he went to her befo' he settled down to it stiddy.

He says he 's a-goin' there reg'lar from this time on, an' I b'lieve he will; but wife an' me we talked it over, an' we decided we 'd let things stand, an' keep his name down on all the books till sech a time ez he come to long division with Miss Clark.

An' ef he stays thoo that, we 'll feel free to notify the other schools thet he 's quit.

Ruth McEnery Stuart.



NORDAU'S "DEGENERATION": ITS VALUE AND ITS ERRORS.



NOTHING is more difficult for me than to comment frankly on Nordau's strong book. After the author's kind dedication of it to me, if I had to disagree with him in opinion I could not in sentiment, that potent modifier of opinions. But, leaving this aside, it would be too difficult for me to speak of Nordau critically (when we criticize we are too easily led on to attack), because I have always had the greatest admiration for him, from the time when, in his "Conventional Lies," he broke away from the old shackles which bind the occidental world, and, above all, the Latin races. In the present book, also, he has the great merit of combating certain dominant influences, particularly that of mysticism, which, recrudescing in these latter days, thanks to certain errant geniuses, has led astray a vast throng of talents. In this book, too, he is ever the man of our century who has most felt the pulse of his times; and he has not only put his finger on our most open wound,—on that egotism which is sterilizing our moral sense and rendering us cruel to one another,—but he also has succeeded in finding its explanation in the special tendencies of the degenerate: whether it be the higher-class degenerate who invents the strangest freaks to catch the public eye,—as weddings in a balloon, or Cardinal Lavig  rie's crusades,—or the imitative degenerates who deem themselves original in simply copying.

Finally, he has had the supreme merit of applying psychiatric research¹ to literary criticism. He has carried this reform to its utmost applicability, seeking, with that audacity, intrepid even to insolence, which he exhibited in his "Conventional Lies," to demolish the reputations most firmly established. And thus he has been able to overthrow the work of the French and German Symbolists and Decadents, who proclaim Science untrue because in a hundred years of toil she has not given them the key to all the mysteries. These pages of his are among the most splendid written in this century, such as could be wrested from an artist-thinker by the sight of four idlers, who insult a legion of tireless workers busy in searching and researching nature, even into her inmost recesses. And very just is his diagnosis of them: that they have for their character-

istics a nebulosity of mental representation, a confused and motley ideation, too much eroticism, an abnormal emotional fabric, and an exaggerated egotism which causes them to observe things only in relation to their own selves. On one point alone he seems to me not to have insisted enough: on the archaism and atavism of the fundamental ideas of those schools which put them back to primitive times—now the Preraphaelites like Rossetti, who, returning to the middle age, proclaim as perfect the infantile art of Giotto and Botticelli in order to depreciate the art of Raphael in its full virility of form and force; or like Morris, who, in the fullness of the nineteenth century, travesties himself like the primitive bards, treats their themes, and uses only the words used by Chaucer and his predecessors; or the French Symbolists, repudiating science for faith, Darwin and Haeckel for Christ. Moreover, these are not even the insane, among whom may be found so many geniuses, but, as I have elsewhere shown, they belong to the *mattoids*,² who are imbeciles with the livery but without the fecund originality of genius. Nevertheless, Nordau deserves great credit for having synthesized the characteristics common to the most dissimilar modern neurotic geniuses, Wagner, Ibsen, Nietzsche, Leopardi, such as pessimism, egotism, eroticism.

Up to a certain point Nordau is also right when he combats certain exaggerations of Tolstoi and Ibsen, who, in a mad straining after depth, end by being incomprehensible, and too often deprive the majority of their readers of the most important aspect of the beautiful, which is pleasure: for, although to great geniuses the discovery of the significance of recondite symbols is a pleasure, to the majority it is too barren a task. Nor shall we, sworn enemies of all political and religious tyranny, find fault with him if, using and abusing psychiatric doctrines, he shows how, in Nietzsche's works,—in his idolatry of tyranny and crime,—there is more of madness than of reason.

NORDAU'S ERRORS.

NEVERTHELESS (and here begins the mournful note), even though starting from a new and just position, Nordau has gone astray:

mongrel combination of the Italian *matto* (crazy) and the Greek *oidos* (like)—to describe persons having many of the characteristics of the insane.—EDITOR.

¹ Or knowledge as to the treatment of mental diseases.

² Professor Lombroso uses the term *mattoid*—a

convinced of the scope of the new psychiatric weapon which he had in his hands, he has so far overshot the mark as to impair the effect of his purpose. More alienist than the alienists, he no sooner finds a neurotic or maddish author than he thinks his work itself can be demolished. Thus, after having demonstrated by a very subtle analysis that in Wagner the philosophic ideas concerning life are contradictory or archaic,—such as the idea of the struggle between the flesh and the soul, or between the spirit and the senses,—he concludes that Wagner was therefore crazy, and not a genius. Likewise, because of Tolstoi's mysticism, or his destructive ideas on love and science, he deems Tolstoi insane and his books nonsense.

But probably all geniuses have the eccentricities, and even the delirious ideas, which he notices in Tolstoi, Wagner, and Ibsen. The last chapter of Goethe's "Wilhelm Meister" is more incomprehensible and extravagant than the ideas of Tolstoi; while Balzac's scientific opinions, and his innumerable fluids, would find mates in the literature of insane asylums. To demonstrate that geniuses are insane is not difficult, because, as I and others before me have shown, genius is a form of degenerative neurosis. Certainly Poictevin, Mallarmé, and Ghil are degenerates and even *mattoids*. Tolstoi, Wagner, and Swinburne may be mad or degenerate, but in addition to the qualities just named, and which belong to the ordinary insane, they have genius: this is what Nordau has too frequently forgotten. Degeneration, for one who follows my theories, instead of destroying, fortifies the diagnosis which proves them to be geniuses, and enlarges its range; because only the mediocre have not maddish forms, for the very reason that they lack fecund originality, which is the basis of genius.

The man of genius is a man who does better than his contemporaries, and in a different way; he is therefore an abnormal being, an exception. He is different from his environment, he is not completely sane as to his intellect, he has many physiological and psychological blemishes, he is afflicted either by the delirium of persecution, or by megalomania, or by religious delirium, more often by psychic epilepsy.

At eleven Pascal invented geometry and resuscitated physics. Is it not a strange and almost monstrous anomaly that a boy, at the age at which boys usually play at ninepins, should conceive more things, and grander and deeper things, than masters had done in twenty centuries? What wonder that he suffered from paranoëa? Cardano at fifteen had invented and discovered more things than a hundred mediocre men. What wonder that he was unlike his fellows, that he had hallucinations, and that he was from his sixth year a prey to para-

noëa and megalomania? To be a Pascal or a Cardano one must needs be diseased, giving to the word "diseased" its true significance of "abnormal."

Thus we can understand that men of genius, not resembling other men, possess, like the insane, an intelligence unlike them; because not only is neurosis congenital with genius, but it has been observed that neurosis, sickness, and dreams are often a source of genius. Gérard de Nerval, in his book "Le Rêve et la Vie," confesses that he often wrote poetry in a state of diseased exaltation. From a theorist Bécлар became an experimenter after an attack of epilepsy.¹ Dr. Halle knew men whose intelligence, average at the start, became extraordinary as a result of diseases of the marrow.² The unfortunate Heine, with a happy divination, wrote in one of his letters: "It is possible that spinal disease may have given a certain morbidity to my compositions. My exaltation of spirit is rather the effect of disease than of genius; and I have often dictated, in order to allay my sufferings a little." In connection with this, what Sylvester wrote a few years ago is curious: "Seized by a sudden attack of bronchitis, in the access of nocturnal fever I felt resolve itself in my mind the problem of the identification of the discriminant of the cube with that of the square."

So we can understand that men of genius, not resembling other men, have, like the insane, an intelligence unlike that of the others. Great men have, in fact, *idées fixes*, prejudices, manias, habits, moral perversities, constitutional vices, and sometimes hallucinations and delirium. But this they have besides: in the contents of their works you will find gaps and errors which you will never find in the calm and precise pages of the average man. Of this I have already noted curious examples in my "Homme de Génie." For example: "She did not know Latin, but she understood it perfectly" (Victor Hugo). "Dogs are almost always of different colors, a little lighter or darker, so that in whatever part of the house they happen to be, they may be distinguished upon the furniture, with the colors of which they might be confounded." "Melons are by nature herself divided into slices, so that they may be eaten in the family; a pumpkin, on the contrary, is bigger, so that it may be eaten with one's neighbors" (Bernardin de Saint-Pierre, "Lesharmonies de la nature"). "Bonaparte," asserts Châteaubriand, "was not at all a winner of battles—far from that; the poorest general was abler than he; he believed that he had perfected the art of war, whereas he set it back into its infancy." "When the borders are

¹ "Revue Scientifique," 1888.

² "Journal of Mental Science," 1870.

passed, there are no more limits" (Ponsard Suse). It happened to Cicero to quote verses in his prose writings on the very page where he had pointed out that to do this is a blunder. One might multiply examples *ad infinitum*.

If Nordau picks to pieces in this fashion the works of the greatest men, it is natural that he should discover oddities and astounding slips. And thus we see how easy it is for him to demolish Wagner, Ibsen, and Zola in contrast with the bourgeois, because of that excess of originality, of morbidness, which neurosis creates in them. But this very craziness is a consequence and proof of their genius. Instead of suspecting that just because they were neurotic they were geniuses, Nordau concludes: "They are insane; therefore they are not geniuses." Thus on one side he wanders from the natural path of genius, and on the other he ends by sacrificing a large number of geniuses like Ibsen, Zola, etc., and pretends that they are inferior to normal men — the mediocre men whom he does not criticize.

What Nordau ought to have done was to study the insanity of the geniuses singly, and to set it in relation to their works, so as to help us to interpret its most original characteristics and those which deviate most widely from the average, and to get the explanation of it. Thus, knowing the sexual psychopathy of Michelangelo,¹ one understands why he so rarely modeled women in his masterpieces, and above all why his women were so muscular and virile. Berlioz is a megalomaniac, and therefore one understands why, for the execution of his symphonies, which are, in spite of this, works of genius, orchestras of three hundred and sixty players do not suffice, and he lays under contribution all the most unlikely instruments, bells, and even cannon. Wiertz is another megalomaniac. He carries his megalomania into painting; he raises gigantic walls, since he has never space enough for his colossal frescoes of "The Ideas of a Beheaded Man." Dostoevsky is an epileptic, and this is surely the reason why epilepsy cuts a figure in all his books, and why he has given such an analysis and psychology of epilepsy as few alienists could give. Again, it is megalomania and epilepsy, always joined to an extreme lack of the moral sense, that explain the errors of Napoleon — that discontent because of which the dominion of half the world did not appear to satisfy him. It is *lipomania* which explains the excessive pessimism of Leopardi and Tolstoi, and the latter's excessive austerity. In like manner, it is most true that a sort of sexual psychopathy, or *coprolalia*, causes Zola to abuse smells, to see women's linen in an erotic sense, and to speak most often of filth and of vile persons and of

improper things. But in these facts the psychiatric anomaly explains the special tendency of the genius, and does not suppress it. So true is it that in "La Terre," in "Germinal," and in "L'Argent," he has pages in which the most highbred persons speak in the purest language; and side by side with the passages in which he speaks foully he has others which make you tremble with grief ("Germinal"), or thrill with joy and sweetness ("Le Rêve").

In Tolstoi's books there are certain strange, and even maddish, ideas, but among these what splendor of observation and profundity of thought! And even though the theory of love developed in "The Kreutzer Sonata" is, as Nordau says, a delirious theory, still, when you have deducted from the book all that extravagant philosophy, there remains a stupendous psychology of marriage, though it be a little too pessimistic. And while only the degenerate and not normal man regards love and conjugal life in this fashion, there is left nevertheless a marvelous picture, albeit of a morbid state.

If the analysis of disease not less than of health is a characteristic of the degenerate artist, Nordau ought to put in this category, along with Tolstoi and the Symbolists, all the ancient writers of the world, with very few exceptions, because almost all of them have painted, or described, or sculptured diseased types. A new proof, this, of the pathological character of genius in general. Are Hamlet, Othello, Macbeth, Don Quixote, sane men, forsooth?

WAGNER.

FOR our better justification,—and when we have to confute a genius there cannot be too many proofs,—let us analyze minutely Nordau's opinion of Wagner, who is the most widely known artist of our times, and who is most assailed by Nordau.

It is true that Wagner was a megalomaniac and crazy. From some private letters in which he speaks of the King of Bavaria as "more than brother, more than friend, more than wife," and from some of his queer habits,—women's dressing-gowns of fabulous price, rooms fitted up as boudoirs,—there is much reason to suspect that he was a sexual psychopathic. I have shown, in my "Homme de Génie," that he seems in many of his letters not only mad but imbecile. It is true, too, that he often repeats the same concept; that he is often obscure and contradictory; that he delights in plays upon words; that, like the *mattoids*, he underlines the words which seem to him the most important in his works; that, when he wrote "Judaism in Music," he had a sort of delirium of persecution against the Jews. And certainly Wagner's musical *libretti*, which

¹ See "Homme de Génie."

his fanatics admire as wells of philosophy, are incomplete, even silly, and their verses are horrible. But that detracts nothing from the merit of the musician; the interweaving of even Shakspeare's dramas is often puerile, worthy of puppet shows and street players; but the immense treasure of psychology stored in them does not on this account lose a thousandth part of its value. We smile at the general slaughter which puts an end to the last scene; but we close the book enthusiastic over the infinite power of the genius which fathoms the human soul down to its giddiest depths. What matters to us the philosophy which he has chosen to employ?

So we must regard Wagner as a great musician only, and not as a poet or a philosopher. His music is a great creation, and this suffices: a great creation, not because of the ideas which it tries to represent, but because it expresses, with extraordinary power, one of the most universal sentiments. Even the most positive man has a very strong inclination to embellish bygone ages in his imagination, with all those flowers lacking in his own time: seeing them from afar, he does not perceive all those innumerable vulgarities of life which make our existence so tedious; and he thinks that men must have been happier. Not otherwise, perhaps, arose the widely diffused legends of the Golden Age. Wagner has done no more than color this illusion vividly. He is only the musician of this universal sentiment, which he has been able to make objective, in forms precise and not evanescent. As to the accusation that Wagner is incapable of creating symmetrical melodies, and that he covered counterpoint with ridicule, and avoided all burdensome labor; that he invented the theory of the *Leitmotiv* because he was not able to differentiate the personages of his operas by giving to his music salient characteristics, these accusations vanish merely at the names of his operas—"Lohengrin," "Die Meistersinger," etc.

Nordau pronounces atavistic, and therefore diseased, not only the coöperation of the various arts which Wagner dreamed of, but also the incomplete melody and the natural recitative of the Wagnerian personages. As to the first point, be it observed that Wagner tended not to obscure the specific characteristics of the various arts, in order to fuse them into one art, but to make them work together, each with its proper means, in the musical drama. Whence we perceive the distance which separates this ideal (which does not in its unity exclude diversity) from that "featureless jelly" into which, according to Nordau, Wagner would reduce melodrama. As to the unsymmetrical melody, even though Spencer's hypothesis be admitted, that primitive song was

merely a discourse more animated than usual, it does not follow that the artistic attempt to make the actor sing as naturally as possible, with the greatest conformity to the text, is an atavistic retrogression: still less, if we bear in mind the marvelous concomitant development of the Wagnerian orchestra. We are willing to concede that the recitative of Wagner, as it is constituted, revives primitive vocal music; but that does not touch the slow artistic process which was necessary for understanding and using with an artistic purpose all the natural relations between the sung and the spoken words: for instance, between the affirmative and the melodic interval, observed by Helmholtz; between the interrogative and the ascending third; and, in a vaster field, the relations between the sentiments and harmony—those, for example, which suggest the use of consonant accords for simple and quiet states, and of dissonances for agitated violent states, and in short the most general relations between these two orders of phenomena, among which we will cite only that, so successfully employed by Wagner, by which, while the phrase that is being recited closes on the tonic, the harmonic discourse, in which the incessant wave of sentiment pours itself out, continues, destroying the effect of pause, of ending, with a broken cadence, or by superimposing on that tonic the perfect accord of the lower third major or minor.

Evolution does not always mean the destruction of old and the creation of new forms, but, on the contrary, the adaptation of the former to new contingencies. Progress is not achieved except by conquests of the past. And this is particularly true of music. Whoever reflects upon the complexity of the modern opera, and compares it with one of the few musical memorials which Greek art has left us, cannot deny the powerful imprint which evolution has stamped upon it, merely because it reproduces some element of the preceding antique forms.

Nordau says further that Wagner's music is an atavism, a Javanese music, because it repudiates melody, the last step in musical evolution. This may be true; but it is a characteristic of genius to combine extraordinary powers with extraordinary weaknesses, to achieve extraordinary results by imperfect means.

NORDAU'S PRUDERIES AND HATRED OF NOVELTY.

FAR from thinking with Nordau that by its books and works of art an epoch portrays its own ideal of morality and beauty, I think that precisely the opposite should be said—that artists draw their own esthetic ideal from the

characters, tendencies, and passions which predominate in their own historic climate. It was not seventeenth-centuryism which made the seventeenth century, just as it was not the Lutheran chorals which suggested to Protestants their esthetic and religious ideal. Admitting, therefore, the relativity of the artistic ideal, and its variability under the influence of its surroundings, it follows that, along with the pure formal examination based on those esthetic principles which are almost a fundamental datum of conscience, and along with the physio-psychic examination of the author, historical criteria should find a place: the examination, that is, of the correspondence between the condition of the surroundings and the work of art; and whether this has succeeded in gathering the symptomatic characteristics of the time, and in molding them in an artistic form with the aid of those means which its special nature permits.

If, for example, love assumes at times in Ibsen and in Wagner a spasmodic-morbid form, as in "Tristan and Isolde," this phenomenon is met more or less in every modern artistic manifestation. It is a reflex of our way of regarding love,—which is not that of the Greeks and the Troubadours,—and which is, in part, the fruit of all those causes of excitement and universal hysteria that Nordau himself, in the first chapter of his book, so splendidly illuminates. Nor do I agree with Nordau that the human document is to be despised merely because it is contained in a novel. Why should we refuse an observation when it comes from a thinker, merely because this thinker calls himself a novelist? If the age can see itself faithfully reflected in Zola, though it be in his morbid elements, why deny him the tribute of admiration? If Zola's "La Terre" gives us real modern French peasants, if "L'Argent" gives us its stock-jobbers and makes us shudder, why say they are not beautiful? And on the other hand, we men of science,—who strive so hard to popularize our ideas, and must sometimes wait thirty or forty years to see our discoveries acknowledged,—why should we not accept the aid, if it be solid, of any one of these? If a great painter, for instance, depicts Judas, or Christ's torturers, by a criminal type, why should we not gladly use this as a proof of the existence of the type itself, and of the public's consciousness of it?¹

Nor can I approve Nordau's remedy (*terapia*), especially when he adopts the most clerical morals, against every attempt at innovation; when he screens us, too prudishly, against every artistic effort not perfectly chaste.

¹ See my "Homme de Génie," 2d ed., vol. i.

² "I am one who, when love inspires, observe, and in what fashion it dictates within I make manifest."

The history of art teaches us that it is love — and love not simply Platonic — that has given the first stimulus to the fine arts and to poetry, beginning with the song of birds, which is renewed at their mating season, and ending with the youth in whom puberty inspires the first verses. With the abolition of every erotic trace, I know that morals would be purer, but I tremble for beauty which has not a direct relation with morals. Nordau joins the followers of Cromwell, of Savonarola, who burned the classic statues and works. From the "Venus de' Medici" to Boccaccio, from the poem of Dante:

. . . . Io mi son un che quando
Amore spira, noto, ed a quel modo
Che detta dentro, vo significando².

to the most lovely words of Goethe's Marguerite, to all the attempts of Baudelaire and of Zola to make love felt through new forms, love has always been the most powerful inspirer of the beautiful. On the other hand, if, as he himself agrees, the source of every work of art is an emotion, we cannot exclude the emotion which springs from eroticism. Without saying that I coincide in the idea of the esthetic,—that a work of art should be beautiful, and nothing more,—I should like to know what moral idea Titian's "Bella," or the "Venus de' Medici," or Raphael's "Fornarina" can excite; and yet no one will deny that they are, and will be, forever beautiful.

Finally, he exaggerates a little too much the society which menaces us; if the fashion of his opponents should prevail, he says that admired volumes would be printed with one letter to a page. Since degeneration carried to excess ends in sterility, it is therefore its own remedy—as he himself recognizes, when he says truly that this society, just born, would disappear, suffocated by the hatred of innovation, which hinders every exaggeration of novelty; and because, above all, these currents which he describes as being so dangerous are but ripples on the surface, which lose themselves in the deep stagnant masses which constitute the traditional ideas.

In conclusion, although in "Degeneration" Nordau leaves the imprint of his genius, he has not been able to avoid the gaps and errors belonging to men of genius, which he often exaggerates to their harm. But the method he has created—he is the first to apply psychiatry to literary criticism—will not die, and, when skilfully handled, it will rid us of the remnants of those useless quibbles with which the philologists pelt us—the philologists, who seem in their investigations to wish to ignore human psychology.

Cesare Lombroso.

HOW MEN BECOME TRAMPS.

CONCLUSIONS FROM PERSONAL EXPERIENCE AS AN AMATEUR TRAMP.¹

ABODY of vagrants, twice as large as the standing army of the United States, has compacted itself together in this country by common aims, methods of action, and manner of speech. Little is known of it, in whole or in part; for it is like the Irishman's flea, or the "little joker" of the gambler—no sooner discovered than lost. To study it, one must become joined to it, part and parcel of its manifestations.

There can be no doubt that the tramp is, in a certain sense, the maker and chooser of his own career. The writer's experience with these vagrants has convinced him that, though they are almost always the victims of liquor and laziness, fully four fifths of America's voluntary beggars have begun their wild and restless ways while still in their teens, and have been furthered in their wrong tendencies by unwise treatment applied to them when young. Year after year, even month after month, trampdom is increased by squads of youths who will soon take and hold the places of their elders, who will naturally drop away with the years. These boyish roadsters are more often illegitimate than lawful children, and consequently proper subjects for state care and guardianship. And the fact that every tramp in the United States has spent some part of his youth in a reform school, or, worst of all, in jails, demonstrates that there is a failure somewhere in our system of correction and reformation, and makes it necessary and only fair that the sociologist as well as the reformer should know the tramp from boyhood to manhood. Superficial and unsympathetic studies of his character, with shallow theories about remedial measures, have so far failed signally in checking his malign influence upon society.

The best places in the United States in which to study tramps are the jails. The student of social statistics can learn here just where trampdom gets its recruits, and why it is so successful in drilling them into voluntary vagrancy. He can find here the full-fledged rover who for long years has never found anything more congenial to his soul than a haphazard, vagabond existence; the thief who, when discour-

aged, so often drifts into vagrancy as a last resort, either to hide his identity or to find companions; the "town rough," imprisoned perhaps for drunkenness or petty thieving—a pliable subject for a tramp to win over to the fraternity; and, saddest of all, the boy who is being tutored in all that is vile and contemptible. In fact, until the evils attendant upon the present jail system are eliminated, roving beggars will be plentiful in the United States.

The worst feature of the county prison life is the customary throwing together of offenders of all ages, opinions, and practices. The writer is familiar with more than a dozen jails, in as many States, and in every one of them young boys are to be found imprisoned with tramps, ex-convicts, and men who are awaiting their trials for all sorts of crimes. These youths soon become contaminated with criminal and vagrant ideas, and before they are released learn all that can be told them of a tramping and thieving life. They hear the tramps discuss the affairs "of the road," and more than once I have heard lads talking intelligently with their older comrades in the jail about prisons, noted tramps, easy railroads for dead-beats, good towns for beggars, the latest additions to the fraternity slang, how to beg money in the streets, how to get "kids" away from the reform schools and make "good travelers" of them, where the latest government job was started, and what chances a tramp had there, when the next "pay-days" with different railroads would occur, and whether the workmen receiving the wages were easy to beg from, and what men had been killed, or sentenced to long imprisonments. Plans are made also for going "on the bum" the moment they are free. Children are even branded, under the very eyes of the law, as tramps; for often there will be some man in a crowd of prisoners who understands tattooing; and if he has his implements with him he is only too willing to practise his art on his youthful companions.

Tramp slang is another apparent necessity in a jail. A general conversation of prisoners would in many instances be quite unintelligible to the uninitiated listener. But it may be depended upon that the boy is only too alert in gathering in a new phraseology, and it is not long after his entrance into the jail until he is as fluent in his newly acquired lingo as any professional. He learns all about "bumming on

¹ See previous articles by the same author in *THE CENTURY* for October and November, 1893, and February, March, and October, 1894.—EDITOR.

the roads," "battering for chewing," "hitting the Galway for punk," "rushing the growler for his jigger," "chewing the rag," and other eccentricities of language too numerous to mention. After becoming proficient in this, it is but a step to learn the tricks of the trade. His tutors tell him about "playing the light-fingered act," how to work the "jimmy" when prying open a window or door, how to escape from the reform school if he should ever be sent there, how to steal clothes from clothes-lines, how to play the "three-card trick," etc. Very often he will attempt deceptions and tricks before he regains his freedom. And, sad to relate, the chances for this are too frequent, because visitors to a jail appear to have no conception of judgment or tact in doing favors for the inmates. Besides, it often occurs in moderately large towns that the Young Men's Christian Association secretary is interested in jail work, and I have seen this man swindled time after time by boys who told him soft stories which he believed. Holding religious services on Sundays, as he does, and having, as a rule, too kind a heart, he soon becomes deeply interested in his unfortunate "brothers," and they become just as interested in him, though on widely differing grounds; and he must be clever, or else they will have him bringing them clothes, delicacies, tobacco, and other things quite foreign to jail fare. When the men fail in "working the man," they instruct the boy—if there is one in the prison—how to do it, and the child is soon an arch-beggar and deceiver.

With all respect to those men who have at heart the interests of their fellows who are in bonds, I nevertheless believe that very often more harm than good is done when they attempt the regenerating of jail-birds; for the very first impulse of these fellows is to fleece whoever comes nigh them. And if they can do it by being "converted," they will have no scruples; and youthful prisoners, seeing an older companion doing this, will soon find it a profitable business to be converted just as often as there is an opportunity.

The reader may wonder why it is that boys are allowed in jails, and not confined in institutions exclusively devoted to their needs. It certainly is a matter of surprise that the penologists in America have been so backward in instituting a plan by which young offenders can be separated from callous men waiting for trial or undergoing a short imprisonment. Especially is it astonishing that police justices are willing to confine a tramp and his "kid" in the same jail; yet this is nearly as frequent a procedure as sending a boy to the reform school. I have even known a justice to commit a tramp's "kid" to a jail, and two days after to grant him a discharge when the

tramp had paid the boy's fine. And yet people wonder "where in the world all the tramps come from"! Carelessness in the strict enforcement of law is too often a trait of police justices and policemen. And it may be depended upon that tramps not only increase their numbers and strength when allowed to evade laws, but become all the more insolent and daring. During an eight months' sojourn with tramps, I have seen policemen and justices time after time simply order roving vagrants "out of town," when there was plenty of evidence to have punished the fellows in workhouses and jails. And the reader must not forget that whenever a tramp comes before a justice on a charge of begging or vagrancy, the taxpayer is mulcted even though the tramp is allowed to leave town.

The rougher elements of our larger towns, especially youths between fifteen and eighteen years of age, form another source from which trampdom draws life and sustenance. Whenever a tramp or a crowd of beggars stop for a short time in some good-sized town friendly to roadsters, the young roughs of the place invariably mix with the gathering, and as far as possible enter into the spirit of the meeting. I have never been in a town a day (with the exception of a few New England places) without becoming acquainted with some of the "town kids," who are probably termed by their neighbors "bad boys." For a long time it was a question with me why these young fellows found any interest in a tramps' meeting, as often it is impossible to get them to leave their homes and become beggars. While traveling out West, however, I noticed that they were much more easily persuaded to go on the road. I cannot explain this otherwise than that the Western youths are more adventurous. At any rate, they entered much more heartily into tramp conversations than did Eastern boys. As a rule, tramps make it their custom to spend Sundays in some town celebrated for its hospitality. They gather about the railway watering-tank or "section shanty," talk, gamble for pennies if they have any, read stray newspapers, and interest the town adventurers with tale after tale. Sometimes a member of the crowd will be a tattooer, and as the "town fellows" are usually anxious to be decorated, this man will very often pass away an entire Sunday in painting pictures of the most objectionable sort on their backs, breasts, legs, and arms. That the reader may understand more intelligently how youths are converted to trampdom at these Sunday meetings, I shall give a description of a "revival" held in Madison, Wisconsin, one Sunday, at which I was a hanger-on, although not an exhorter.

I had stopped here with Illinois Blackie (a

notorious tramp and lover of "kids"), to wait till Monday, if possible. My companion was very anxious to find a boy to travel with him and beg for him. So on Sunday morning, while looking for his breakfast, he was careful to suggest to every likely young "mucker" that he met to come over to the railway watering-tank, where a crowd of tramps were stopping. In the afternoon some thirteen boys appeared at the "hang-out." They were of all ages: the youngest was twelve and the oldest nineteen years old. As far as I could learn, they were the scum of Madison's lowest society. One of them had already been in a reform school, and all were probably candidates for that institution. They were very much interested in the stories and adventures, and most of them said that they were constant visitors at the watering-tank gatherings. The afternoon passed away in story-telling and lying. Blackie was so anxious to "snare" a colored boy that he told the most fanciful stories I have ever heard in my life. And it was ludicrous indeed to see with what wonder and credulity the little chap listened to them. It was clear that the old tramp made the greatest impression on the lad when telling him how he could ride on freight-trains for nothing, and explained to him all the intricacies of adventure, from a journey on the trucks of an express-train to a peaceful jaunt on top of a slow-going "way-freight." It is this possibility of "riding everywhere" that brings many a boy into trampdom.

A very definite proportion of the recruits gained every year by trampdom is traceable to the reform schools. In making this statement I do not by any means intend injustice to institutions which are capable of so much benefit to society; but it is a fact worthy of minute and earnest consideration that nearly all tramps have during some part of their lives been charges of the State in its reformatories. Before attempting a description of the defects of the present reform-school system, which directly and indirectly forces boys into trampdom, it seems best to find out what sort of boys are usually sent to these schools.

In America the moment a parent is willing to commit a boy to the care of the law—a justice or judge seems to have but one duty to perform—to send him to a reformatory. Perhaps the boy is an illegitimate one, and the mother, none too anxious to care for him, claims that he is incorrigible; maybe he is a truant at school and in every way mischievous, or perhaps he has committed some petty theft. It matters not; for when the parents cannot guide and protect him, the State must come to the rescue. As a rule, it is the boy who has teased and annoyed society, and not criminally offended it, that one finds in a reform school. It

is, indeed, seldom that we find in such an institution lads who have done anything worthy of penitentiary punishment, even if their age forbids their going there. And the few instances which the criminal calendars afford us of boys perpetrating heinous crimes cannot show, as a rule, that there was malice aforethought in the act: so that to consider a reformatory boy a confirmed criminal is to do him the greatest injustice. In many instances, too, we find boys in reform schools who in reality have never broken a law—unless it be an offense to be a homeless child. For it is well known how often irresponsible parents simply turn their children into the streets, and make them find an existence as best they can. I think it can be safely said that more than half of the so-called young offenders have by no means sinned so much as they have been sinned against. Nevertheless, they are forced to run all the risks which a reform-school life offers. One of the greatest defects that I have found in reform schools is the apparent inability to hinder the inmates from using a criminal slang and from attempting to pose as penitentiary birds. I am not sure how popular the custom is; but I have found it in vogue in five different States. Many times I have seen boys between thirteen and fifteen years of age enter a school innocent of everything except homelessness and enforced vagrancy, who, when they had been four weeks in contact with those who were well acquainted with all the "ins and outs" of the institution knew nearly as much of tramp lingo as any youngster on the road to-day. When this criminal and vagrant vernacular is once learned, it is but a step to attempt deceptions in the very place where the boy is supposed to be reformed. It is almost impossible for a boy of spirit and companionable inclinations to keep from acquiring reformatory slang. For if the well-initiated inmates discover that he is unwilling to enter into all their schemes and customs, they call him a "sucker" or "softy," and shun his company for fear that he will "tattle on them" and tell the instructor or superintendent about their misdemeanors. Then there is the class called "tough," to be a member of which is the ambition of every mischievous boy. The newcomer must ally himself with one of these. If he is found with the "suckers" or "softies," his life will be miserable; and if he becomes a member of the tough crowd, he stands a fair chance of being demerited and punished until his hope of release before he is of age is almost extinguished. It is nearly impossible to huddle together all sorts of boys convicted of various nuisances and misdemeanors without injurious results; and the sociologist would do well to acquaint himself with the reform-school boy before he studies the tramp begging at his door.

In talking with lads on the road and in reformatories, I have often noticed an unbounded eagerness to discover, if possible, exactly what chances of success they might have either as tramps or thieves. And in every large gathering of tramps, accidental or arranged, the relation of experiences, and the discussion of prospects, hold fast the attention of the younger members of the crowd. They are bound to learn and understand both the failures and fortunes of their elders. Now, although it may momentarily frighten the moralist and the wise penologist, I would suggest that boys be taught in connection with their other studies at reformatories, all that is to be known about their chances for success in following crime or tramping as a vocation. The writer is well aware how contrary this is to present customs; but the chronicling of a few facts may lessen the apparent absurdity of the suggestion. In the first place, it cannot be overlooked that boys are already being informed in both jails and reformatories about roguery and rascality, by teachers qualified only by experiences in wrong-doing. Nothing will draw a crowd of reform-school boys together quicker, and keep them quieter, than a conversation about criminals and tramps; and among tramp "kids," of whom a great number go to reformatories, I have never found one who did not know as much about Jesse James and Blinkey Morgan as any second-rate thief. This being true, why should it be a startling innovation for the teachers themselves to explain all that is known about crime, its possibilities and its failures, pointing the lessons with practical and moral conclusions from which, if the work were well done, the lads must necessarily gather impressions favorable to a clean life? Before this can be done, it is of course necessary that the teacher make a thorough study of crime and its statistics, in order to treat the subject scientifically as well as popularly. He must know the life of the criminal thoroughly, must trace him back to his birth and early training, study his first mischievous offenses and petty crimes, his first imprisonments, know what he did with his ill-gotten gains, and how quickly all thieves run through their stolen money. He must be specially careful in telling his hearers just how long such men have their liberty. Nor would this be so difficult as is generally supposed, for tramps and thieves discuss these subjects in jails more than anything else. I remember a conversation that I heard in a jail in New York State concerning the length of time a thief can ply his trade successfully. Tramps, "kids," and men waiting for trial took part in the discussion. It seemed to be the general opinion of eight prisoners, with one exception, that six months was as long a time

as a thief could naturally expect to be at liberty. One old fellow, who claimed to have been a criminal for over fifteen years, said that eight months had been his experience, but the others considered that phenomenal. When the conversation turned on the keeping of stolen money, I was indeed surprised. Although none of the prisoners were first-class thieves, yet apparently they had all attempted thefts, and were willing to tell what they did with stolen property. Each man declared that his money left him even quicker than it came; and one man, who had already served a term in the penitentiary, said that he could never keep stolen money long enough even to buy a suit of clothes. It went either in drink or gambling.

Let the sociologist acquaint himself with all such information in every possible way, and explain to boys who are being reformed what slim chances there are for criminal success. I am certain that it would do much to dispel the fascination of a roving and criminal life if vivid accounts of the lives and deaths of well-known contemporary scoundrels could be given by wise instructors to reform-school boys, and if they could be brought by such well-pointed lessons to see how overwhelmingly the odds are against a successful career in vagrancy and crime.

The foregoing suggestion of course is not intended to apply indiscriminately to the inmates of reform schools, for often these schools are graded, and some divisions are composed of children hardly yet in their teens. It is not necessary that these should be instructed and tutored on the same lines as boys from fourteen to eighteen years of age.

Simple fascination is also answerable for a good many vagabonds. There is something about a tramp's life which is remarkably attractive to certain people, and especially to people endowed with what the Germans call *Wanderlust*—the love of wandering. I have known men on the road who were tramping purely and simply because they loved to tramp. They had no appetite for liquor or tobacco, and, so far as I could find, also were quite out of touch with criminals and their habits; but, somehow or other, they could not conquer their passion for roving. In a way, this type of vagabond is the most pitiful that I have ever known; and yet it is the truest type of the genuine voluntary vagrant. The drunkard, in a certain sense, is sometimes an enforced vagabond; he cannot live in any other sphere of life. This is also quite true of certain criminals. There are men who have the criminal instinct, but not the criminal's skill, and they drop down into tramp life as a last resort. They find that they lack criminal wit, and take up with vaga-

bondage because it comes the nearest to their ideal. Such a man is occasionally an enforced tramp in the same way that the drunkard is; but the *Wanderlust* vagabond is far different. He is free from the majority of passions common among vagrants, and yet he is the most earnest vagrant of all. To reform him, it is necessary to kill his personality, to take away his main ambition. And this is a task almost superhuman. Even when he is reformed he is a most downcast person.

There is one other cause of vagrancy more potent than all I have described, and its name is — whisky. The love of liquor brings more men and women into trampdom than anything else, and until this fact is more conscientiously recognized there can be no thorough treatment of the tramp. There is no need to enter into details on this subject: all that I can do is to report the fact. The public needs to realize more fully than it now does the awful effects of strong drink on vagabonds. A realization of this fact is likely to be productive of some remedy for the evils it represents. If the tramps of America could be freed from the bondage into which whisky has brought them, there would not be very many vagrants in the country. That the American tramp is the result of the fluctuations of the labor-mar-

ket, as some claim, I do not believe. The American tramp does not want work, as a rule; but I know that he does want to be free from liquor. And if this can be accomplished, I feel safe in saying that he will go to work. Under the influence of drink he becomes a sort of voluntary idler; but if he were temperate, he could be made a valuable citizen.

The principal causes or sources of vagabondage, as I understand them, may be briefly recapitulated:

I. The love of liquor.

II. *Wanderlust*.

III. The county jail, owing to the promiscuous herding of boys and homeless wanderers with criminals.

IV. The tough and rough element in villages and towns.

V. The comparatively innocent but misguided pupils of the reform school.

Though not, properly speaking, a cause of vagabondage, the non-enforcement of law is its nursing mother, and misguided and misapplied charity its base of operations. The tramp evil is not so much a disease as a symptom of public ill-health. As such, and all the more because it is such, it deserves to be more thoroughly investigated, more reasonably apprehended, and more boldly treated.

Josiah Flynt.

A RECESSIONAL.

NOW along the solemn heights
 Fade the autumn's altar lights;
 Down the great earth's glimmering chancel
 Glide the days and nights.

Little kindred of the grass,
 Like a shadow in a glass
 Falls the dark and falls the stillness,—
 We must rise and pass.

We must rise and follow, wending
 Where the nights and days have ending—
 Pass in order pale and slow
 Unto sleep extending.

Little brothers of the clod,
 Soul of fire and seed of sod,
 We must fare into the silence
 At the knees of God.

Little comrades of the sky,
 Wing to wing we wander by,
 Going, going, going, going,
 Softer than a sigh.

Hark! the moving shapes confer—
 Globe of dew and gossamer,
 Fading and ephemeral spirits
 In the dusk astir.

Moth and blossom, blade and bee,
 Worlds must go as well as we,
 In the long procession joining—
 Mount and star and sea.

Toward the shadowy brink we climb,
 Where the round year rolls sublime—
 Rolls, and drops, and falls forever
 In the vast of Time:

Like a plummet plunging deep
 Past the utmost reach of sleep,
 Till remembrance hath no longer
 Care to laugh or weep.

Charles G. D. Roberts.

THE MARRIAGE RATE OF COLLEGE WOMEN.



OW that the question of the effect of college life on the health of women seems finally and statistically settled, we are met by a new one, concerning its effect on their chances of marriage. It appears that but a small proportion of college women have married. The higher education may not be undermining our health as a nation, after all; but what if it prove to be undermining our domestic life?

It is not so easy a doubt to meet statistically as its predecessor. But there are some interesting figures to be made out that bear on it. It is possible to analyze pretty closely the degrees in which the marriage rate of college women, under different conditions, does really fall below that of the country at large.

The register of the Association of Collegiate Alumnae, representing fifteen leading colleges, East and West, co-educational and separate, affords the fairest possible source for such statistics. Of the 1805 women enrolled in this register for the current year, only 28.2 per cent. are married. The marriage rate for the country at large, for women over twenty years old, is nearly 80 per cent. But to say that college women marry little more than one third as often as other women would be a most careless conclusion. The comparison is misleading in several respects.

I. The rate is lowered by the high proportion of recent graduates in the alumnae body. Of the 1805 names, 887, over 49 per cent., are those of graduates in the latest eight classes,—women still in their twenties,—and a scant dozen in all have reached the age of fifty. (This assumes twenty-two as the age of graduation; and that the usual age is rather below than above this, all my data indicate.) No such proportion of young women to the middle-aged and elderly holds, of course, in the community at large. Under twenty-five years old, college women rarely marry: of 277 graduates of the latest three classes, but ten are married. If these youngest classes are left out of account, so that we consider only women who have passed 25, we find 32.7 per cent. married; after the age of 30 is passed, 43.7; after 35, the rate becomes 49.7; while of those who have passed

40 years, 54.5 per cent. are married. The census tables do not fix exactly the general marriage rate for women of this age, but it is not far from 90 per cent. The ultimate probability of a college woman's marriage, therefore, seems to be below 55 per cent., against 90 per cent. for other women—not quite two thirds as great.

The college woman marries later. The most rapid increase in the rate, in the figures just given for college women, is between the ages of 25 and 30, showing marriage most frequent at this period; while for women in general it is most frequent between 20 and 25. The census shows 9.7 per cent. of all girls between 15 and 20 married,—an age at which virtually no college women ever marry.

II. The rate is lowered by the high proportion of women educated in colleges for women only. Of the 1805 women, 1134, nearly 63 per cent., are graduates of women's colleges; and only 25.7 per cent. of these are married, against 32.6 per cent. of the graduates of co-educational colleges. The following table shows that the difference remains fairly constant as the marriage rate increases with age:

	Marriage Rate.	
	Co-edu. Per cent.	Wom. Coll. Per cent.
For women over 25.....	38.1	29.6
“ “ “ 30.....	49.7	40.1
“ “ “ 35.....	53.6	46.6
“ “ “ 40.....	56.9	51.8

There is no discrepancy in age between the two groups that materially affects the comparison. But it is affected by the fact that all the women's colleges are in the same section of the country, and marriage conditions differ East and West: therefore I have compared the rates for the graduates of the two types of institutions in the North Atlantic section alone,—leaving out, for greater fairness, the earlier Vassar classes, which run a decade farther back than any others in this section, and also the classes of Bryn Mawr, since this college is a decade younger than the rest. This gives a comparison between two groups of women as nearly alike in age, environment, and every condition except the one we seek to measure, as it is possible to get.¹ As it includes no women over 40,

¹A writer in the "Nation," commenting on some similar figures published by me several years ago, points out that the graduates of the women's colleges are in fact somewhat younger than those of the co-educational colleges for the same period of years, because the classes have increased more rapidly in numbers

in the women's colleges. I have taken pains to make the somewhat tedious calculation necessary, and find that the co-educational graduates do in fact average .7 of a year older, and that an allowance for this would make the co-educational marriage rate exceed that for the separate system by 5 per cent., instead of 6.9, as above.

the actual rates are of course low: viz., 29 per cent. for the graduates of co-educational colleges, 22.9 per cent. for the graduates of women's colleges.

The marriages between fellow-students under the co-educational system are perhaps enough to account for this difference. But it has been my impression in observing college women that four years of early womanhood spent in seclusion from free acquaintance with men, and in a pretty elaborate and pleasant social life constructed out of purely feminine materials, left a woman less disposed and less fitted afterward for informal friendships and coöperations with men; and it may be that these informal relations prove oftener the path to marriage for thoughtful women than more conventional social intercourse.

III. The rate is lowered by the high proportion of women from the North Atlantic States. Of the 1805 women, nearly 54 per cent. live in that section now; and over 77 per cent. are graduates of its colleges. Of these graduates, but 26.6 per cent. are married, against 37.1 per cent. of the graduates of Middle Western colleges. Only 22 graduates of the University of California (the only Pacific institution included) are married, but the figure is valueless, owing to a sharp rise in numbers lately, such that nearly 40 per cent. of the alumnae are in the three latest classes. The following table shows the difference constant, —except for the high rate for California graduates over thirty-five years old, probably a mere accident, as the number of names on which it is based is but twenty-seven.

	Marriage Rate.		
	North Atlant.	Middle West.	Calif.
	Per cent.	Per cent.	Per cent.
For women over 25.....	30.6	41.5	36
" " " 30.....	42.2	50.9	45.5
" " " 35.....	46.4	54.5	78.6
" " " 40.....	50.3	57.1	

The rate for the North Atlantic section is lowered by the fact that all the women's colleges are in that part of the country; the influence of section is shown more exactly by the comparison of the rate for graduates of the North Atlantic co-educational colleges with that of the graduates of Middle Western colleges for the same period of years, —29 per cent. and 33.6 per cent., respectively.

If we compare according to the present residence of graduates, we find the sectional differences in marriage rate the same, though we deal here with groups quite differently distributed, for many women who live in the West attend Eastern colleges, and the graduates of all the colleges scatter far and wide as teachers.

	Marriage Rate. Per cent.
Residents of North Atlantic States	23.7
" " Middle West.....	35.7
" " South.....	28.4
" " Pacific Coast.....	29.4
" " Foreign Countries.....	53

Apart from the inconsiderable group who live abroad, it is evident that college women marry most in the Middle West, and least in the North Atlantic States (as a matter of fact, it is least of all in New England, though I have not here segregated the figures). Yet the census shows that — contrary to popular impression — the general marriage rate is highest in the North Atlantic States; next in the "North Central" division, which corresponds closely with my "Middle West"; next in the "Far West" (but in California alone, highest of all); and lowest in the South. Here is no correspondence with the sectional variation that seems so constant in the marriage rates of college women; this, it would seem, then, is not due to the general marriage conditions of each community, but to special conditions affecting its relation to college women; possibly it measures the degree of favor in which learned women are held. I have never observed that this favor was highest on the whole in the classes where learning and high refinement are most to be looked for, but rather among the "plain people," whose stronghold, we are accustomed to think, is in the Middle West.

Even there, the probability of a college woman's marriage by the time she "comes to forty year" does not reach two thirds of the average for women of her age. It is possible it does not fall so far below that of her own class as below that of the community at large. I once made a comparison between the alumnae of the University of California and those of a large seminary close by, which had kept a careful alumnae record, and found that for the period covered — thirteen years — the college women married in about the same proportion as the seminary women, and at about the same length of time after graduation. So far as the census throws any light on the subject, however, it indicates no lower marriage rate in the class from which college women are drawn than in other classes — for native white women, born of native parents, have a marriage rate a trifle above the average.

If it be asked why college women marry less than others, it may very safely be answered, to begin with, that it is *not* because they crave a more exciting and public life; for the majority of them are school-teachers. In the register of the Association, address after address is at some school; nearly 63 per cent. of the California branch are teachers. The

Association includes but thirty-four physicians, and a half-dozen lawyers, preachers, and journalists. A few members are librarians, or employees of some scientific staff; a very few are in independent business. The women that write striking books, that lead in public movements, that address great audiences, that explore and venture, are rarely among them. The conspicuous exceptions—notably Lucy Stone and Frances Willard—were among the earliest graduates; the present type of college woman is conservative, retiring, and more apt to disappoint expectation by differing too little than too much from other respectable, conventional folk—exactly as college men do.

It is probable that in the very general employment of college women as teachers in girls' schools lies one effective cause of celibacy. There is no station in life (save that of a nun) so inimical to marriage as that of resident teacher in a girls' school. The graduates of women's colleges usually prefer teaching in private girls' schools, while co-educational graduates seek the public high schools; and this may have something to do with the difference in their marriage rates. It is probable, too, that the private girls' school is a more frequent institution in the Atlantic States than in the West.

No one who has any extended acquaintance with college women doubts that the quiet and even pursuits of college, during years that might else have gone to social gaieties, increase rather than lessen the disposition to congenial home life; that the danger to unselfish affection from a student's ambition is slight compared to the danger from the ambition of social display; that in women as in men the emotional nature grows with intellectual growth, while becoming at the same time more even and controlled. That they are highly maternal as a class, a more conspicuous success as mothers than in any other calling they have tried, is now evident; it is doubtless here, and not in the learned professions, in letters, or in public life, that the main effect of the higher education of women is to be looked for.

But the bent toward congenial marriage may lessen the actual probability of marriage. It is not the ardent woman, but the cold woman, for whom one marriage will do as well as another. And the college woman is not only more exacting in her standards of marriage, but under less pressure to accept what falls below her standard than the average woman,

because she can better support and occupy herself alone. As a matter of fact, unhappy marriages are virtually unknown among college women.

I have no doubt that the remaining cause of the low marriage rate is that many men dislike intellectual women,—whether because such women are really disagreeable or because men's taste is at fault, I shall not try to determine. And even among those who like them as friends, many feel as the young man did who made this confession:

"I never expected to marry the sort of girl I did. You know I always believed in intellectual equality and all that, and had good friendships with the college girls. But you see, you girls had n't any illusions about us. After you had seen us hanging at the board on problems you could work, and had taken the same degrees yourselves, you could n't imagine us wonders just because we had gone through college; and when I met a dear little girl that thought I knew everything—why, it just keeled me right over; it was a feeling I had no idea of."

And the college woman answered:

"I will betray something to you. Lots of us are just as unreformed as you: we want just as much to look up to our husbands as you want to be looked up to. Only, of course, the more we know, the harder it is to find somebody to meet the want. Probably the equal marriage is really the ideal one, and everybody will come to prefer it some day. But personally, I like men to be superior to me: only I'll tell you what I don't like in them: the wish to keep ahead of us by holding us back, like spoiled children that want to be *given* the game, and then admired for their skill. If men would encourage us to do our very best, and then do still better themselves, it ought to be good for civilization."

I am not here discussing the significance, but only the facts, of celibacy among college women: it does not seem to me, however, as important a social phenomenon as some have considered. It may be a temporary one, a small sign among others of a movement toward higher standards of marriage and parenthood. If not, it is not a matter for regret that the unmarried women of the country should be largely of a class that can be more contented and useful in single life than others might. And in any case, we need not doubt that all good knowledge is safe in the long run for all men and women.

Milicent Washburn Shinn.

TOPICS OF THE TIME.

Money and Debts.

THE advocates of free silver coinage, aided by the owners of silver mines, have been circulating in the West and South during the past few months pamphlets and other popular literature, given up mainly to two subjects. The first of these relates to the fall in the price of commodities which has taken place the world over during the past few years, and is an effort to convince the farmers of the country that while the price of what they produce has fallen one half, the price of their debts remains unchanged. The second relates to the demonetization of silver by Congress in 1873, and is always referred to as "the Crime of 1873."

The usual form in which the silver advocates — on the stump and in their various publications — put the price argument is something like this: "Everything that the farmer produces has gone down in price nearly, or quite, one half, while his debt remains unchanged. He has to produce twice as many bushels of wheat or corn to pay his debt, or the interest on it, as he had to produce when the debt was incurred. This is due to the scarcity of money, brought about by the demonetization of silver. If we had free coinage of silver, the price of his crops and the price of his debt would be on the same level."

The author of the principal pamphlet put the point very clearly in an open letter to President Cleveland, in April last, saying:

A debt for \$1000 that 1000 bushels of wheat would have paid ten years ago now requires the farmer to give up 2000 bushels of wheat, in exchange for these dollars, with which to pay the same debt. The debts now in existence are principally old debts, or renewed or re-funded debts, or new debts contracted to pay old debts, or debts which the people have been forced to contract by reason of the continued decline in prices. The owners of products must now give up twice as much property to pay their taxes as in 1873.

Let us first consider the truth of the quoted statements, second their moral quality, and third the practicability of acting in accordance with them.

(1.) Is it true that wheat is worth only half as much as it was ten years ago, and that it takes twice as many bushels to pay a debt now as it did then? It will be noticed from the quoted passage that its author is somewhat careless about dates and time, speaking in the first sentence of the present time as compared with ten years ago, and in the last sentence making the comparison with 1873. In both cases, however, he makes the decrease in value of products the same — one half. Mr. J. K. Upton, formerly Assistant Secretary of the Treasury, has published figures which prove beyond question that the quoted statements are not true. These showed that ten years ago wheat was only 20 cents a bushel higher than in April, 1895, being quoted at 77 cents in 1885 and at 57 cents ten years later — a decrease of 26 per cent. instead of 50. In 1884 the wheat

crop was 337,000,000 bushels, and in 1894 460,000,000 bushels — an increase of over 36 per cent. The corn crop in 1884 was 1,796,000,000 bushels and in 1894 1,213,000,000 bushels — a decrease of 583,000,000 bushels. This crop, which is about one half greater in value than that of wheat, was quoted in January, 1885, at 35 cents a bushel, and ten years later at 45 cents a bushel — an advance of 28 per cent. Wheat had fallen in price because of a greatly increased crop, and corn had advanced in price because of a greatly decreased crop. The monetary standard clearly had nothing to do with the change in price of either product. Why should the farmer reckon his debt in wheat rather than in corn? If he paid it in the proceeds of both, would the average cost to him in the two products be greater than it was ten years earlier?

(2.) Now as to the moral aspect of the position. It is plain on the face of the statement that what is contemplated by its author is a depreciated dollar, one worth only 50 cents in gold. If this be not the dollar contemplated, how is the debtor to be able to reduce the price of his debt to the alleged price of his wheat? He would gain nothing by genuine bimetalism, that is, through the adoption of a monetary standard which kept gold and silver at a parity. What silver advocates say the farmer ought to have is a dollar worth only half as much as the one he has now. Granting for the sake of the argument that his products have been reduced one half in price, what moral right has he to have his debt reduced one half? Did he stipulate when he contracted his debt that his payment of it in full should depend upon the prosperity of his business, upon the profits of his farm? Did he agree that if his crops brought the same price ten years hence he would pay interest and principal in full in as good money as that which he borrowed, but that if crops were poor and prices went down one half he would only pay one half of principal and interest? If he had tried to negotiate a loan on that basis, could he have succeeded? Not having made any conditions of that kind, how can he honestly get out of any portion of his debt?

Let him change sides for a moment with the person or persons who lent him the money? The probabilities are that he got it from a savings bank, or an insurance company, or a loan association. Statistics show that the depositors in savings banks are mainly persons of small means — hard-working men and women, widows and orphans. It is their money which is loaned, not that of bloated capitalists. The stockholders in banks, insurance, and loan companies are largely men and women of small means, who have put all they have in the world into the stock of those corporations in order that it may earn a living for them and provide something to leave to their children. What is to be said of the justice of cutting down their property one half because the farmer who borrowed their money, and whose promise to pay

it in full they accepted, has not been so prosperous as he thought he would be? Would there be any other name for the act than repudiation, or breach of faith?

(3.) As for the practicability of conducting business affairs on such a basis, does any one need to be reasoned with about that? Could a farmer, or any other debtor, who should once refuse to pay half, or any other portion, of his debt because his crops sold for lower prices than they brought when he contracted his debt, ever borrow a dollar again? What would become of all our banks, our insurance companies, our loan associations, all institutions, in fact, for the investment of money? What would become of the credit system in business? What, in short, would become of the entire machinery of modern civilization? It would all be swept away at a blow, and we should be set back to the old system of barter. It seems incredible that, at this stage of the world, anybody should be ignorant of the fact that this experiment of repudiation has never been made, by either an individual or a nation, without most disastrous consequences. The articles in our Cheap-Money series¹ have shown how repeatedly during the past four hundred years this experiment has been made in different lands, always with the same results. Sad as is the dishonest aspect of it the feature of the proposition which is most surprising is its folly. We are confident that the common sense, as well as the common honesty, of the American people will reject it overwhelmingly if they shall be given an opportunity to vote squarely upon it.

Professor Sloane's "Napoleon."

THIS department is not the place, nor is it yet time, for either praise or criticism of Professor Sloane's "Napoleon." But at the close of a "magazine year" of this work, and at the point when the narrative is about to enter upon the noonday career of that wonderful figure, we may be permitted to call the attention of our readers to certain points of interest in the character and method of the work.

The "life" has not been put forth as a new series of memoirs, or as a collection of well-known anecdotes (valuable as both of these may be in their place), but as a serious and scholarly historical study. The various ways of writing history were the subject of a suggestive essay by Professor Woodrow Wilson in the September number. Certain letters which we have received remind us that something might also be said "On the Reading of History." There is a type of mental flabbiness which would not be satisfied with anything short of a gossip's view of Napoleon, and to which the serious interest with which the world is now subjecting the ingredients of his reputation to a sort of quantitative analysis is nothing more than a mere "fad." The hunger for fiction—an appetite that seems to grow by what it feeds on—is in danger of becoming a sort of literary bulimia, and threatens to exaggerate that aversion to continuity of serious intellectual exercise which Dr. Nordau regards as a sign of deterioration. The value and uses of fiction, either from a literary or a sociological point of view, have not been lost sight of in the conduct of this magazine; yet not only in the "Napoleon," but also in previous extensive works in the same field, we have trusted to the serious-mindedness of the American people, remembering that one of the

chief functions of history, as defined by Froude, is "to sound across the centuries the eternal note of right and wrong." This is not to claim any impeccable character for Professor Sloane's conclusions as to the motives of his personages. No one knows so well as a writer of history the manifold and persistent obstacles to entire accuracy in recreating that aspect of the past. We are only noting that history is a potent factor in keeping alive the sense of justice which is the very pulse of any people.

It is, however, much to say of this work of Professor Sloane's that, whatever the maturer sifting of critics may hereafter do, we have not yet become cognizant, from the mass of comment received, of any serious error of fact in his narrative. Of course, objections have been made to his conclusions, which is not strange when it is remembered that hardly two historians have heretofore agreed upon even the salient points of Napoleon's character, or upon the trustworthiness of the body of evidence, much less upon the subtle deductions that constitute the pith of history. Some of these objections have come from readers who are saturated with the sentimental views of a less scientific time, and who reveal the heated temper of extreme partizanship. A veritable *chronique scandaleuse* would not satisfy these readers of any lack of perfection in their heroes or heroines. But in the few cases of criticism of which we know, Professor Sloane has stood his ground successfully, and has never been shown ignorant of any accessible record. Whatever may be thought of his opinions, his method and temper at least have been scholarly. His study of the times has covered his mature life and has been the occupation of a worker of exceptional capacity for acquisition. His previously published historical work gave him no inconsiderable reputation for accuracy and trustworthiness. In the course of his special study of Napoleon, which has covered the last eight years, he has, familiarized himself with original sources of information—some unpublished, such as the French archives, the Ashburnham papers in the Medici library at Florence, and the diplomatic reports for 1814-15 in the English Record Office, not to mention the now voluminous publications from the Prussian, Russian, and Austrian archives, together with the contemporary French memoirs now for the most part printed. From this class of materials he has written his own conclusions, checking them by collateral evidence and modifying them on fuller knowledge. He has studied Napoleon not only in his own despatches and other autograph records, and in unprinted portions of the French archives, but in many contemporary records of other nations of Europe, as well as in all available memoirs, monographs, review articles, etc. While the scheme of the work has not admitted of a detailed presentation of military events, such as would be expected in a technical history, the author has nevertheless reviewed most of the great commander's campaigns and battles on the ground. He has, moreover, studied the times and the peoples, and endeavored to consider Napoleon not merely as a man, a ruler, or a conqueror, but as a force in history.

A personage of such unique and phenomenal characteristics as Napoleon must ever remain, after all is said, something of an enigma, and the most successful biographer is likely to be the one whose conception of his character fits the largest number of undisputed facts.

¹ See "Cheap-Money Experiments," Century Company.

How nearly Professor Sloane approximates to this definition it must be left till the close of the work to determine. Meanwhile this much may be said, that he gives us a good working theory of his subject—a definite and comprehensible Napoleon, compact though he be of many diverse qualities. The object has evidently been to show the man and his times acting and reacting upon each other in an interplay which shall reveal the leading motives of the chief actor.

The Proper Use of College Degrees.

AT various times during the past few years there have been occasional protests against the formal manner in which the colleges confer honorary degrees, and alumni associations have gone so far in some instances as to demand the abolition of the practice. These symptoms of dissatisfaction have appeared naturally just after the commencement season when contemplation of the mysterious and bewildering manner in which the degrees have been distributed excites both curiosity and irritation. The deserving and the undeserving are so commingled in the list that, as one looks it over, he is moved to say of the conferring powers, as the negro said of the ways of Divine Providence, that they are "wise but unscrupulous." No system appears to be followed, and there are no signs of a standard of merit. One man receives a degree who has really earned it by distinguished attainments or services in art, literature, science, law, medicine, morals, or religion; another, because he has founded a scholarship in the college, or presented a building; another, because his friends have clamored for him to have it; another, because he has been preaching or writing or working for many years, and all other men of his age in similar walks in life have received it; another, because he has been the victim of unjust persecution, or has had hard luck, and needs to be encouraged, and another (an all too representative case), because he is thinking of leaving something to the college, and the honor will add a spur to his generous impulses.

What is the result? The degree is made so common that the really deserving man hesitates to accept it, and it is worth nothing to the undeserving man who wears it. Harvard, and we believe several other colleges, had the custom, for many years, of conferring the degree of LL. D. upon any man who was elected governor in the State in which the college was situated. This custom was abandoned in 1883, when General Butler became governor of Massachusetts; but some other colleges may possibly be continuing it. The absurdity, however, of acting on the supposition that a majority vote in a political election makes a man fit for the highest honors which a college has to bestow, honors which in their titles avow recognition of attainments in purely intellectual pursuits, is proving too great for the perpetuation of this custom.

And this brings us to the point which we wish to urge. The degrees were devised for the purpose of recognizing eminent attainments or services in intellectual pursuits. When a man had pursued a certain course of study in law, or divinity, or other branch of learning, and had passed examinations which demonstrated his attainments, he received the degree as a certificate of his knowledge. A man who could write LL. D. after his name was recognized as one who had

proved his proficiency in that field of study. The letters D. D. after a clergyman's name meant that he possessed theological learning, and was either eminent for pulpit eloquence, or conspicuous for good works. A degree of M. A. meant that the recipient had pursued a specified course of study, or had performed intellectual work which showed him worthy of the distinction. Why not return to this early practice? Why not return to the old simplicity and truthfulness which ought to form the basis of every institution of learning? Above all, why not remove from college honors the atmosphere of sham and humbug which is so fatal to everything it touches, and which, by appealing to the sense of the ludicrous which is so keen in Americans, deprives those honors of the last vestige of value by making them ridiculous? "I see," said a college graduate, to a group of fellow-graduates during the recent commencement season, "that the university has conferred an A. M. upon Brown and another one on Smith." "Yes," said one of the group, "but Brown got his cheaper, for he only gave some books, while Smith gave a dormitory."

It is a fact that a mercenary motive is the first one given in all cases in which the obvious merit of the recipient of the degree does not itself supply the explanation for its bestowal. All this could be remedied by having the degrees conferred on merit alone, as the recognition of distinguished achievements in intellectual pursuits. This would be a worthy use of the powers which the colleges possess as the nurseries and fountain-heads of the intellectual life of the people. In a country like ours, where the conspicuousness of the newly rich acquires a misleading importance, it is particularly desirable that institutions of learning should form a breakwater against merely material forces. The conferring of degrees is one of the object lessons by which the youth of a country may be taught that the acquisition of riches, however it may figure in the newspapers, is not the chief end or honor of mankind. It is the duty of the colleges to stimulate and encourage intellectual growth in all possible ways, to hold up learning as a beautiful thing, and to hold out honors and rewards to those who, turning aside from other things, devote their lives to it. If they fail in this duty, who is there left to perform it? If they bestow their honors, not in recognition of intellectual achievement, but in return for material benefits, and in recognition of material success, to whom can the author, the poet, the painter, the scholar, the scientist, or other intellectual worker, look for encouragement and sustaining strength?

The Death of Glave.

ON the first day of May this magazine published the first fruit of Mr. E. J. Glave's remarkable journey from the east coast of Africa, across the interior, to the mouth of the Congo, on the west coast. It consisted of photographs of the tree, with the record carved on its trunk, at the foot of which was buried the heart of Dr. Livingstone; and of a brief account, from Glave's letters, of his good fortune in coming upon this famous missionary's shrine in Central Africa, when those who had made a special effort to find that landmark of Christianity had failed. The photographs and the letter had been despatched to us early in the autumn of 1894 by

way of the caravan trail to the east coast, while Glave with his little band of carriers had pushed on north-westward for the headwaters of the Congo. Barring several weeks of fever in the region of Lake Tanganyika, all went well with him; and we know now that on the day his discovery of the Livingstone tree was published to the world, he was in Matadi, near the mouth of the Congo, waiting for the departure of the steamer which within a fortnight was to sail for Belgium. During two years of toilsome exploration he had traversed the whole breadth of the Dark Continent; with only a dozen black followers he had passed from tribe to tribe without firing a shot in defense, or even threatening a native. He had accomplished a feat of physical strength and moral courage which, five years earlier, might perhaps have been well-nigh impossible, and which now was grandly significant of the rift civilization has made in the last two years in the Ethiopian darkness. His task was behind him; the fruits of his philanthropic mission were stored in well-filled journals and camera films; his foot almost rested on the threshold of home; the curtain was ready to rise on a stage he had trod before as an always unassuming hero of a drama of daring and fortitude; the curtain rose; but, alas! the scene was set for the familiar African tragedy. On the afternoon of Sunday, May 12, though devotedly nursed by new found friends, he succumbed to a sudden attack of fever; and on the following morning his body was laid in the soil of Africa, whose enslaved humanity it had been his highest ambition to succor, even at the risk of his life.

An account of Glave's short but useful career is to be found in the present number of this magazine. It is fitting here to say that the idea of the journey which ended so successfully as regarded the physical obstacles, and so untimely with respect to the uncompleted mission, was formed by Glave when he was a young and trusted officer under Stanley. The sufferings inflicted upon the natives by the Arab slave-raiders aroused his sympathies, and suggested the project of studying the traffic from the inside, in the guise of a peaceable traveler interested only in the adventures of the chase. During his six years' sojourn in America, which included two expeditions to Alaska, this African project was always uppermost in his mind. He early endeavored to interest *THE CENTURY* in his plans, but, in common with his other friends, we regarded the hazard for him as unequal to the probable benefit for the world. So, while all listened attentively—for he was eloquent on the subject—no one urged him forward. Finally he carefully matured a plan of action, and presented it in the form of a request for a rather moderate financial backing, supplemented by an expressed determination to carry it out, if he must, without other aid than his own meager resources. No man was ever more able, with artless modesty and recalcitrant purpose, to awaken greater confidence in himself. And, after all, if any white man could carry out the adventurous program, who could undertake it with fewer risks than Glave, who for years had defied the fevers of the Congo in more than one encounter, who had a natural aptitude for the dialects and customs of the natives, and who had shown the same magnetic influence among the barbarous people of the equator, as he had shown among those of his own race who had come within the sphere of his stimulating personality?

So, with a sense of the possible good to be derived from his self-appointed mission, yet partly out of sympathy with him, *THE CENTURY* provided Glave with such aid as he deemed adequate to the undertaking. In June, 1893, he set forth with buoyant spirits, accompanied by the warmest wishes for his success and safety that ever worked invisibly for the support of a human being; and not a friend but felt that, no matter what the difficulty, the discouragement, the peril, Glave would find within himself resources to surmount and withstand them. His journey to the outlet on the western coast confirmed this confidence, and justified both his judgment and the encouragement which was reluctantly bestowed upon his plans. But, alas! the dread fate which was repelled at the entrance to the wilderness lurked again at the emerging gate.

Whatever may be lacking in his hurried notes of travel to give point and roundness to his mission, they will doubtless suffice to chronicle a journey that will be significant as a harbinger of peace to the distracted tribes of benighted Africa. They will also help to reveal to the world the character of a man who was cast in a mold of gentleness and heroism, of generosity and justice, of unselfishness and righteousness. Glave was the type of unalloyed manhood and steadfast friendship of which his race has given many examples.

Mr. Cole's Achievement in Wood-Engraving.

THE engraving of Vermeer by Mr. Cole, which is printed as the frontispiece of the present number, marks the conclusion of the second series of old masters reproduced by this engraver, the "Italian Old Masters" having been completed in *THE CENTURY* for October, 1892, and the "Dutch and Flemish" series having been begun in the number for December, 1893.

This latter series, which comprises thirty-one blocks representing twenty-one painters, marks an achievement on Mr. Cole's part of similar value to its predecessor, both from the point of view of popular interest and that of permanent artistic importance. It illustrates the versatility of the cunning and sympathetic hand that can render not only the ideality and spiritual grace of the Italian schools, but also the truthful and tender simplicity of the Lowlands painters, which frames the brilliant richness of Rembrandt, Hals, and Rubens, as a sober setting frames a gleaming jewel. Every stroke of Mr. Cole's graver has been directed by enthusiastic devotion, and his success is a justification of the confidence with which the managers of this magazine proposed to him the first of these enterprises. In lieu of the varied interest of miscellaneous blocks which might have been expected from him from month to month, it occurred to us to substitute a consecutive work of more permanent worth—the reproduction of the masterpieces of painting by the hand of the master-graver of our time. Long after this magazine, now completing its twenty-fifth year, shall have reached its centenary, the proofs of these blocks will remain to represent in part the art of the nineteenth as well as of the earlier centuries. It is something upon which, without too much complacency, we may congratulate alike the engraver and the public.

The frequency with which these blocks have followed one another has perhaps dulled the edge of the reader's expectancy, and their very familiarity may

have led him to forget not only that such an enterprise is not likely to be done so well again, but that it is not likely to be done by any one else at all. Certainly the limitations of the so-called "cheap" magazines are such that one would not expect them to undertake such a series, while the mechanical "processes" which, appropriately applied, have admirable uses, are inadequate to the best results in this field. There is a distinct difference between picture-making and art,

and we are mistaken if the rage for cheap work shall ever eradicate the love of good wood-engraving in the large contingent of American readers who have participated in the rise and progress of the native school. We are glad, therefore, to be able to announce that, after an interval, during which Mr. Cole will reproduce for *THE CENTURY* some of the best contemporary art, he will take up a third consecutive series almost equal in interest to the two now happily completed.

OPEN LETTERS.

Appreciation of Keats by his Friends.

THE letters which follow, and which come from the Archives of John Keats's American relatives, have one characteristic in common, in giving testimony to the strong personal hold which Keats took upon those who knew him most intimately. We are informed, and believe, that they have not before been published, and present them here in supplement to the two papers on the poet in the present number. The originals are now in the possession of Mr. William H. Arnold of New York, to whom we are indebted for the opportunity of printing them.—EDITOR.

I.

MY DEAR KEATS: I was most delighted at seeing you yesterday, for I hardly knew how I was to meet with you, situated as you are and confined as I am. I wish I could have stayed longer with you. As to the poem, I am of all things anxious that you should publish it, for its completeness will be a full answer to all the ignorant malevolence of cold, lying Scotchmen and stupid Englishmen. The overweening struggle to oppress you only shows the world that so much of endeavour cannot be directed to nothing. Men do not set their muscles and strain their sinews to break a straw. I am confident, Keats, that the "Pot of Basil" hath that simplicity and quiet pathos which are of sure sovereignty over all hearts. I must say that it would delight me to have you prove yourself to the world what we know you to be—to have you annul the "Quarterly Review" by the best of all answers. When I see you I will give you the Poem, and pray look it over with that eye to the *littlenesses* which the world are so fond of excepting to (though I confess, with that word altered which I mentioned, I see nothing that can be cavilled at). And let us have the Tale put forth, now that an interest is aroused. One or two of your sonnets you might print, I am sure. And I know that I may suggest to you which, because you can decide as you like afterward. Nobody will remember that we were [to write] together. I give over all intention, and you ought to be alone. I can never write anything now—my mind is taken the other way. But I shall set my heart on having you high, as you ought to be. Do you get Fame, and I shall have it in being your affectionate and steady friend. There is no one I am more interested in, and there is no one that I have more pleasure in communicating my own happiness to. You will gratify me much by letting me have, whenever you have leisure, copies of what you write; for more than

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myself have a sincere interest in you. When shall I see you, and when shall I go with you to Severn's?

Your ever affectionate

J. H. REYNOLDS.

Wed^a. morn.
(Postmarked Oct. 14; the year and the few missing words were evidently torn off in unsealing.)

II.

BRIDGEWATER, September 25th.

(Postmarked 1818.)

MY DEAR KEATS:

Here I am, as Shakespeare says, "chewing the cud of sweet and bitter fancy," solitary in the midst of society, with no human being to exchange a notion with except my sister, and she begins to be so occupied with her little brats that if I attempt to quote Shakespeare to her I am ordered into silence for fear I should wake the children. I came here for repose of mind. As I am now getting better, I am again on the rack to be again in the midst of all the objects of my ambition. I am getting about again, my hero; and I hope to God I shall yet finish my picture to the satisfaction of all of you. I am longing to be among you, and hear your account of your last tour. If it has done as much good to the *inside* as the outside of your head you will feel the effects of it as long as you live. I shall leave this place to-morrow or Monday, and hope to be in town by Wednesday at furthest. I hope your brother Tom does not suffer much—poor fellow!—I shall never forget his look when I saw him last. I can never say as much when I dictate a letter as when I write it myself; and this, I hope, will be a sufficient excuse for not writing a longer one to you. At any rate, this is better treatment than you gave me when you went on your tour.

Believe me, my dear Keats, most affectionately and sincerely,

Yours ever,

B. R. HAYDON.

(Signature in autograph.)

P. S. [in Haydon's handwriting].—To give you an idea of the elegant taste of this place, the other day in company, when I illustrated something by a quotation, one of the company said with great simplicity, "Lord, Mr. Haydon, you are full of scraps!" Adieu! my eyes will not permit me.

III.

ROME, September 1, 1863.

MY DEAR MADAM:

This is a line to assure you that I am the "one devoted friend until death" of your illustrious relative

"John Keats," and that it has gratified me highly to be addressed by you in consequence of your reading my essay "On the Vicissitudes of Keats's Fame." As I had the happiness to meet his sister here (Madam d'Llanos) — after forty-five years! — I trust it may be also my happiness to meet some others of his family in Rome, where I am likely to remain all my life, and where I first came in his dear company in November, 1820, and on his account. Altho' on my part so mad a thing as it seemed at the time, and was pronounced so by most of my friends, yet it was the best, and perhaps the only, step to insure my artistic career, which no doubt was watched and blessed by this dear spirit, for I remained twenty years without returning to England, and during that time the patrons I most valued came to me as the "friends of Keats." These have remained faithful to me and to mine, no doubt inspired by the revered name of the poet. The success of my family (three sons and three daughters) has turned on this. The chief of these patrons I may mention is the present Chancellor of the Exchequer (William Gladstone).

At this moment I only know of two personal friends of the poet besides myself to be now living — Mr. Charles Cowden Clarke, who is at Genoa (Villa Novello, Strada alla Cava, Genoa), and Mr. John Taylor (the publisher) in London.

It may be also that friends of yours [may] chance to be visiting Rome, and in that case I beg you to give them a note to me.

This quiet note I fear may find you in the midst of war's misery, if it ever finds you at all, and I hope it may be the means of procuring me another dear letter from you or yours to

Yours most truly,

JOSEPH SEVERN.

For Mrs. Speed.

[Louisville, Ky.]

Nordau's "Degeneration": An Exchange of Compliments.

THE letters which follow are printed at the request of Professor Lombroso, and by permission of Dr. Nordau, and refer to the article by the former in the present number.—EDITOR.

I.

[TURIN, June 7, 1895.]

DEAR NORDAU: I have been earnestly pressed by the American reviews to publish an article on your great work "Degeneration." Bound to you by gratitude and by immense admiration, I at once accepted; but in the course of composition I could not help perceiving that we differ much on several points, above all as to what genius is: which, as I think, is often insane, without by insanity losing its value. I do not wish, however, to disturb those very sweet and delicate relations which exist between us, but which cannot make me forget the love of truth. The article is almost finished, but speak the word, and it shall be burned.

Your most devoted CESARE LOMBROSO.
To DR. MAX NORDAU.

II.

PARIS, June 9, 1895.

DEAR AND ILLUSTRIOUS MASTER: Your letter of the 7th inst. has touched me profoundly. I thank you

with all my heart. Not send your article! Burn it! You must not think of such a thing! It would be a crime to deprive the world of one of your studies, even though I should suffer from it.

Assuredly I am disquieted when you inform me of a divergence of opinion between you and me; for in that case I should suspect myself of being mistaken, and I would so much rather (laugh at my naïveté) be sure of being right. But as the truth is my supreme aim, I would a thousand times prefer to be set right by you than to continue in an error.

I know very well that all the idiots of the two hemispheres will plume themselves, after your article appears; while taking care not to specify the point which divides us, they will audaciously generalize, and cry: "Behold the disciple disowned by him whom he has proclaimed his master! Demolished is the foundation on which rested the whole edifice! Now nothing is left of it but a heap of shapeless rubbish." But what of that? Fair-minded men will nevertheless know how to take an equitable view of the bearing of your criticism and of your reservations.

Now I am bound to believe that even in that which seems to divide us we are not so much at variance as would appear. I do not at all deny the influence of the insane pseudo-genius. I see too well, alas! how great this influence is; but I doubt if it is salutary and evolutive. I believe that Wagner in creating impressionist works, and also on account of them, has interrupted and falsified the natural evolution of the opera, perhaps of music in general, and that this art will not resume its normal development until the Wagnerian episode [*l'épisode Wagnerien*] shall have been eliminated. Also I do not believe for an instant that the morbid humanitarian emotionality of Tolstoi has produced any useful result whatever. This emotionality inspires in Tolstoi ideas and projects that are contrary to progress, besides mysticism and hatred of science. I have never denied his talent as a novelist; but even that talent is made up of morbid hyperesthesia and emotional gigantism.

Once more, thanks; and believe me, dear and illustrious master, your entirely devoted

M. NORDAU.

An American School in Rome.

ON October 15 an American School will be instituted in Rome in charming quarters on the Pincian Hill. This latest enterprise of America in the Old World will encourage the study by Americans of the archaeology, art, literature, and history of Italy. The plan was originated by archaeologists and Latinists at a meeting in Philadelphia held during the past winter, and at this meeting, under the auspices of the Archaeological Institute of America, a committee of three was appointed to ascertain whether it was feasible to establish a school at Rome. This committee, consisting of Professors W. G. Hale of the University of Chicago, Minton Warren of Johns Hopkins University, and the writer, representing Princeton, decided, in order to secure a wide interest and support, to invite other men to join the committee, until nearly fifty colleges and universities, and more than that number of cities, in every part of the United States were represented, while a strong section of the committee was established in

Rome itself. On account of the enthusiasm with which the project was welcomed, the committee determined to open the School, if possible, this autumn. There was so short a time for organization that no attempt was made to obtain a permanent endowment, but only a fund sufficient to carry on the school for at least three years. The work of raising the endowment will be undertaken during these years, and if the responses are as generous as they have been to the appeal for the temporary fund, there is good hope that the School will become a permanent institution. Chicago and Baltimore have been most generous, and Philadelphia, Boston, Cleveland, and Washington have given freely.

When the Council of the Archaeological Institute held its annual meeting in May its support of the proposed plan was secured, and, with prospects thus strengthened, the General Managing Committee of the School was called together on May 18. It gave the School a permanent organization, and decided, for the sake of uniformity with the Athens School, that its name should be the "American School of Classical Studies in Rome," while at the same time it decided to include post-classical studies of the Early-Christian, Medieval, and Early-Renaissance periods.

One of the incentives to an immediate organization was the unique opportunity of securing a residence which seemed made for the purpose. Every visitor to Rome in the old days before the Eternal City was ruined by reconstruction will remember one of the most beautiful of its numerous villas, the Ludovisi Villa on the Pincian Hill. The *Piano Regolare*, or official plan, which aims at obliterating the hills and filling in the dells, and which has made Rome as commonplace as it lies in the power of man to do, laid its hands upon this as upon the other villas that formed the city's fascinating belt of green, leveled it, and converted it into streets. After this the main structure, called from Guercino's famous fresco, the "Casino dell'Aurora," was left solitary. This noble Renaissance building stands, surrounded by grand old trees, in extensive grounds which are buttressed by fortress-like retaining walls, their level being nearly twenty feet above that of the neighboring streets. From these grounds one overlooks the Eternal City and the surrounding Campagna, and in the midst of its groves can feel as far from the city as if one were in the Alban Hills. This building is to be shared not only with the American School of Architecture, established a year ago, but with Schools of Sculpture and Painting which are now in process of organization. The four Schools will probably together form one Academy and will have much in common in their aims and work.

Many archaeological and historical schools have already been founded in Rome, from government grants, by Germany, France, Austria, and Italy, and it seems an even more natural center than Athens for a similar American enterprise. The Athens school, now in its thirteenth year, was a direct creation of the Archaeological Institute, and was entirely supported by annual contributions from a certain number of colleges. A different plan is being followed for the Roman school, and almost the entire fund has been contributed by private individuals in their own name. In this way there has been no interference with the sources of supply of the School at Athens. These Schools have so much in common that they cannot fail to strengthen

each other and awaken more enthusiasm by their united efforts. It is expected not only that students will go abroad to spend a year at each school, but that many will go from one to the other during a single year's residence, especially those who wish to complete their survey of the classical field.

The School is governed by a general committee of about eighty, with an executive committee of nine members. The chairman is Professor Hale, the secretary is the writer, and the treasurer is Mr. C. C. Cuyler, 44 Pine street, New York. The Director for the coming year will be Professor Hale, and the Associate-director will be the writer. Although the School is open in Rome only from October 15 to June 1, its members are expected to continue their work until August on a plan approved by the directors. The purposes of the School are thus defined in its regulations: "The object of the School is to promote the study of such subjects as (1) Latin literature, as bearing upon customs and institutions; (2) inscriptions in Latin and the dialects; (3) Latin palaeography; (4) the topography and antiquities of Rome itself; and (5) the archaeology of ancient Italy (Italic, Etruscan, Roman), and of the Early-Christian, Medieval, and Renaissance periods." How far this broad field will actually be covered each year will depend upon circumstances. Although the school is primarily for the study of monuments, it will also encourage original research in cognate fields, and it cannot fail to react most beneficially upon Latin studies in America, giving them new life, and possibly leading to the establishment of independent chairs for the teaching of archaeology at our universities.

There will be regular courses of lectures, but most of the work will consist of informal talks at museums, visits to the monuments, and excursions to ancient sites in Etruria and the Roman province, and even as far as Sicily. A large part of the duties of the directors will consist in informal advice and personal assistance to each student in his independent work. We are already certain of a considerable number of advanced students. Three School-fellowships have been awarded, and at least six holders of fellowships at the universities of Chicago, Harvard, and Princeton will go out as members of the School. This number will be increased by several graduate students, who will be in Rome for the entire year, and by others who will stay for only a part of the season.

Such study as the School in Rome will promote is extremely broad in its scope. Italy is not only the center for the study of Etruscan and Roman antiquities and history; it is superior even to Greece in the material it affords for the study of Greek architecture, and is hardly inferior to it for giving the student an adequate idea of the development of Greek sculpture. Where else than in Rome can we realize so vividly the Early-Christian period in all its phases? Where outside of Italy can we find so full a series of monuments of Byzantine art? For the Middle Ages, France alone surpasses Italy in architecture and sculpture, and of course for painting, and for all the phases of the early Renaissance, which our School includes in its work, Italy is incomparable.

More remains to be accomplished in the exploration of ancient Italian sites than is usually realized, and we hope to share in the work of discovering new monu-

ments. Even more remains to be done in classifying and making known already existing monuments. Looking to the effect upon our own country, we must feel that American workers need to be brought into vivifying contact with the realities of the past in order to avoid the dangers of pedantry and book-learning; and if there be one thing more than another that as a people we need, it is a general appreciation of art. Undoubtedly, the Roman school, if it be assisted in its development by our public-spirited men and women, will be an active agent in bringing about a change for the better.

PRINCETON COLLEGE.

A. L. Frothingham, Jr.

A New Suffrage Qualification.

THE last definition of the franchise, made by the people of Utah in their new State constitution, records a phase of the evolution of American democracy which promises to conserve the State, by giving the right to vote and to hold office to all citizens of the United States of twenty-one years of age and upward who have resided in the State one year, in the county four months, and in the precinct sixty days preceding any election. This grant of universal suffrage is limited, however, by a condition which is substantially a reenactment of an electoral qualification generally applied during the colonial period and during the last quarter of the eighteenth century in all the States except Pennsylvania, but gradually abandoned, until it disappeared, about 1835. Speaking of the Commonwealths as a whole, until this time the voter was required to be a freeholder. The democratic renaissance which burst upon the country with the coming into power of Andrew Jackson and his supporters was chiefly characterized by the speedy abolition of long prevailing electoral qualifications: a long term of residence and a property qualification; the religious qualifications having been practically abandoned a generation earlier.

The limitation on universal suffrage proposed in Utah restricts the right to vote any "debt in excess of the taxes for the current year" in any county, city, town, or village of the State, by requiring that such increase in indebtedness must first have been submitted as a proposition to such qualified electors as have paid a property tax, for one year preceding, in the subdivision of the State in which the debt is proposed; and a majority of these taxpaying electors must have given their votes in its favor.

This limitation, therefore, is in the nature of an electoral referendum, and is the first instance of its application and formal inclusion in an American State constitution.

The chief complaint made against universal suffrage is by the owners of real-estate. Citizens who support government, chiefly local government, are out-voted by the landless and the non-taxpayers. Partly on account of this constitutional assignment of a man's land into the political care of the multitude of voters who own no real estate, wealth in this country has been deflected from one of its normal courses,—investment in real estate,—and has multiplied multifariously as personal property: and chiefly in order to escape the mult which an irresponsible part of the electorate, often comprising the majority of voters, may at will put upon it. An irresponsible electorate has increased local indebt-

edness in this country so seriously as to empty the population of the smaller towns into the great cities: the rate of taxation in boroughs, towns, and small cities being often higher than that in Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Chicago, Pittsburg, St. Louis, New Orleans, or San Francisco. Local indebtedness, except in rare instances, does not provide as many conveniences for citizens of these smaller corporations as are to be enjoyed in the large cities. Nor is such discrimination against freeholders limited to the citizens of incorporated communities of small size; it is rapidly becoming characteristic of the rural communities. The rates of taxation there are as often increased by the vote of non-freeholders, especially in later years, as in the villages. It is now a luxury in this country to own a farm. The better roads, demanded by rural economy, must be made chiefly at the expense of the owners of farms, and the recent reformation of highways demanded by that various power "the traveling public" means virtually that these better highways are to be voted by non-taxpayers in various districts.

The limitation on universal franchise proposed in Utah is the wisest yet made in this country. Democracy in America is negatively altruistic in the matter of contracting public debts. More than one hundred and fifty State constitutions have been made in this country, and in their franchise provisions they have steadily had in view the rights, the pleasures, the conveniences of non-freeholders. There has been an increasingly liberal interpretation of one of Franklin's dicta, "The whole of one man is as dear to him as the whole of another"; and of Jefferson's, "All men are created equal." The equality practically won, however, makes the taxpayer and the freeholder pay the bills, while the number of non-taxpayers and non-freeholders has increased in larger ratio than that of the owners of land. Even the mild effort in some States to collect a little financial support from non-taxpayers and non-freeholders by levying a poll-tax upon them has proved highly unpopular, and has been abandoned save in four Commonwealths.

The Utah limitation on the franchise conforms with all the equities of civil administration. Its practical operation will be observed closely, and if it saves the new State from being wrecked by local indebtedness, it will undoubtedly become a precedent for the new State constitutions of the twentieth century.

UNIVERSITY OF PENNSYLVANIA.

Francis N. Thorpe.

Old Dutch Masters.

JAN VERMEER OF DELFT (1632-75).

THE little that we know respecting this extraordinary artist, long since neglected by historians, but now restored to the honor he deserves, we owe to the researches of a French critic, M. Thoré, who, under the assumed title of W. Bürger, wrote an interesting work on the museums of Holland. Vermeer was born at Delft in 1632, and is believed to have been a pupil of Karel Fabritius (one of the numerous progeny of Rembrandt). Fabritius dying early, Vermeer, it is said, proceeded to Amsterdam to visit the studio of Rembrandt, where he rapidly completed his education as an artist. He had been elected a master-painter in his

native city before his reputed sojourn at Amsterdam, and in 1671 his name again appears among the members of the Painters' Guild for that year. His death took place about 1675.

Of the few works known to exist by Vermeer—scarcely a score in all—only one example bears a date, and this is a life-size work, the only large canvas he ever attempted. It is dated 1656, two years after he first entered the studio of Rembrandt. This is to be seen in the gallery at Dresden. It is a canvas of four half-length figures, representing a scene at a tavern, and is interesting chiefly as testifying to the ease and thoroughness with which the young student learned the lessons of his master's atelier.

But it is in Vermeer's small works that he appears as an independent master, and we become acquainted with an artist whose genius is akin to that of De Hooch and Metsu—a master of robust and refined intellect. I shall never forget the "Milkmaid" of the Six collection at Amsterdam, which is extraordinary in its naturalness, truth, breadth, and reality, without excess, and is notable for its brilliancy of tone, harmony, and solidity of touch.

One of the latest acquisitions of the National Gallery of London is a very fine Vermeer, which is the subject of the frontispiece of this number of *THE CENTURY*,

namely, the "Portrait of a Lady standing at a Spinnet." It is a small work, measuring about 11 by 15 inches, and cost the gallery £1700. It possesses a very charming and realistic effect of light coming in through the window. The varied adjustment of the spaces in the arrangement of the whole is a study in itself; and the use of so many angles—right, obtuse, and acute—serves to enhance the graceful lines of the figure.

In coloring it is softer and more refined than many of Vermeer's works that I have seen. The wall, suffused by the warm radiance from without, is a neutral gray of great delicacy of tone, and the gold frame of the little picture sparkles upon this background with piquant realism. The black frame surrounding the picture of the Cupid is nearly the strongest note of color in the whole. I have heard an artist of distinction as a colorist remark that only a consummate master would dare to balance the masses as Vermeer has done. The spinet is brown, and the dress of the lady is a warm, pearly gray, the part about her shoulders and breast being of a rich blue, while the seat of the chair is of the same shade. The Cupid is holding in his uplifted hand a clock, the pendulum being just visible as it swings from behind his arm. There doubtless is some relation here between Love and the lady in the sentiment pervading the whole.

T. Cole.

IN LIGHTER VEIN.



DRAWN BY E. W. KEMBLE.

ON THE WHOLE HE PREFERS THE BUCKING HORSE.
(WITH APOLOGIES TO MR. REMINGTON.)

"Dixie" and its Author.

It is a fact not widely known that the author of "Dixie" is now living in his home in Mount Vernon, Ohio. His name is Daniel D. Emmett. If he shall survive another anniversary of his birth he will round out eighty years, having been born in Mount Vernon, October 29, 1815.

Daniel Emmett's grandfather was an Irishman. He came to this country before the Revolutionary War, in which he served a regiment as surgeon and chaplain at the same time. His son, Abraham Emmett, father of Daniel, was born in Virginia, and before the war of 1812 moved to Ohio. He served in that war of 1812 under General Hull, and later as a spy upon the Indians in the northern part of Ohio. Daniel is the first of a family of four.

Mr. Emmett recently invited me to bring my violin to his home, promising to go over his old songs and tell me something of his early life. He recited numerous little anecdotes of the two Shermans (the general and the senator), who used to go to school at Gambier, near Mount Vernon. They had an uncle at the latter place whom they often visited, and here Daniel met them. He remembers particularly that in playing "shinny" the Sherman boys were never allowed to be on the same side, for they were leaders and must lead opposing forces. Mr. Emmett says it was a fashion in those days among the young people to try their skill at making verses, and sing them to some popular tune. "Jim Crow" was a favorite, and the boys and girls found great delight in fitting words to that tune. In this way he formed a taste for verse-making and singing, which later led him to negro minstrelsy.

In 1828 he learned to play on the fiddle by ear. A short time after, he went to Cincinnati, where he engaged to play second violin with Stickney's Circus. Stickney's orchestra consisted of two violins, a bugle, and a bass drum, and in those days was counted first-class. The following spring he engaged with Miller's Caravan at Cincinnati, which had a good Eastern band. With this company he learned to play by note on the fiddle, piccolo, and fife. He was known at one time throughout the United States for his proficiency as fifer and drummer. His work with the caravan was to sing songs, chiefly darky songs, accompanied by "hoedowns" and "walk rounds." Mr. Emmett made his own verses and sang them to some popular tune. He traveled all over the parts of the United States then visited by minstrel troops with Dan Rice, Spaulding, Seth Howes, Dr. Leonard, Welsh and Mann, Joe Sweeney, and other noted minstrels. Everywhere he went Emmett was a favorite. His understanding and rendering of the negro dialect were perfect.

As the venerable old man recounted to me his palmy days of minstrelsy, his eyes fairly twinkled with delight. His voice is thoroughly trained to the sweet tone of the melodious negro's voice, and a few old negro expressions and songs from him showed that he had not lost his old-time understanding of them. Since his time minstrelsy has undergone a change. The minstrels of that day did nothing but what the negro could and did do. The old-time darkies were not the acrobats and circus-clowns that minstrels make themselves to-day, and the old-time interpretation of dialect and mannerisms was more true to life than now.

"Dixie-land," which is really the proper name of the song, was written in 1859, while the author was a member of the well-known Bryant's Minstrels, 472 Broadway, New York. His engagement with them provided that he should hold himself in readiness to compose a new "walk-round" whenever called upon to do so, and should sing the same at the close of their performance.

One Saturday night, as Mr. Emmett was proceeding homeward, he was overtaken by Jerrie Bryant, and asked to make a "hooray," and bring it to the rehearsal on Monday morning. The great objects of the "hooray" chorus were sound and noise. Mr. Emmett replied that it was a short time in which to make a good one, but he would do his best to please Mr. Bryant. He composed the walk-around the next day, and brought it to the rehearsal Monday morning, music and words completed. The tune and words of "Dixie," as now sung, are exactly as Mr. Emmett wrote them. Various aspirants for the authorship of the song in their attempts to lay claim to it have been cut short by the timely interference of friends of the composer.

The original copy of "Dixie," here shown in facsimile, is very well preserved. The complete song is as follows:

DIXIE.

I wish I was in de land ob cotton,
'Cimmon seed and sandy bottom,
Look away, look away, look away, Dixie land!
In Dixie land whar I was born in,
Early on one frosty mornin',
Look away, look away, away, Dixie land!

CHORUS.—Den I wish I was in Dixie, hooray, hooray!
In Dixie's land we'll take our stand,
To lib and die in Dixie.
Away, away, away down south in Dixie!
Away, away, away down south in Dixie!

Old missus marry Will de weaber,
William was a gay deceiver;
Look away, look away, look away, Dixie land!
When he put his arm around 'er,
He look as fierce as a forty-pounder.
Look away, look away, away, Dixie land!

His face was as sharp as a butcher's cleaber,
But dat did not seem to greab 'er;
Look away, look away, look away, Dixie land!
Old missus acted de fooldest part,
And died for a man dat broke her heart,
Look away, look away, away, Dixie land!

Now here 's health to de next old missus,
An' all de gals dat want to kiss us,
Look away, look away, look away, Dixie land!
But if you want to drive 'way sorrow,
Come and hear dis song to-morrow,
Look away, look away, away, Dixie land!

Dar 's buckwheat-cakes an' Injun batter,
Makes you fat or a little fatter,
Look away, look away, look away, Dixie land!
Den hoe it down an' scratch your grabble,
To Dixie's land I 'm bound to trabble,
Look away, look away, away, Dixie land!

From the time it was first sung at Bryant's Hall in New York it was a success, and it became a favorite all over the United States as fast as minstrel troops could bring it before the people.

It is interesting to know how "Dixie" became the Southern national air or war-song. Early in the war

Dixie's Land.

Waltz 'Round. Composed by Daniel D. Emmett
for Regiment Minstrels.

Allegro *Long*

Chorus *Long*

... can dy bot- tom, Look a- way, Look a- way, a- way Dix- ie land. In
Dix- ie land where I was born in, Early on one frosty morn- ing, Look a- way, look
way, a- way Dix- ie land, I wish I was in Dix- ie, How ray, How
ray, In Dix- ie's land, We'll took our stand, To lib- er- tie in Dix- ie, a-
way, a- way, a- way down south in Dix- ie, a- way a- way down south in Dix- ie

Verse

Had missus Mary will de Member,
William was a gay de member;
When he put his arm around er,
He look as fierce as a forty pound er.
Chorus Ho- ray! Ho- ray! Ho- ray!

FACSIMILE OF AN AUTOGRAPH COPY OF "DIXIE."

a spectacular performance was being given in New Orleans. Every part had been filled, and all that was lacking was a march and war-song for the grand chorus. A great many marches and songs were tried, but none could be decided upon until "Dixie" was suggested and tried; and all were so enthusiastic over it that it was at once adopted and given in the performance. It was taken up immediately by the populace, and was sung in the streets, and in homes and concert-halls, daily. It was taken to the battle-fields, and there became the great song of the South; and made many battles harder for the Northerner, many easier for the Southerner. Though it has thus

particularly endeared itself to the South, the reunion of American hearts has made it a national song. Mr. Lincoln even regarded it as national property by capture.

I asked Mr. Emmett what suggested the words and tune of "Dixie." He told me that when the cold wintry days of the North set in, all minstrels had a great desire to go south, that is to "Dixie's land." On a cold day a common saying was, "Oh, I wish I was in Dixie's land!" and this was the key to the song. The tune was composed in much the same way: one bar of music set the key for the whole.

It is interesting to note that Mr. Emmett was the

originator of the first perfected minstrel troop in the United States. It was in the spring of 1843, and was called the "Virginia Minstrels." It consisted of Daniel Emmett, leader; Frank Brower, Richard Pelham, and "Billy" Whitlock. They played for six or eight weeks in New York and Boston. They then sailed for England, and traveled all over Great Britain, disbanding in Scotland. Daniel Emmett is the only one of the four now living.

"Dixie" is as lively and popular an air to-day as when it was written, and its reputation is not confined to the American continent. It is much played in Europe, and ranks with the finest of the simpler airs in touching the emotions of the people. Whenever it is played by a big, strong band, the auditors involuntarily keep time.

Robert Sheerin.

The Eternal Feminine.

SWEET Mistress Summer's message, traced
O'er all the land,
Came finally to sad "Good-by,"
Written in tears as she turned to fly
From the Frost King's couriers, coming in haste,
A roistering band.

But, pausing once in her flight, she faced
Each rude newcomer;
And wrote, in calm, defiant mood,
Her afterthought on field and wood—
In earth and sky her postscript placed:
Lo! Indian Summer!

Minnie Leona Upton.

An Exile from Kentucky.

EIGHTY last January, sir,
Upon ole Hickory's day;
An' hail, sir, from Kaintucky,
Same caounty's Henry Clay.
Yes, Texas is a splendid State,
I grant you, sir—but yet,
I long jest once again my foot
On blue-grass sod to set!

I prospered gre'tly sence I come,
An' all my stakes are here;
Children, too, married hereabouts;
I'm fixed for life, it's clear.
But I hone to see some blooded stock,
An' a reel Kaintucky belle,
An' drink one satisfvin' swig
From a good ole limestone well.

A hoss without a pedigree
Is only half a hoss,
An' Bourbon don't taste quite the same
When the ole State-line you cross;
I've got no quarrel with my luck,
Smooth paths my feet have trod—
But oh, to get my feet squar-set
Once more on blue-grass sod!

Alice Williams Brotherton.

To a Blue-Stocking.

SWEET, my sweet, when summer boughs
Nod to the wooing breeze,

When coyly to the sun-god's kiss
Blink pale anemones,
When crooning cushats pipe at e'en
Love's happy litanies—
Should maid and man gay Eros ban,
And talk—of Socrates?

List! By the lazy streamlet
The pawky mimulus
Is whispering (sweet, I know it)
To the buttercups of us.
They know Love's tripping measures,
They've heard his gamut through,
And they're asking, "What doth 'Spencer'
At a solitude à deux?"

Oh, pinky-white the clover!
And green the meadow grass!
And a drowsy urchin lingers,
Conning low "Amo, amas!"
"Love, love," all earth is singing,—
Earth, heaven—it's only you
That will not say "Da capo,"
My sorry-wise bas-bleu!

M. Duff Alexander.

Tracings.

"WHY," asked Love of a coquette, "did you shut the door on me?" "That you might wish to enter," she replied.

"I AMOUNT to nothing," said a small stone, as it rolled from its place in a dam. That night a town was flooded.

VENUS asked Minerva to teach her wisdom. "You could not then be Goddess of Love," said Minerva.

"I AM tired of Life," exclaimed a disappointed woman. "Why?" asked her more fortunate sister. "Because I have never lived," she replied.

"LOVE has wounded my heart with a dart," said a rejected lover. "He will cure it with another," said his friend.

"I WISH I had only had your chances," said a poor man to a rich friend. "Why! I picked them up after you had passed them by," answered the friend.

A CHILD said to a butterfly: "You live but a day." "But a day," said the butterfly, "is a lifetime."

"YOU do not exist," said Doubt to a soul. "You would not be if I did not," answered the soul.

"YOU come too late," said a dying man to Glory. "I usually wait till after the funeral," answered Glory.

"I HAVE read the Book of Life," said a conceited youth to his grandfather. "No; the contents are not on the cover," said the old man.

LOVE asked a woman how he could gain entrance into her heart. She told him to enter from the inside.

"I HAVE never known Happiness," complained a discontented old man to his companion. "No," answered the companion, "you have never recognized me."

E. Scott O'Connor.

